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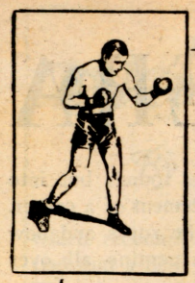

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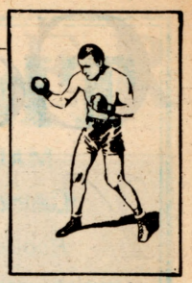

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

The world's most talked-of fight since the famous Tunney-Dempsey battle at Chicago has just been completed. As in the past "The Ring's" excellent staff of writers will portray the story of the Baer-Carnera contest in special stories, in addition to which, there will be several pages of thrilling action-pictures taken at the ringside by our staff cameraman.

This issue, like the July Souvenir Heavyweight Number, will be well worth keeping in your library. There won't be any surplus copies, hence get your copy early.

This issue will contain feature articles and comment on the "Big Fight" by "The Ring" Editor, Nat Fleischer—Wilbur Wood, Sports Editor of the New York "Sun," Daniel M. Daniel and George T. Pardy, one of the old school who has seen 'em all since the days of Jim Corbett.

A Treat for Our Readers. Don't Miss This Issue

The days of the White Hopes in the heavyweight ranks are brought back by the Carnera-Baer battle. Do you know what has become of the many "Hopes" who made their way around the country back in the days when Jack Johnson held the crown? Read an interesting yarn by T. W. McNiel.

These, in addition to Fight and Wrestling Fiction and ten pages of special articles, biographical sketches and photos of the mat stars

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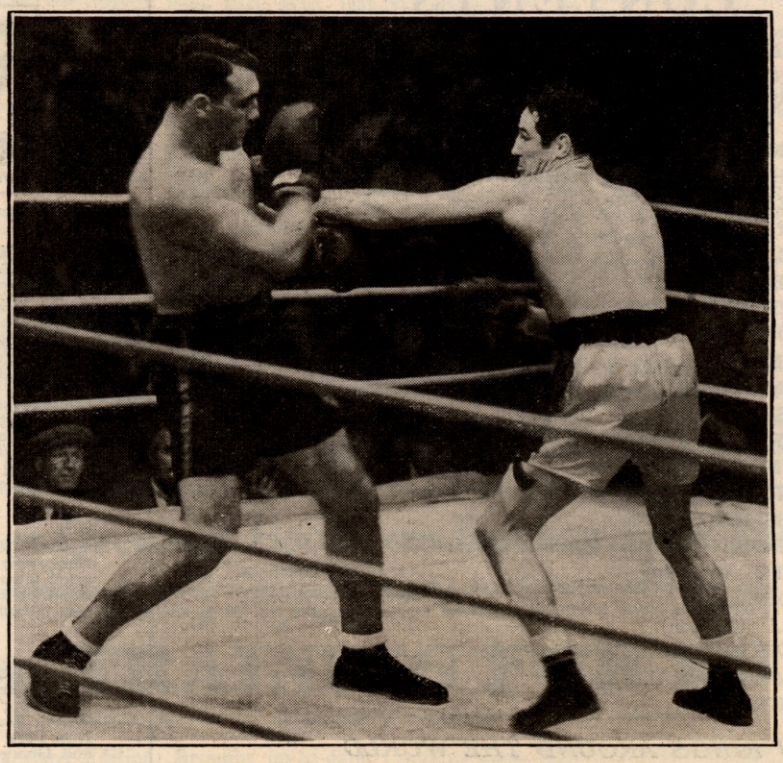
COLOSSAL CARNERA

YOUR boxing follower is a strange character. He's always looking beyond, to the next thing. In a world series in baseball, for example, there is no question of a return meeting. A year must intervene, and then two other clubs may be in the classic. But in boxing there is always the idea that the loser, unless badly beaten and not entitled to the chance, will get a return fight.

In the match between Primo Carnera and Max Baer, this angle has stood out. And I say this in no disparagement of the contestants or the contest. The Carnera-Baer match was the first made between these two heavyweights. It was one of those naturals which come ever so seldom in the history of the division. Carnera came to the United States from Italy, ranked as a circus freak. Few gave him a serious thought as a titular potentiality.

But Primo developed into a real fighter. And while Carnera was coming along, Baer came out of the West to challenge him. The Baer knock-out of Max Schmeling shot the Californian into the limelight very much after the manner in which that other and greater Native Son, the late Jim Corbett, came hurtling to the fore to challenge John L. Sullivan — and take the title from him.

As a result of this natural development of two fighters, especially against the background of the letdown in fighting, the Carnera-Baer match took on an interest and an importance which ranked it with the outstanding engagements of the history of modern heavyweight jousting, back to the brawly times of John L.



The Big Bear and the Italian Behemoth of the Movies.

* * *

THUS, in the Primo-Max match, we found a physical monster, the biggest heavyweight of modern times, arrayed against an American whom the experts pronounce a throwback to Jack Dempsey. The match lined up Italy against America, and provided that international flavor which has come to be the very essence of prime interest in the heavyweight division.

The time was when no foreign heavyweight was rated with our best, but with the development, first of Schmeling and then of Carnera, we have lost that monopoly which for years and years was owned by the United States.

In rating the Carnera-Baer match, let us look back at some of the big fights of the golden era of Tex Rickard. When Dempsey was at his crest, Tex brought Georges Carpentier from France to fight the Mauler. Actually, it was no match. Carpentier was outweighed by about twenty pounds. He could not hit with Jack.

All through his training, the Frenchman was guarded carefully from the prying eyes of the experts. Carpentier was to go into the ring weighing close to 180. We all know that the Battle of the Century really was a tremendous bit of ballyhoo and not the scientific and physical success it was billed.

Let us examine into another big fight of the Rickard régime—the Dempsey-Firpo match in New York. As matters turned out, this was a dramatic affair. It went only two rounds but into those five minutes, the fighters packed the excitement of a career. We know how Firpo knocked Jack through the ropes and how Dempsey came back and belted the giant Argentino all over the canvas—and out.

* * *

BEFORE meeting Dempsey, Firpo had most inadequate preparation and experience. But Rickard was the master showman. He saw that he had a great attraction in Firpo, and he feared that if he gave Louis Angel from the Pampas a chance to develop, the Bull might be turned into a calf, and the entire plan dissipated into thin air. So Rickard rushed the ill-prepared Firpo into the ring with Dempsey, another tremendous gate resulted, and Tex got another feather in his cap.

Dempsey's fight with Tom Gibbons was no great shucks. Gibbons was a plodder and, in the estimation of the writer, much overrated. Jack's battle with Brennan was another affair which did not rate very high. The Miske fight had better not be gone into, as poor Billy already was a sufferer from that kidney ailment which killed him.

However, when you come to the first Dempsey-Tunney fight you arrive at something akin to the Carnera-Baer match. There is one exception in this parallel. Dempsey of the Tunney engagement in Philadelphia was on the downgrade. Carnera is just at his peak. Tunney was a much more formidable fighting machine than most critics rated him and he proved himself to be a great warrior on that occasion.

The second Dempsey-Tunney fight is a case in point in this discussion regarding the Primo-Max match. Dempsey was the idol of the game. He demanded another chance, and Tunney would have had to give it to him even if Gene had not wanted to fight Jack a second time.

But Tunney did want the second fight, and for two reasons. He wanted the fortune that went with it, and he wanted to prove that the first scrap had been no fluke. Just what that second bout, in Chicago, proved, I do not want to go into here. The long count already has been discussed time after time and for column after column.

* * *

IN the discussion which preceded the Carnera-Baer meeting, much time and erudition were lavished on the Carnera-Loughran affair at Miami. It was reasoned that since Primo had not been able to stop the much lighter Tommy in fifteen rounds, the Baer task seemed a cinch. However, there were counter-balancing factors. There is no doubt that when Baer hit Schmeling with the final punch, the Californian was tiring badly.

The Baer triumph over Schmeling was a feat. I am not trying to disparage that. Not that Schmeling ever was a great fighter. But he had a certain plodding endurance and gameness

and BELTING BAER

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

which recommended him to the older school of fight fans, who feel that a heavyweight who cannot go thirty rounds is a tramp. They forget that nowadays everything and everybody is geared for speed, and not for long-drawn-out marathons.

Even the well-known marathon run is an anachronism, but we stick to it to prove that while this generation is mad about speed, it is not lacking in enduring quality and bottom.

The Carnera-Baer fight was demanded—first because the fans of America wanted to be satisfied that Max could deliver his undoubted power against a tremendous man; second, because the fans of the world wanted to know if Carnera could carry his bulk and weight to success against a man with a hitting reputation.

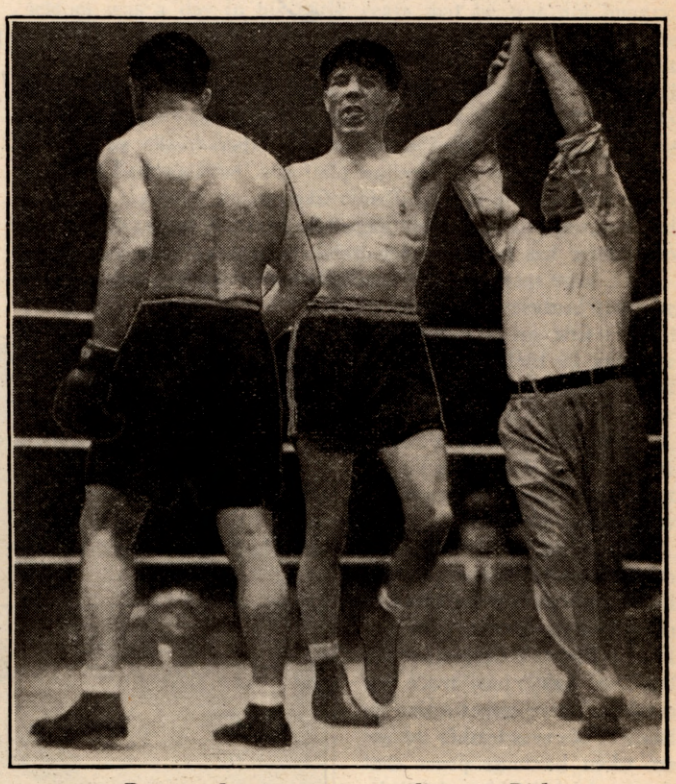
In this situation you again will discern the elements of world wide, healthy interest reminiscent of the heavyweight heyday.

* * *

MUCH has been written about the Carnera of the Loughran fight. In this test the big Italian could not stop a man whom he outweighed by more than eighty pounds. However, the developments that night in Miami were not entirely without merit for Carnera. The fact remains that, while opposed by a master boxer, Primo showed flashes of scientific skill which amazed close students of the game. Da Prime was not the ungainly, muddling mediocrity he had seemed to be so often before he finally landed the kayo on Jack Sharkey.

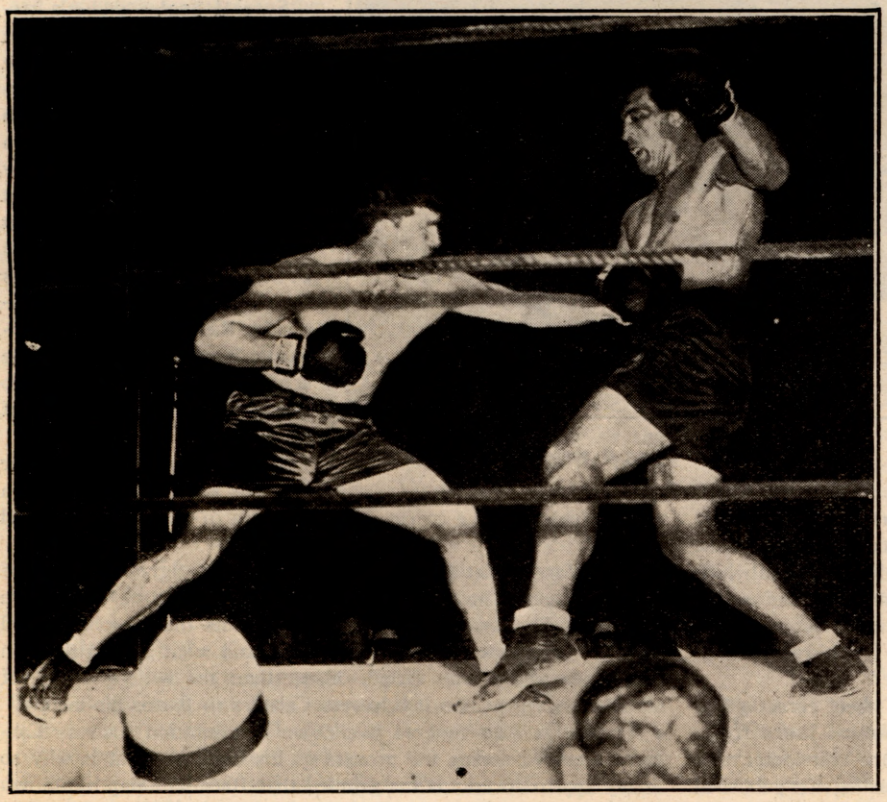
Carnera was fast that night and he showed a fine left. He could not solve Loughran's defense for two reasons—first, because Tommy is a great boxer; second, because Carnera was not in shape.

Yes, I know that he looked fit. But as a matter of fact that gargantuan Italian was loggy. The postponement of the fight sent Carnera off on a spaghetti guzzling feast, and he was not up to the mark when the bell rang about a week later.



Baer on the rise, getting verdict over Risko.

Carnera never was very eager for that fight, anyway, as it offered him no chance to make an appreciable sum, it presented no chance to gain very much technically, and it offered the danger of losing much in prestige. And so it turned out. It is well to remember that irrespective of developments in the Baer match, Carnera is a better fighter than he seemed to be against Loughran.



When Carnera, with weight, reach, height advantage, couldn't stop Tommy Loughran. As the picture shows, Primo even found it necessary to use his feet to add to the handicap.

* * *

MUCH has been written about Carnera as a physical freak, as a tremendous bulk of a man, and as a fighter Primo is gigantic. And he has the strength of a giant. But he hasn't the strength which you would look for in a man of his incredible size and weight. For the fact is that Carnera is what the medical fraternity calls a pituitary specimen.

The size of his hands and feet, the shape of his jaw, the spacing of his teeth—all these things tend to prove that Carnera's great size is due to a glandular disturbance which so often is found in men of that size. There is nothing reprehensible about this. It is just a freak of nature, and in the case of Carnera it has meant a championship and a fortune.

Usually pituitary specimens haven't the speed or the reactions or the aggressiveness to do any fighting. Their mental processes are very slow. But Carnera has normal reactions. He has learned fast—amazingly, it would seem, to those who remember the Primo of his early exhibitions in this country.

Whatever the medical explanation for Carnera, the fact remains that if he does nothing else in the (*Continued on page* 48)

Hardly a Circus Freak

By WILBUR WOOD

(Sports Editor of The New York Sun)

"ONCE a freak, always a freak" may be true of the three-legged man and the other freaks you see on the circus sideshow platforms, but that does not apply in the case of Primo Carnera.

In my opinion, the evolution of the gigantic Italian from freak to fighter has been completed. No longer is Ponderous Primo just a huge specimen of humanity who was pushed into the sock market because of his size.

The first great forward step in the process was noted that evening in 1931 when Carnera met Jack Sharkey for the first time, at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn. It was touch and go that night whether the Ponderous One would survive the acid test of high-class competition and go on to become a fighter in every sense of the word.

I believe that Carnera learned more in those forty-five minutes of fighting than in any forty-five days of his life up to that time. Sharkey had him down and badly hurt in an early round and almost ready to go as a result of a heavy body bombardment in the closing sessions.

It is in those times of stress that a fighter is made or broken. There comes a time in the life of every leather thrower when he must prove that he can take the bitter with the sweet. Carnera proved it that night by going the route.

As Sharkey once said, the ring is the loneliest place in all the world. Thousands of persons may be almost within reaching distance. Wise seconds may tell a man what to do while he is in his corner. But when that bell rings and the fighter steps to the ring center he is all alone with the other fellow. No human hand but his own can help him.

No matter how carefully a fighting man is drilled in the gymnasium, sooner or later the time must come when he finds himself in a tough spot, when he must make up his mind if the game is worth the price he must pay.

* * *

FIGHTERS who have the real stuff in them and survive the test, have a marvelous asset that never can be taken from them. Benny Leonard once told me that he learned more about fighting in a few rounds of one bout in which he was badly hurt, than in all those that had gone before. "I didn't think I could go the distance," said Benny, "but somehow I did it. I had to do things I didn't dream I could do. But I found that in the pinch they could be done."

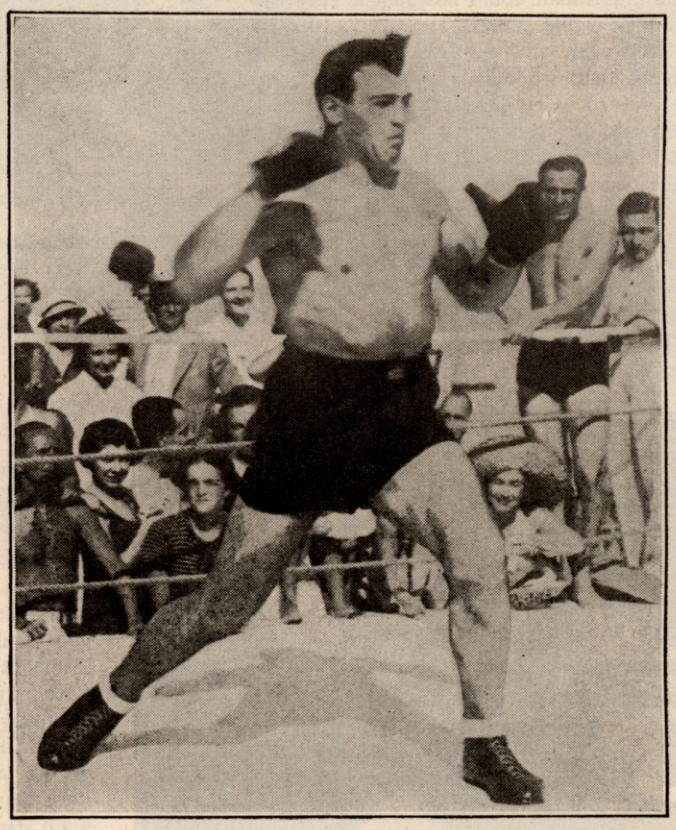
This test comes to most boxers earlier in their careers than it did in Carnera's case. For quite a time Primo was just a freak, but such a valuable freak from the box office standpoint that his manager saw to it, according to that manager's published statements, that Carnera was not subjected to the test.

Boxing fans are not so dumb as some persons believe and it was generally considered that everything was not what it was intended to seem to be in his early bouts.

His knockout tour of this country was not taken seriously by most people. But his tremendous size and the ballyhoo so skilfully erected for him were sufficient to make him a tremendous drawing card. The fans stood for things in his case that they would not have taken from any one else.

His entire buildup has been around the freak angle and phoney fights, the strangest buildup in ring history. But by this time many of those who are willing to look at the facts without prejudice admit that he has become a fighter. A freak fighter, if you will, but a fighter.

Some dichards still refuse to admit that Carnera has anything but his great size to recommend him. But, to tell the truth, he has some genuine ring assets—a fine straight left, a good knowledge of defense, speed that is remarkable in a man of 265 pounds. It is difficult to gauge the speed of a man of his size as compared to that of a heavyweight of ordinary proportions. However, were it possible to whittle the giant down to normal size, I imagine it would be discovered that he was faster than the average heavyweight.



Signor Carnera taking it seriously.

* * *

AS every fight fan knows, Carnera meets Max Baer, the Livermore Larruper, at the Madison Square Garden Bowl on June 14 in a brawl that figures to draw more people through the gates than any other heavyweight championship of recent years.

Several angles make a tremendous turnout certain. The main one is the desire of the public to find out whether Carnera really can fight. Though Primo won the championship from Sharkey in apparently spectacular fashion, that fight was not taken everywhere at face value. The combination of so many peculiar happenings in the careers of both principals, the whispers of a gigantic betting coup, the whole setup, in fact, was such as to leave doubt in the minds of many.

When Carnera faces Baer the fans will feel that here is a fight which they can accept as 100 per cent of what it is supposed to be.

The Vast Venetian will be accepted as a fighter worthy of his place on the heavyweight throne if he flattens the Livermore Larruper. If Carnera merely wins on points there probably will be a disposition to say that night clubs and what goes with them had more to do with Baer's defeat than the fistic prowess of Ponderous Primo. So it behooves Carnera to flatten his man.

It takes a long time to live down a reputation such as Carnera acquired during the process of his buildup. That is why so many appear to take it for granted that Baer will slap him down in short order. To judge from his public utterances, Max has the same idea himself, though nobody but Baer himself knows what he really thinks about it.

IN this writer's opinion Baer is due for a rude surprise if he counts on flattening Carnera when and how he pleases. The punch of the party is all on Baer's side, of course. Max can hit hard enough to lay low any heavyweight now active. But he will have to hit the giant in a vital spot to drop him.

Baer is a roundhouse swinger. Whether he will be able to tag Carnera remains to be seen. Undoubtedly, if Max should hit the giant on the chin as many times as did Tommy Loughran, the championship would come back to this country. But Max is not that kind of a boxer. Loughran would have won the Battle of the Palms last spring had he packed Baer's punch and unquestionably Baer would win the June battle if he had Loughran's skill. But there's that word "if" to consider.

It so happens, however, that only rarely do the fistic gods endow one man with all the fistic virtues. To one they give speed and skill and no punch; to another they allow a knockout wallop without the skill to land it against smart opposition; to another they award both punch and skill but slyly forget to equip him with a fighting heart. When they do inculcate in one man all the necessary ingredients the result is a great fighter, a Langford, a Fitzsimmons, a Jeffries, a Dempsey.

* * *

NO matter what the final verdict regarding Carnera may be, he has done things and seen things that come to few men. Who would have guessed that the squalling first born of Sante and Jeovanna Carnera in the village of Sequals, in the Italian province of Udene, would some day reign as overlord of the Queensberry realm?

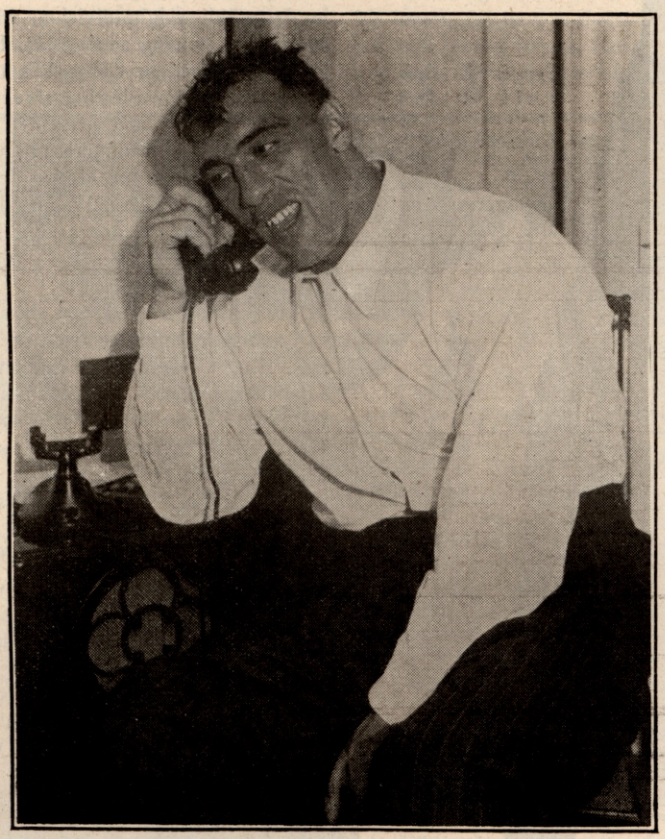
There was nothing in the lives or environment of the simple peasant folk who were his parents to hint of what the future held in store for him. To the other villagers he was just another ragged urchin playing in the dust of the village street. To his parents he was a mouth to be fed. He proved to be, incidentally, quite a problem in that respect.

Primo's mother and father were of ordinary size. He proved to be out of the ordinary, from the start, for even as an infant he was remarked for his size and strength.

I imagine Primo's early years were much like those of the other village children, except that his size and appetite made him more and more of a problem to his parents as other children came to them from time to time.

At twelve years of age Primo was doing his best to earn his bit of the family income as an apprentice carpenter. There is no way of knowing how far he might have gone as a carpenter, for at the age of fourteen he took matters in his own hands and said farewell to the place of his birth to see what life held for him in spots that were only names to the simple folk of Sequals. Primo fared forth with little learning but with an immense desire to find out what it was all about, as the saying is. He is not a learned man today, except perhaps in the arts of the ring, but he speaks, reads and writes Italian, French and English.

It was in 1921 that the huge Italian peasant boy shook the dust of Sequals from his ill-clad feet and set out for France, all his worldly possessions wrapped up in a bandanna.



Hello, Pop! Hello, Mom! Your Primo, he's a champ!

IT had been difficult for him to eat his fill at the family board. It was even more difficult when he left it to make his own way in the world. As he himself says, there seldom was a day in his early years that he was not hungry.

Work was hard to find and the pay was poor in France in those days. One day, standing in front of a carnival tent and debating whether to spend his last few centimes for bread or to squander them to see the wonders hidden inside he was sighted by the manager of the troupe. That was the turning point in Primo's life.

To cut the story short, he became the carnival strong man, performing various feats of strength, wrestling all comers, and doing odd jobs most of the day and night, all for a place to sleep and something to eat. He was sixteen then.

In the show Primo would be harnessed to two horses and halt them in their tracks or he would stop the momentum of an automobile with its motor running and wheels spinning. There was a trick to that, of course, but there was no trick to his juggling of heavy weights and bars.

It was while Primo was with the carnival that he was spotted by Paul Journee, old French heavyweight. Journee tipped off his friend, Leon See, and persuaded him to make a trip to the town where the carnival was showing. See took one look, signed the big boy to a contract and went back to Paris to set the scenes for Primo's advent into the sock market. How well See set the stage is an old story that need not be told here. Primo's first fight in Paris was with a third rater named Sebilo on September 12, 1928. Naturally, Carnera won—by a knock-out in the first round.

Stories began to drift across the Atlantic of the huge Italian who swept everything before him. Later came those two strange bouts with Young Stribling, both ending in fouls.

* * *

SEE kept his huge gladiator on the other side until he had taught him how at least to make the moves of a heavyweight fighter and then embarked for America, then still the land where gold was to be had almost for the asking.

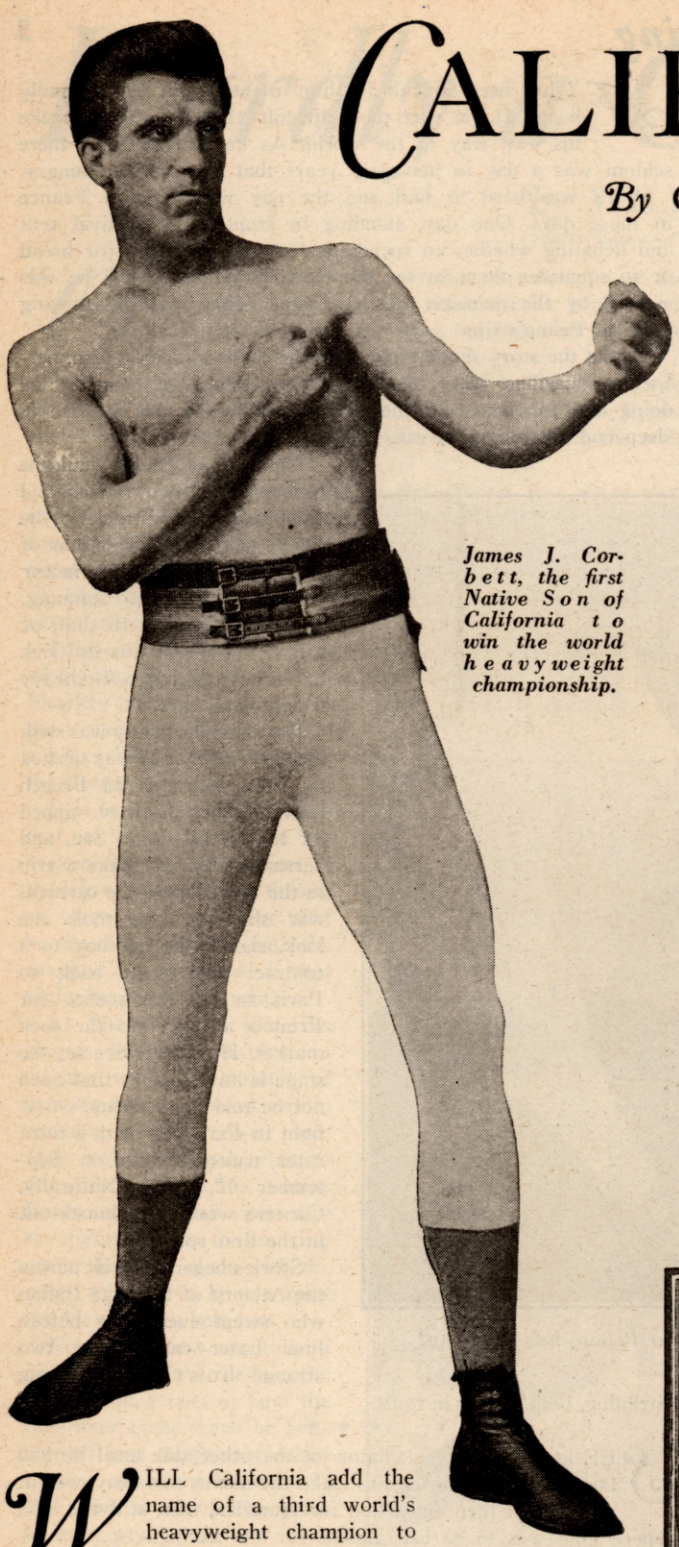
It was on New Year's Eve of 1929 that the Colossus of Clout landed in New York, walking into a storm of publicity that excited the fans as had the arrival of no other foreign gladiator in history. Less than a month later the unskilled giant played to a sellout in Madison Square Garden. There were 17,896 paid customers in the Garden that night to see him knock out Big Boy Peterson in the first round. The gate was $67,141. It may be noted here that the receipts that night were almost double the take for Carnera's defense of the title against Loughran in Miami last spring.

* * *

BLASE New York, as well as the hinterland, fell hard for Primo. No other boxer of such limited experience and ability ever cast such a spell upon the American public. While other heavyweights of much greater ability found it almost impossible to obtain a fight, Carnera packed in the customers daily at Stillman's gymnasium, where the receipts ran around $500 every day he worked out. No other fighter *(Continued on page 46)*

CALIFORNIA *in*

By GEORGE T. PARDY



James J. Corbett, the first Native Son of California to win the world heavyweight championship.

WILL California add the name of a third world's heavyweight champion to the roll of fistic fame? That was the burning question in and around the Golden Gate when the Max Baer-Primo Carnera title battle was clinched. James J. Corbett, a Californian by birth, annexed the crown by dethroning the mighty John L. Sullivan, was in turn replaced by Fitzsimmons, and Fitz succumbed to another product of the California ring in the person of James J. Jeffries. The latter, like Max Baer, was not born on the Pacific Coast, but both athletes were reared there from boyhood and classed, to all intents and purposes, as Native Sons. Jim Corbett was the real dyed-in-the-wool home product, with San Francisco as his place of birth.

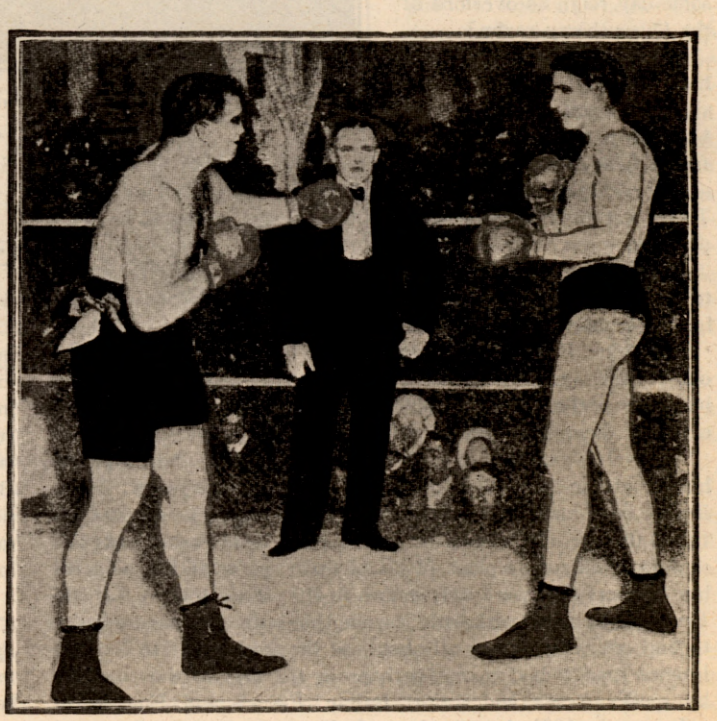
During Sullivan's long reign, the Pacific slope did not lack heavyweights of fairly respectable class, but until Joe Choynski and Jim Corbett emerged from the ruck, none of them could be listed as possible champions. Intense rivalry existed between Joe and Jim, both of whom could boast of a big fan following. They met in combat three times, the first being halted by police interference in the fourth round, the second terminating in a victory for Corbett, after twenty-eight rounds had been savagely contested on a barge, and the third resulting in Corbett taking a four-frame verdict. By that time, it was universally conceded that Corbett was just a shade too good for Joe who, like himself, first saw the light of day in San Francisco.

Fate was not altogether kind to Choynski, as gallant and scientific a pug as ever donned the padded mitts. Joe was just a little too light for the big fellows of his day, and too heavy for entry in the middleweight division, which at that time was listed at 154 pounds, scaling at ringside. Had the light-heavyweight grade been recognized in Choynski's time, there is not a shadow of doubt that the hard-hitting, clever Hebrew-American would have topped the class and presented his native State with another world's title. Yet, despite the weight handicap, Choynski was able to defeat big Joe McAuliffe, the Mission Boy, via the kayo route, and hold the 220-pound Jeffries to a twenty-round draw in the latter's fifth appearance between the ropes.

* * *

ON Jim Corbett's broad shoulders, therefore, fell the burden of maintaining the fistic prestige of California in the front row. It took John L. Sullivan seventy-five rounds, fighting under London Prize rules, to defeat Jake Kilrain in 1889. When Corbett trounced Kilrain decisively in six rounds with the gloves at New Orleans on February 18, 1900, and in the following year fought sixty-one rounds to a draw with Australia's kingpin heavyweight, the famous Peter Jackson, besides winning various minor contests, it dawned upon the critics that here, at last, was a youth who might be destined for even greater things.

Yet even then, when Corbett was matched with John L., there were few who allowed him better than a faint chance of victory, such was the legendary glamour surrounding the name of the great Bostonian. Therefore, when, in the Battle of New Orleans on September 7, 1892, the once peerless Sullivan sank to the ring floor, a hopelessly beaten man, in the twenty-first round, the result was a sensational shock to the Old Guard, whose members could

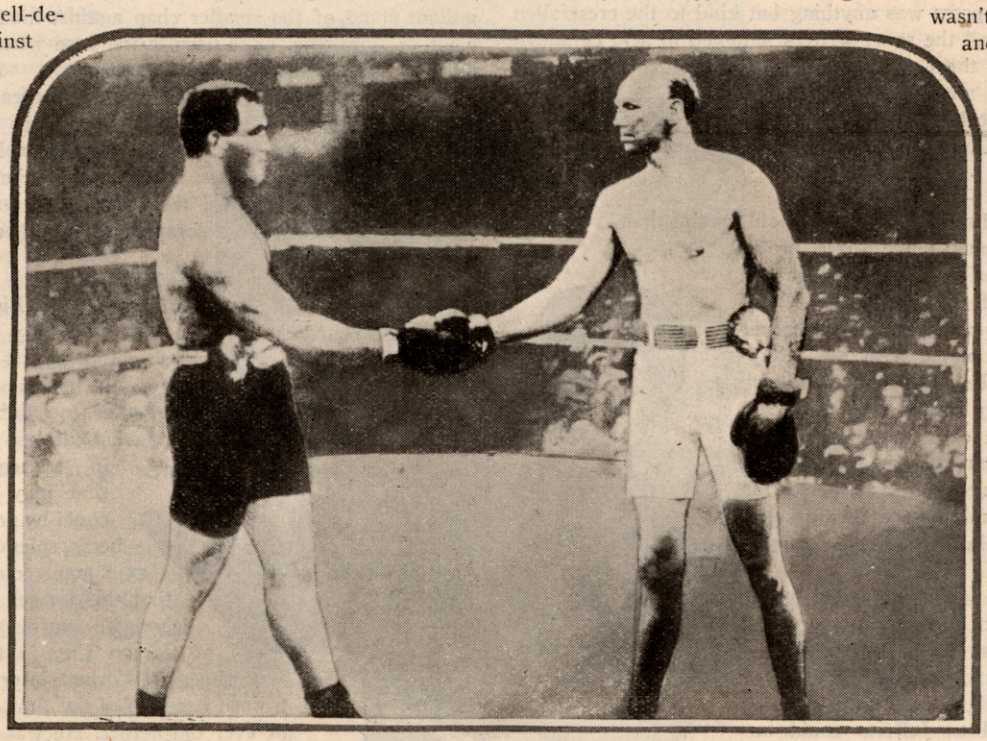


When Jeffries (left) knocked out Corbett, the challenger, in their San Francisco bout on August 14, 1903, in the tenth round. Ed Graney was the referee.

HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIPS

scarcely believe in the rude shattering of their idol. But the Native Sons rejoiced exceedingly, as was their right, while the cables carried the fame of the new champion to the uttermost parts of the earth. Corbett did not defend his title until January 25, 1894, when he clinched his claim to the world's title by knocking out Charlie Mitchell, England's premier heavyweight, at Jacksonville, Florida, in three rounds. It was a one-sided battle, which merely served to display the tigerlike speed of Corbett, who nursed a well-deserved grudge against the Briton, and fought with a fury and recklessness which contrasted oddly with Gentleman Jim's usual cool, methodical ring tactics.

On March 17, 1897, there took place the sensational battle at Carson City, where Corbett, after cleverly outpointing and severely punishing his opponent in the early stages of the contest, was knocked out by what has passed into pugilistic history as the "solar plexus" punch, which was really nothing more than the old-fashioned blow to the "mark," or wind region. The finish came in the fourteenth round.



James J. Jeffries (left), the second Californian to acquire the heavyweight crown, posing with Bob Fitzsimmons just before their fight in San Francisco on July 25, 1902.

Corbett's frantic appeals for a return match were ignored by the victor. The Californian was never destined to regain his lost laurels, although, after losing on a foul to Tom Sharkey in 1898, he reappeared as an active contender in 1900, when he outgeneraled and outboxed the then champion, Jeffries, through twenty-two hectic rounds, only to be knocked out in the round following.

A few months later Corbett was credited with a five-round knockout of Kid McCoy in a New York bout that was looked upon as a performance which had some significantly shady angles, popularly supposed to be shaped by the gambling fraternity. When, in a second trial with Jeffries on August 14, 1903, Corbett was kayoed in ten rounds, California's erstwhile fistic pride concluded that his sun had set, and hung up the gloves for good.

* * *

AS a master scientist and brilliant speed marvel, it is admitted that Jim Corbett had no peer among the big fellows of his own, or any other generation. Curiously enough, Jim Jeffries, when practically a novice with but five battles in his record, acted as sparring partner in Corbett's camp when the latter was training for the battle with Fitz which cost him his championship honors. Jeff was then a huge, hulking young chap, willing but awkward, who served merely as a sort of human punching bag for the lightning boxer whom, in after years, he was fated to drop twice for the full count in gruelling contests.

This training camp experience, however, taught Jeffries many of the finer points of the game. It also had a marked effect upon his future, for he was thrown into contact with two of the smartest men in the boxing business, Bill Brady, Corbett's manager, and Billy Delaney, one of the greatest trainers of that day. It wasn't long before Brady and Delaney realized that the youngster could take Corbett's best punches without flinching, even if the champ made a holy show out of Jeff in their sparring bouts.

Jeffries then scaled about 220 pounds in fighting trim and stood six feet, one and a half inches in his socks. Beautifully proportioned, heavily muscled, yet not shoulder-bound, he was an impressing athletic figure in his splendor of young manhood and, despite his size, could run the hundred yards in a fraction over eleven seconds. When Fitz knocked out Corbett, the astute Mr. Brady cast a speculating eye upon Jeffries and decided that the youth was worth developing. Jeff was taken into the Brady fold and, under the careful tuition of Delaney, commenced the uphill climb that was to lead to a championship goal.

* * *

THE year 1898 saw Jeffries participating in numerous ring encounters. Joe Goddard, the Australian Barrier champion, fell before him in four rounds, Peter Jackson in three, Pete Everett in three, and a twenty-round battle with Tom Sharkey resulted in a decision for the big fellow. Delaney then took his charge East, and matched him to meet two men for ten rounds each on the night of June 9. Jeff's selected opponents were Bob Armstrong, the colored fighter, and Steve O'Donnell, a clever Australian, and former pupil of Peter Jackson's.

Bob Armstrong was first to oppose the Californian. A veteran trial-horse of vast experience, the Negro was far too ring-wise to risk a stand-up, slugging bout with the hard-punching youngster. Jeffries was ambidextrous. His down-driven left hook was peculiarly murderous in its effects and this generous provision of Dame Nature's enabled him to hit equally hard with either hand.

Against this destructive, two-handed battery, Armstrong elected

to employ cautious methods of defense. Bob made a runaway fight of it from start to finish, covering up gingerly, seldom venturing a lead, and compelling Jeffries to chase him from rope to rope. Whenever Jeffries crowded him to the ropes, Bob clinched desperately, and all of Jeff's usually devastating wallops failed to reach a vital spot.

The Californian had not yet mastered the art of accurate hitting. Again and again his gloves crashed against the Negro's solid skull or protecting elbows. Bob took a severe enough beating, but when the bell rang for the close of the tenth and final round, he was still on his feet, grinning cheerfully.

It was then discovered that one of Jeff's thumbs was broken, and his other hand almost out of commission. When Delaney removed his gloves to examine his charge's injuries, it was at once manifest that it would be impossible for Jeffries to fulfill his contract by taking on another man. Consequently, the O'Donnell bout was called off, and Jeff's first Eastern campaign had wound up in something very close to disaster.

The New York press was anything but kind to the crestfallen invader. One and all the sport writers indulged in acid comment on the prowess of the Coast youngster. He had definitely failed to make good and might as well go back whence he came, was the gist of their criticism. Much humiliated, Delaney and Jeff shook the dust of Gotham temporarily off their feet and departed.

* * *

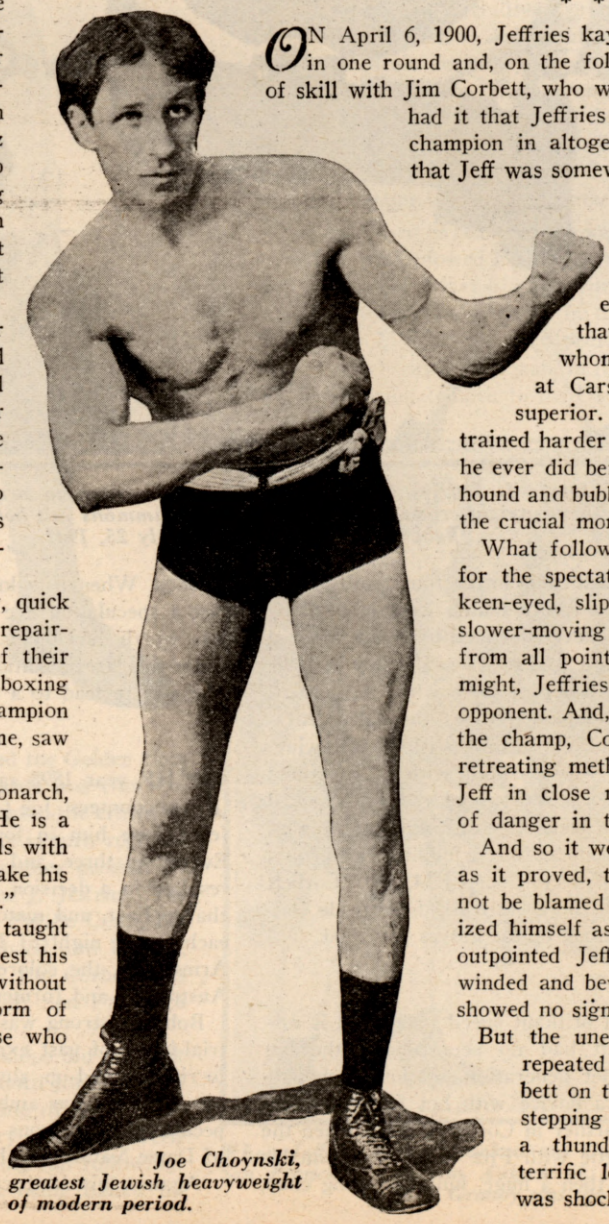
BUT there's a heap of truth in the old maxim that "you can't keep a good man down." It is probable that, had Jeffries succeeded in the scheduled task of whipping both Armstrong and O'Donnell, he would never have obtained the match with the heavyweight champion, Bob Fitzsimmons, which took place at Coney Island on June 9. Fitz had remained idle over a period of two years and three months after defeating Corbett. When he decided to go into action again, it was natural that he should select what appeared to be the softest opponent for a start.

He had watched Jeff's sincere but rather clumsy attempts to kayo Armstrong, and figured the former as a big, awkward young fellow whom he could toy with for a few rounds and eliminate whenever he felt so inclined. That Jeffries could improve in the course of a few months to such an extent as to threaten the champion's supremacy, never entered into Fitz's calculations for an instant.

Meanwhile, Messrs. Brady and Delaney, quick to realize Jeffries' shortcomings, set about repairing the faults which marred the style of their giant protégé. They called that former boxing wizard of the ring, ex-middleweight champion Tommy Ryan, into consultation. Ryan came, saw and expressed his sage opinion:

"Fitz," said the former middleweight monarch, "is a fighter of the old English school. He is a straight hitter. The only chance Jeff stands with him is to develop a crouch which will make his head the only spot the champ can land on."

Tommy's services were engaged and he taught Jeff how to raise his left shoulder and rest his head on it, and how to work the crouch without tiring. The result was that the new form of defense utterly baffled Fitzsimmons. Those who had seen Jeffries perform against Armstrong could hardly believe they were looking at the same man who failed to stop the Negro. They saw Fitzsimmons try every trick in his budget in vain endeavors to connect with the Jeffries jaw; they saw the young giant force the lighter man into milling on the retreat, press him relentlessly, punish his lean body with vicious hooks and finally knock him cold in the eleventh round.



Joe Choynski, greatest Jewish heavyweight of modern period.

* * *

ONCE more the heavyweight title had passed to a Californian and again the Native Sons made carnival in high glee. Nor was the new champion inclined to rest on his laurels, for he was soon signed to fight Tom Sharkey at Coney Island on November 3 of the same year. In the Sharkey battle, Jeffries probably underwent the severest test of his career. It lasted for twenty-five rounds, with Sharkey the aggressor through the greater part of the fray and Jeffries counter-hitting.

In the last three rounds Jeff's seconds sent him out to force the pace, and thereafter, Sharkey was made receiver for terrific punishment. The former navy man was badly battered at the finish and Referee George Siler awarded the decision to the champion, a verdict which was not universally popular, as the gallant stand of the smaller chap against his huge foe won him a lot of sympathy, as is usually the case where the underdog is battling under heavy physical handicaps.

It is worth noticing, however, that whereas Jeffries left the ring in apparently good shape, Sharkey was so badly damaged that he had to lie up for a week with a broken rib and choice assortment of body bruises. Like many another boxer who tried to slug with Jim Jeffries, the pugnacious, game Sharkey was never again as effective a scrapper as when he swapped punches with the Coast giant.

* * *

ON April 6, 1900, Jeffries kayoed Jack Finnegan at Detroit in one round and, on the following May 11, came his trial of skill with Jim Corbett, who was staging a comeback. Report had it that Jeffries and his manager held the ex-champion in altogether too light estimation, and that Jeff was somewhat careless about his training, in consequence. However that may have been, there could be no doubt as to Corbett's splendid condition. The ex-champ could never believe that the former sparring partner, whom he was wont to knock about at Carson City in the past, was his superior. Corbett later admitted that he trained harder for the first Jeffries bout than he ever did before. He was as fine as a greyhound and bubbling over with confidence when the crucial moment for action arrived.

What followed was a succession of thrills for the spectators. They saw Corbett, agile, keen-eyed, slippery as of old, peppering the slower-moving Jeffries with blows that came from all points of the compass. Try as he might, Jeffries could not land on his elusive opponent. And, as if to show his contempt for the champ, Corbett occasionally forsook his retreating methods and stood toe-to-toe with Jeff in close rallies, but always getting out of danger in time to escape destruction.

And so it went up to the twenty-third, and as it proved, the final session. Corbett could not be blamed if, at that juncture, he visualized himself as champion once again. He had outpointed Jeff cleanly, the big fellow was winded and bewildered, while Gentleman Jim showed no signs of fatigue.

But the unexpected happened when, after repeated weary attempts to corner Corbett on the ropes, Jeff caught him sidestepping away from a right lunge. Like a thunderbolt, down came Jeffries' terrific left, full on the jaw. Corbett was shocked (*Continued on page* 45)

Foreign Champions

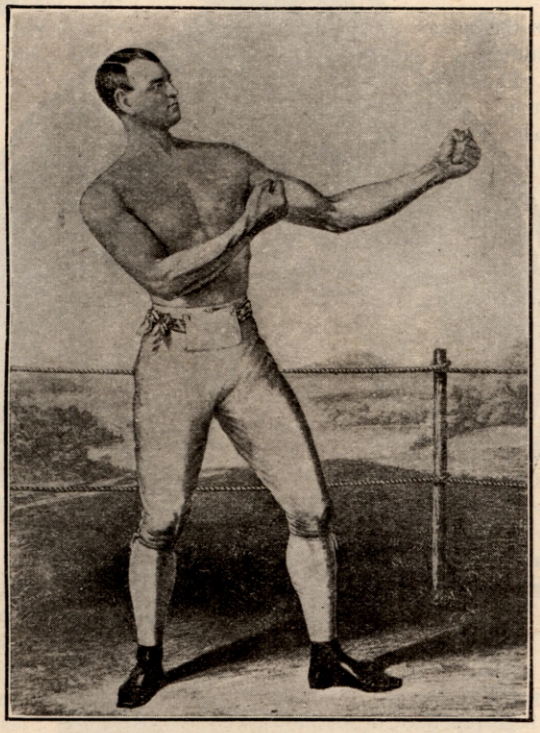
By NAT FLEISCHER

WHEN Max Schmeling won the world's heavyweight championship and later, Primo Carnera regained it for Europe after the German had lost the crown to Jack Sharkey, they were the first foreigners to win a heavyweight title since the days of Tommy Burns who lost the championship to Jack Johnson in 1908. From the days of John L. Sullivan to the present, there have been only three heavyweight kings who were not either native born Americans or naturalized in this country. For that matter, we may include Canada in our discussion of American fighters, in which case, only Schmeling and Carnera were foreign holders.

John L. Sullivan was born in Massachusetts of Irish parents. James J. Corbett was a native born Californian whose parents, like Sullivan's, were Irish born. Bob Fitzsimmons was born in Cornwall, England, but lived all of his youth in Australia and when he won the title from Corbett, he was a naturalized American citizen.

James J. Jeffries was born in Ohio and his parents were of Scotch and Dutch descent. Tommy Burns was a Canadian by birth but lived most of his life in this country. He now resides in New York City. Jack Johnson was born in Galveston. Jess Willard was a Kansas bred lad whose parents were Scotch-Indian-American.

Following Jess, came the mighty Jack Dempsey. He had more mixed stock in him than any other fighter and those who look to inheritance for the hardiness of an individual, claim that it was his combination of Scotch, American Indian, Hebrew and Irish blood that made him the fighting man he was. Gene Tunney, like Corbett and Sullivan, was a native born American whose folks had migrated from Ireland. Then came Schmeling, the German; Sharkey, the American of Polish descent and now, Carnera, a pure blooded Italian who hails from Sequals, Italy.



Tom Hyer, first American heavyweight champion. He won the title on September 9, 1841, from Country McCluskey.

* * *

BUT it was not always thus. In the days of the bare-knuckle fights, the kings of the heavyweight ranks, and for that matter, of all other divisions, were mostly foreign born fighters. In the interval between the retirement of Tom Hyer, champion until 1854, a bevy of English and Irish heavyweights came over to invade America and they ruled the roost.

Nearly all of them held the American title at one time or another. America's attitude in this respect differed from that of England where no one except a native born was permitted to hold a British boxing championship. The only known exception to this rule was made in the case of Peter Jackson, who was the acknowledged champion of England, Europe and Australia following his defeat of Paddy Slavin, claimant of the Australian title, in the National Sporting Club, London, May 30, 1892, the same year in which Corbett conquered Sullivan.

Jackson was born at St. Croix, West Indies, July 3, 1861, but went to Australia early in life and while there, developed into one of the greatest boxers of all time.

Jackson was regarded as a citizen of Australia, quite as much so as Fitzsimmons, who, although born in Wales, moved to Australia while a child and lived there until he had reached his 28th year. Jackson was regarded in England as a citizen of a British colony, and the fact that he defeated Jem Smith, British champion, in 2 rounds on November 11, 1889, served to increase the popularity of the great Negro boxer.

Jackson was a quiet, well-mannered intelligent man, and he was the favorite with all Britons who took an interest in sports. England never permitted its titleholders to draw the color line, but there is no record of any other Negro holding a championship in England.

Although Jacob Hyer, the first American heavyweight champion, was born in New York State, and his son, Tom Hyer, who succeeded his father as titleholder, was also native born, those who followed in their championship footsteps came for the most part from across the Atlantic.

* * *

THE first man to get possession of the title after the formidable Tom Hyer had retired undefeated, was John Morrissey, who was born in Ireland, on February 5, 1831. He reached New York when a child and learned fighting in the hard school of the streets of this city.

Morrissey was physically undersized, standing 5 feet 8½ inches tall, and weighing 170 pounds. He got the title in a fight with Yankee Sullivan, a native of Cork, as the result of an unjust decision by the referee at a time when Morrissey was severely beaten.

Morrissey defended the title against John C. Heenan on October 20, 1857, and won because Heenan hit a ring post in the first round and fractured his right fist. Heenan's challenge for a return battle was declined and Heenan took the crown by forfeit, the first instance of the kind in America. When Morrissey retired from the ring, he was elected to the United States Congress.

John C. Heenan, who was born at West Troy, New York, May 2, 1835, was the second native son to hold the American title. Finding no one to oppose him in America, Heenan went to England where he and Tom Sayers, British champion, engaged in their historic draw. Heenan then fought Tom King and was drugged by his own seconds.

Joe Coburn, next holder of the American title, was born at Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland, July 20, 1835, and like all the other foreign-born champions, came to the United States in his youth and became a citizen of America. Coburn retired undefeated.

* * *

BILL DAVIS, next holder of the championship, was born in California, in 1831, making the fourth native born to get the honors. Davis was not a first-class heavy, and lost the title to Jim Dunn, of Brooklyn, in 43 rounds on May 16, 1865. Dunn was born in County Kildare, Ireland, October 4, 1842, and on arrival here at an early age, made Brooklyn his permanent home. On his retirement from the ring, Dunn entered the political arena, and attained considerable prominence.

Jimmy Elliott, who was born in County Athlone, Ireland, was a formidable boxer but never won the title because of unfair treat-

ment in his battles with Dunn and others. Elliott was fatally shot by Jim Dunn in Chicago in 1883.

Mike McCoole, who held the title 1866 to 1869, was born in Ireland on March 12, 1843. McCoole was a strong, heavy-hitting chap with little science. He defeated Bill Davis of California and Aaron Jones of England. McCoole also won from Tom Allen on an alleged foul in their first battle, but was disposed of by Allen in seven rounds lasting twenty minutes.

When they met again, the contest took place near St. Louis, Mo., on September 23, 1873, and it was in this bout that Allen solidified his claim to the title. Gallagher was the first Canadian to hold the American title.

Allen, who was born in Birmingham, England, in 1840, had his first bout with Gallagher on February 23, 1869. Gallagher knocked out Allen with a blow to the jugular in the second round, the contest lasting but 3 minutes. Allen scored the first knockdown ending the first round.

Gallagher and Allen fought again in the same year and the referee called it a draw, although Allen had decisively beaten Gallagher. The latter died of consumption. It was in the following year, 1870, that Allen, who laid claim to the title following Gallagher's retirement, met Jem Mace, English champion, in a bout for the world's title. Mace won and retired.

Allen held on to the American title till 1876, when Joe Goss, born in Northampton, England, November 5, 1838, won it on an alleged foul in the twenty-first round.

Paddy Ryan, who was born in Thurles County, Tipperary, Ireland, March 15, 1853, won the title from Goss on June 1, 1880. Ryan's defeat by Sullivan in 1882, practically ended the supremacy of foreign born fighters in this country.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the Italians have come to the fore with a rush in the last five years in fisticuffs, especially in the amateur ranks, the sport has been practiced in the land of Mussolini for years. The first big shot of modern times who hailed from Italy and looked like a real find, was Erminio Spalla, whose career was checked by Gene Tunney and whose knock-out by the American was one of the fights that earned for Tunney a title shot with Dempsey later. America has had many champions of Italian descent, but Carnera was the first native Italian to gain a world title.

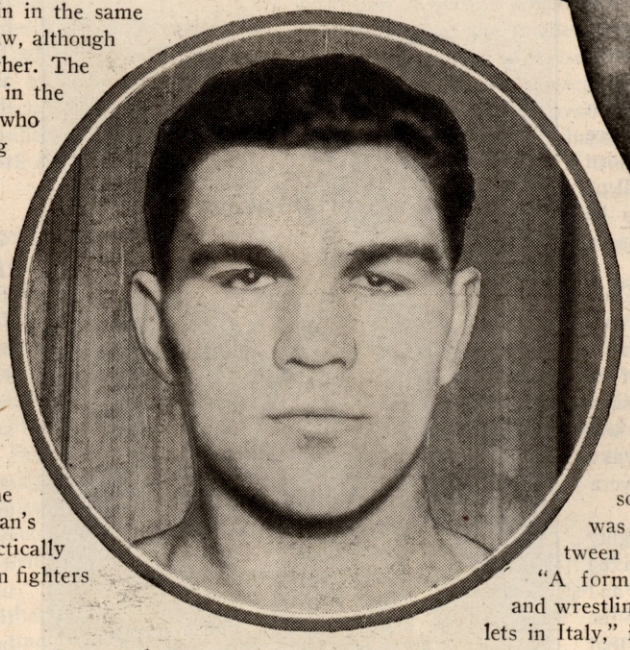
The Italians took up fighting as far back as 1733. The following extract from a London publication of 1802, traces the start of boxing in Italy:

"In 1733 Signor Tito Alberto Di Carni of Italy went down to defeat at the hands of Bob Whitaker. This bout, which took place in London, was seen by the King of England and a whole entourage of coffee house fops in white powdered wigs and brilliant red-laced, cuffed jackets, with slim rapiers dangling against their plush knee breeches. Thus England triumphs in its first international championship contest."

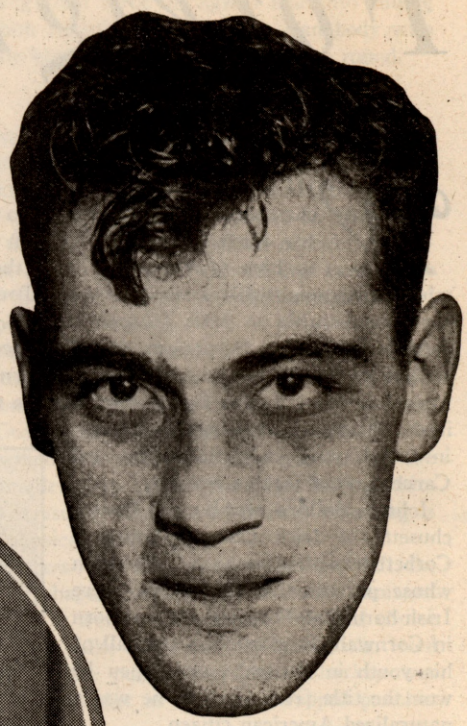
From the above, it will be seen that the writer placed the rise of boxing in Italy around the year 1730 and also that he records the fact that the first boxing in Italy began to make its appearance in the crudest form between 1728 and 1732, according to an item which appears in one of Pierce Egan's stories in the "Anecdotes of Sports."

"In 1731, Signor Tito Alberto Di Carni, the only boxer of note in the eighteenth century, knocked out three opponents in one ring, one after the other. The Earl of Bath, who was in Venice at the time, writing from Venice to Jack Broughton, inventor of the first set of boxing rules, remarked:

"'I saw a wonderfully built Italian, Tito Alberto Di Carni,



Primo Carnera who regained the world heavyweight crown for Europe.



Max Schmeling, the first foreigner to take the heavyweight title abroad in modern times.

perform a great feat here a few days ago, when he knocked three adversaries out, one after the other, in an exhibition of boxing'."

This also will tend to prove the statement that boxing, of the sort practiced among the English, was founded in Italy some time between 1725 and 1730.

"A form of sport which combines boxing and wrestling is being fostered in certain hamlets in Italy," is the statement of a traveler who reported his observations to the editor of *Sporting Magazine*, published by J. Wheble, in London, in 1793."

* * *

FROM the above, we have ample evidence that boxing dates back a considerable stretch of time in Italy, but it is only in recent years that Italians have competed on even terms in the ring with other nationalities.

Carnera, so far as bulk and size are concerned, is a rare exception in Italian sports history. The Latin race usually does not sprout to the same proportions as the Anglo-Saxon, Gaelic and Teutonic. Most of our leading Italian pugilists, past and present, from lightweights down, are or were small fellows with but few exceptions.

Foreign pugilists have been invading the United States for more than forty years. A majority of them have come here from England, Australia and Ireland.

Noted English fighters or boxers who have been seen in action on American soil include Charley Mitchell, once claimant of the heavyweight title of Great Britain; Jem Driscoll, holder of the featherweight title, and Fred Welsh, former world lightweight champion.

Also Joe Bowker, Billy Plimmer, Pedlar Palmer, Kid Broad, Ben Jordan, Will Curley, Owen Moran, Bombardier Wells, Matt Wells, Spike Robson, Johnny Summers, Jim Sullivan, Danny Frush, Joey Fox, Dick Smith, Jabez White, Joe Symonds, Jack Bloomfield, Digger Stanley, Roland Todd, Ted Lewis, Jimmy Wilde and Phil Scott.

The greatest fighter that Australia ever sent to the United States was Robert Fitzsimmons, who was born in Cornwall, England, but went to the Antipodes in his early youth. Next to Fitzsimmons in prowess was Peter Jackson, the scientific

Negro, against whom John L. Sullivan drew the color line and who boxed sixty-one rounds to a draw with Jim Corbett, before the latter won the heavyweight championship.

Other natives of Australia who gained renown as pugilists here were Young Griffo, Jim Hall, Dan Creedon, Les Darcy, George Dawson, Joe Goddard, George Gunther, Billy Murphy, Frank P. Slavin, Tom Tracey, Bill Lang, and the human punching bag, Bill Squires, and Steve O'Donnell.

Tom Heeney, who was stopped by Gene Tunney in the Yankee Stadium, hails from New Zealand.

The list of native born Irishmen who distinguished themselves in this country includes Paddy Ryan, Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, Jack McAuliffe, retired undefeated lightweight champion, and Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, who lost the world middleweight title to Fitzsimmons, Mike McTigue, and Jimmy McLarnin.

Also Peter Maher, Tom Sharkey, Jimmy Gardner, George Gardner, Dave Sullivan, Spike Sullivan, Mike Donovan, once middleweight champion; Jimmy Dime, Irish Patsy Cline, Patsy Sweeney and Jim Coffey.

* * *

IN addition to Schmeling, German born fighters who have entertained American fans from time to time are Franz Diener, Al Kubiak, Frank Mantell and Rudy Unholz.

France has sent over Georges Carpentier, Paul Journee, Andre Routis, Eugene Criqui, Benny Valgar, Charley Ledoux, Emile Pladner, Kid Francis, Eugene Huat and others.

Italy's sons who have boxed in American rings are Erminio Spalla and Roberto Roberti, the heavyweights; Hugo Kelly, Johnny Dundee, whose real name is Joseph Carroro, former featherweight champion of the world; Patsy Kline, Tony Ross, Terry Martin, Cleto Locatelli, Vittorio Tamagnini, Ricardo Bertazzola, and Enzo Fermonti.

In addition to Paulino, Spain has been represented by Hilario Martinez, welterweight, and Antonio Ascencio, featherweight, who first saw the light of day in that country.

Argentine's representative is Luis Angel Firpo, who came within an ace of winning Jack Dempsey's title in the memorable thriller at the Polo Grounds in 1923; Vittorio Campolo and Justo Suarez.

Chili sent here Luis Vicentini, Stanley Loayza and Romero Rojas.

Battling Nelson, one of the noted lightweight champions, was born in Denmark. So were Dick Nelson, Pete Hartley, Kid Williams and Knute Hansen, the glass jawed heavyweight, who was knocked out by K. O. Myer Christner.

Sweden sent Harry Perrson and Belgium, Rene de Vos, and from Holland has come the fighting Bep Van Klaveren.

* * *

TOMMY BURNS, former world heavyweight champion, was born in Canada. George La Blanche, who knocked out Dempsey, the Nonpareil, with the illegal pivot blow, also was born in the Dominion. Sam Langford, perhaps the best Negro heavyweight of all time, and George Dixon, still considered by many persons the best featherweight title holder that ever put on a glove, were born in Nova Scotia.

Other Canadians who made money in this country were Eddie Connolly, Jack Renault, Johnny Lavack, Gilbert Gallant, the original George Godfrey, known as Old Chocolate; Johnny Coulon, once bantamweight champion of the world; Clonie Tait and Ovila Chapdelaine, better known as Jack Delaney, who passed out of the picture when Jack Sharkey stopped him in a round in the Garden several years ago.

The late Pancho Villa, possibly the greatest flyweight champion in the history of boxing, came here from the Philippines. Among his fellow countrymen who have boxed in the United States with fair success are Ignacio Fernandez, Pete Sarmiento and Elino Flores.

Johnny Risko and Charley Weinert are natives of Hungary. Tommy West, once a welterweight contender, was born in Wales. Otto Von Porat is a Norwegian. For a time he did well in this country, then fell by the wayside.

King Solomon, a rather inferior heavyweight, hailed from Panama, as does Panama Joe Gans and Al Brown.

The only Greek fighter, Theodore Antonopoulos, cut something of a figure in this country twenty years ago.

Frank Erne, who won the world lightweight championship from Kid Lavigne, only to lose it in a round to Joe Gans, was born in Switzerland.

Cuba has had excellent representation in Kid Chocolate, Black Bill, Saquero and Armand Santiago.

Portugal was well represented for a time by Joe Azevedo, a lightweight. Johnny Ertle, Jack Root and Soldier Bartfield came into the world in Austria. Frankie Britt claimed the Azores as his birthplace.

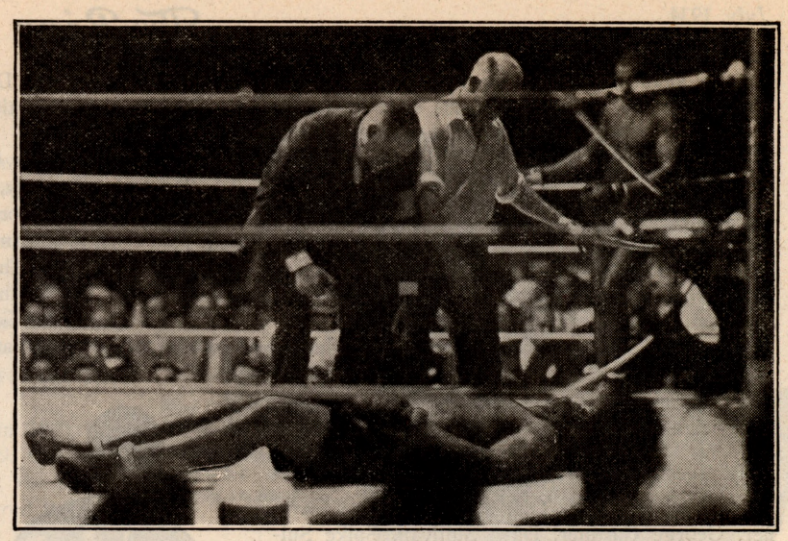
George Rodel, one of the white hopes who vainly competed for the right to fight Jack Johnson, was a South African. Phil Brock, a good lightweight, came here from Russia and Joe Walcott, world welterweight champion, who was known as the Giant Killer, was discovered in Barbadoes, British West Indies.

Senegal was put on the pugilistic map by the late Battling Siki who won the light-heavyweight championship from Georges Carpentier, then lost it to Mike McTigue and was later killed in a brawl in New York City.

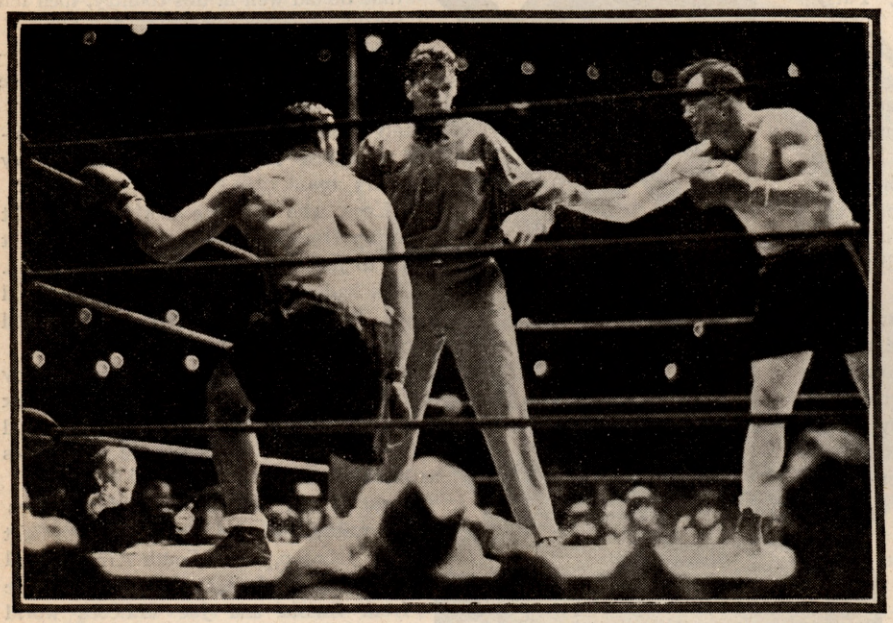
From the above it will be seen that practically every country worth while where athletics is followed by the youth of the land has furnished at some time, some good fighter. Fighting follows the flag of all nations. It is a universal sport because it appeals to the mass. When one considers that only about twenty years ago almost every champion in each division was either of Irish, Italian or Jewish extraction, while in more recent years we have had Panamians, Germans, native born Italians, Cubans and others as crown wearers, the marvelous growth of boxing as an international sport becomes apparent. The growth may be attributed chiefly to the World War.

The Muldoon-Tunney heavyweight championship trophy upon which are engraved the names of all the champions from Sullivan to Tunney. The committee in charge has decided to wait until after the Carnera-Baer fight before inscribing the names of Schmeling, Sharkey and Carnera to the list. Should Baer win from Primo, his name will also be listed.

SCALING *the* HEIGHTS *with* CARNERA



When George Godfrey fouled out of his match with Carnera in Philadelphia.



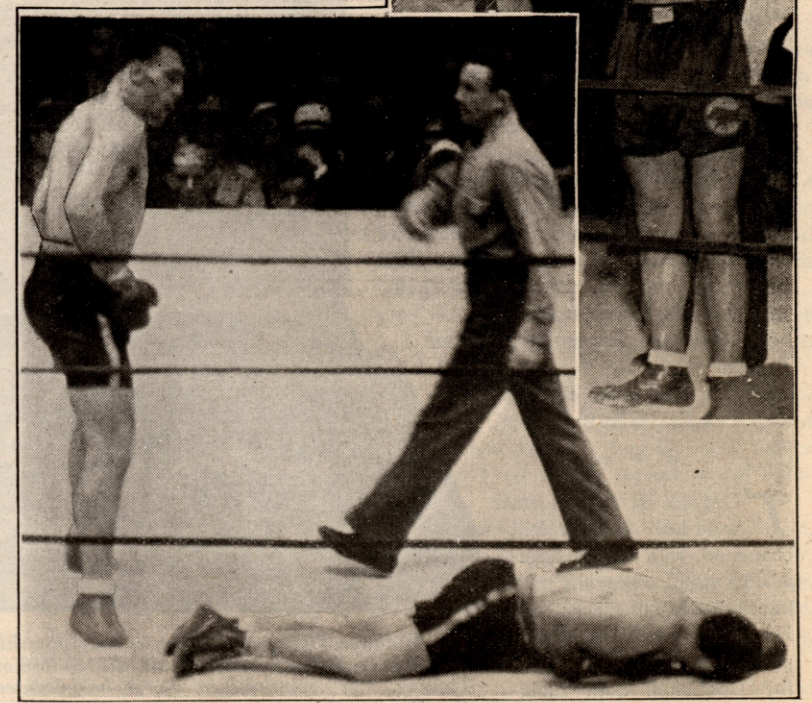
When Jack Sharkey dropped Primo Carnera in their first meeting at Ebbets Field.

TO Primo Carnera belongs the distinction of being not only the largest man that ever held the world's heavyweight title, but also the only title holder who, for a space of nearly three years after he began boxing, was generally considered something of an impostor, a good deal of a joke, and rather to be pitied than blamed. Carnera, at least, took himself seriously, but those who doubted his fitness for the fistic profession somehow sympathized with this 265-pound, six feet, 5¾-inch giant, with a good deal of an unsophisticated schoolboy air about him.

Primo started fighting in 1928 on the other side of the water. Rumors of his vast bulk and reports of various kayo victories to his credit drifted over here, but it was not until 1930 that the mammoth glove artist made his bow before an American crowd.

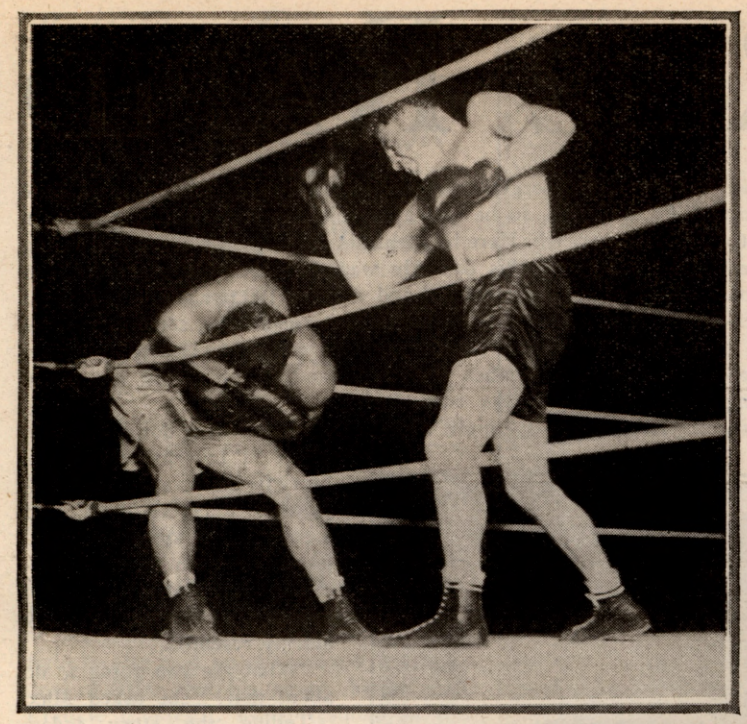
On that occasion he disposed of Big Boy Peterson in Madison Square Garden in one round, but it cannot be said that either crowd or boxing critics were much impressed by his debut. He was huge —and that was all to be said about him. Boxing skill he had little or none. Peterson flopped without putting up a shadowy pretence of a fight, and the universal verdict was that the Primo man belonged in the circus freak category.

There followed the notorious "cross country" tour in which Carnera ran up a long list of "kayo" victims, mostly creatures of the has-been or "never-before-heard-of" variety, which resulted in a thorough "roasting" of the pugilist and his handlers by the press in general. It is only fair to say, however, that those who know the big, unsuspecting Italian best, believe to this day that he knew nothing about the set-ups provided *(Continued on page* 48)

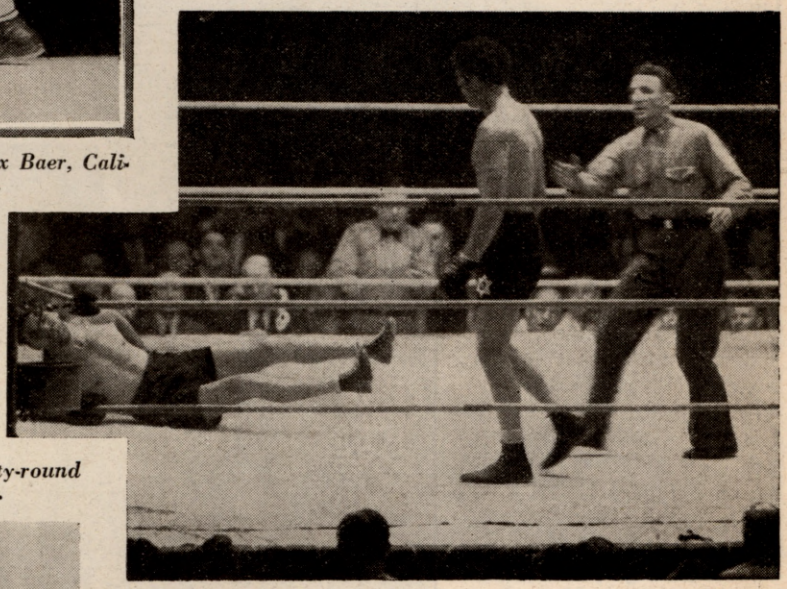


Referee Donovan orders Carnera to a neutral corner as Sharkey falls face downward to the canvas. Carnera has taken possession of the title.

UP *the* LADDER *with* BAER

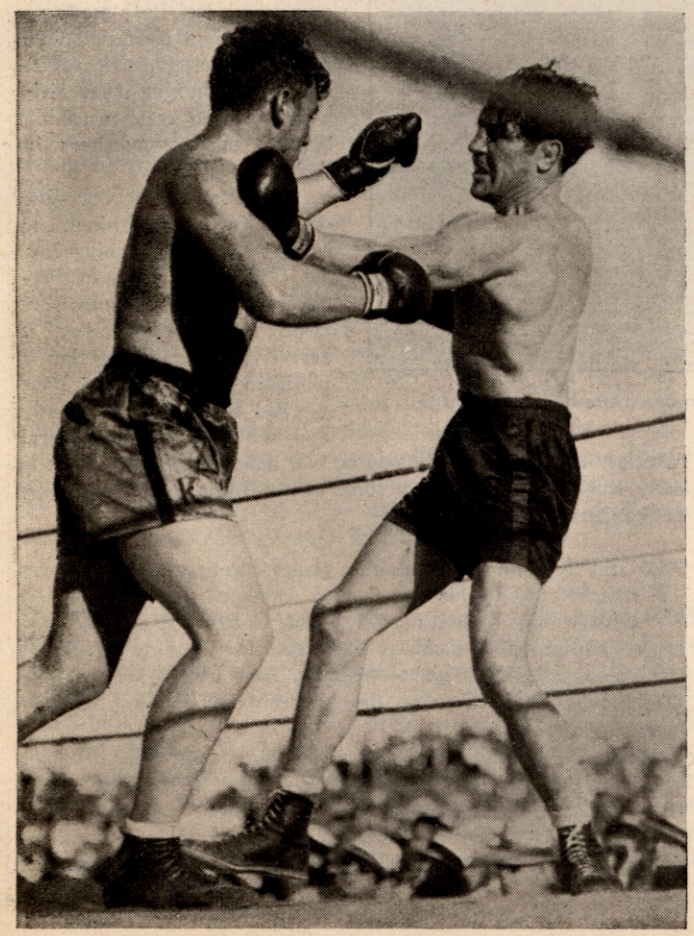


The collapse of Frankie Campbell in his bout with Max Baer, California heavyweight. Baer is shown on right.



The victory that made Max Baer the leading heavyweight contender. The kayo of Max Schmeling in the tenth round at the Yankee Stadium, New York. Referee Arthur Donovan stopped the bout a moment after this photo was taken, when Schmeling was on the ropes.

Below—King Levinsky (left) and Max Baer in their twenty-round fight in Reno, Nev., which Baer won on points.



BACK in 1929 a new specimen of the pug genus so much desired by all fistic promoters—a big, fast, game fellow with a deadening wallop, made his debut in California slugging circles. His name was Max Baer, his nationality, Jewish-American, and his specialty, administering knock-outs of the brief, lightning variety. During that year and the following, Coast fans grew so accustomed to seeing him spill opponents for full counts in one or two rounds, that they were wont to speculate if Max was a bit off color, when a victim managed to stall into a third or fourth frame. It was not, however, until the latter part of 1930, when Frankie Campbell collapsed in the fifth round of a battle with Max, and subsequently died, that the publicity consequent on this unfortunate affair woke up Eastern promoters to the fact that they had been overlooking a potential drawing card in the person of the slashing winner.

And so it came about that Baer answered a call to action on the Atlantic seaboard, and New York fight followers saw him perform in Madison Square Garden. They were a trifle disappointed when he lost a ten-round decision on points to Ernie Schaaf, then at his best, better pleased when he stopped that rugged old war-horse, Tom Heeney, in three rounds, and rather aggrieved when he registered on the losing end of a ten-session with the artfully scientific Tommy Loughran. On the whole Gotham fans in 1932 were disposed to be somewhat lukewarm toward the young giant. As a matter of fact, too much was expected of him as a result of inflated ballyhoo which boosted him as a superman, and made no allowance for the natural crudities of a boxer with less than three years' experience, when opposed to crafty, ringwise veterans like Schaaf and Loughran, whose ring activities started in 1925.

One man, however, ex-champion *(Continued on page 48)*

BAER'S RISE RAPID

NOT since that blistering July afternoon, on the sun-baked banks of Maumee Bay, when the flashing bronzed Tiger Man that was Jack Dempsey rose to the heavyweight heights over the battered hulk of Jess Willard, has there appeared on the fistic horizon a figure as colorful and engaging as the Livermore Larruper, Max Adelbert Baer.

Win or lose against Carnera, Baer has the satisfaction of knowing that he has done more to bring back the interest in boxing than any other fighter. After a meteoric career of only five years, the magnificently built son of the Golden State has brought back to the sport of fisticuffs, the glamour and excitement it knew when Dempsey was the killer of the ring.

In Max Baer, boxing has at last found the colorful figure that it has needed to fill the yawning gap left by Dempsey's passing as champion, and in Baer, the Jewish race has at last found a fighter who may bring it its first modern day heavyweight champion.

While Baer grew up in California, and seems to have absorbed all the brilliant hues and colorings of that Golden State into his own kaleidoscopic personality, he actually is not a Native Son, for he was born in Omaha, Nebraska, on February 11, 1909.

His father, Jacob Baer, a German Jew, was a cattle dealer and a buyer of live stock for Swift & Company, and from the earliest days of his childhood, Max Adelbert Baer, as he was christened, lived a vigorous life in the great outdoors of the West. Baer's ancestry is German, French and Jewish. He is German on his father's side and French on his mother's. Part of the Baer family lived in Alsace-Lorraine.

The debonair Max of Broadway and Hollywood

When he was four years old, the Baer family moved to Durango, Colorado, and from there to Oakland, California. It was when Max was nine years old that the family settled in Livermore, where his father bought the Twin Oaks ranch and went on his own into cattle raising for the commercial market.

It was in this romantic setting that Baer grew up and went to school, a big, rangy kid who gave early promise of developing the marvelous physique that has earned him the title of "the best built heavyweight in the world."

In those days the debonair Max was a typical kid, reckless, likeable and ever ready for a lark and took an active part in his school sports.

Graduating from elementary school, he went to high school for one year, where he played tackle on the football team, put the shot, threw the discus and tossed the javelin. Through all of these early years, however, he never had on a boxing glove and was interested in practically every sport but the one which now has brought him his greatest fame.

TO the energetic and restless Baer, high school was a little too tame, so he quit after this one year to help his father about the ranch. Here he spent his days herding cattle and riding to market with his dad. He was then about 16 years old, but stood an even six feet tall and weighed 190 pounds.

It was a cow hand on his father's ranch who, some four years later, started Max on his pugilistic career, and that, in a way, which was altogether accidental, and, as it turned out, quite unfortunate for the cow-puncher.

It happened one night when Max was strolling down the main street of Livermore with his best girl on his arm. The cowpuncher, lounging in front of a corner drug store, was careless enough to let a remark slip as Baer and his girl went by, which the young lady quickly resented.

"What are you going to do about that?" she asked Max.

Telling the story today, Baer is ready to admit that he was all too willing to let the incident pass, but the young lady was very insistent, and made it plain that either Max give the cowhand what was coming to him or she'd give Max the air.

Well, Maxie, of whom it never can be said that he doesn't like the girls, let the cowhand have one on the whiskers, and the situation was saved, but Baer made up his mind right then and there that he'd better learn something about boxing if his girls were going to keep on asking him to put cowpunchers in their places.

He had saved up twenty-five dollars from his earnings and bought a heavy punching bag. He couldn't afford a leather-covered one, and got a canvas-covered sand bag, but it served him well. Erecting a platform on the ranch, Baer worked on the bag religiously and, with the help of several cowpunchers, including the one he had licked, managed to get in daily workouts and pick up some of the rudimentary principles of the game.

* * *

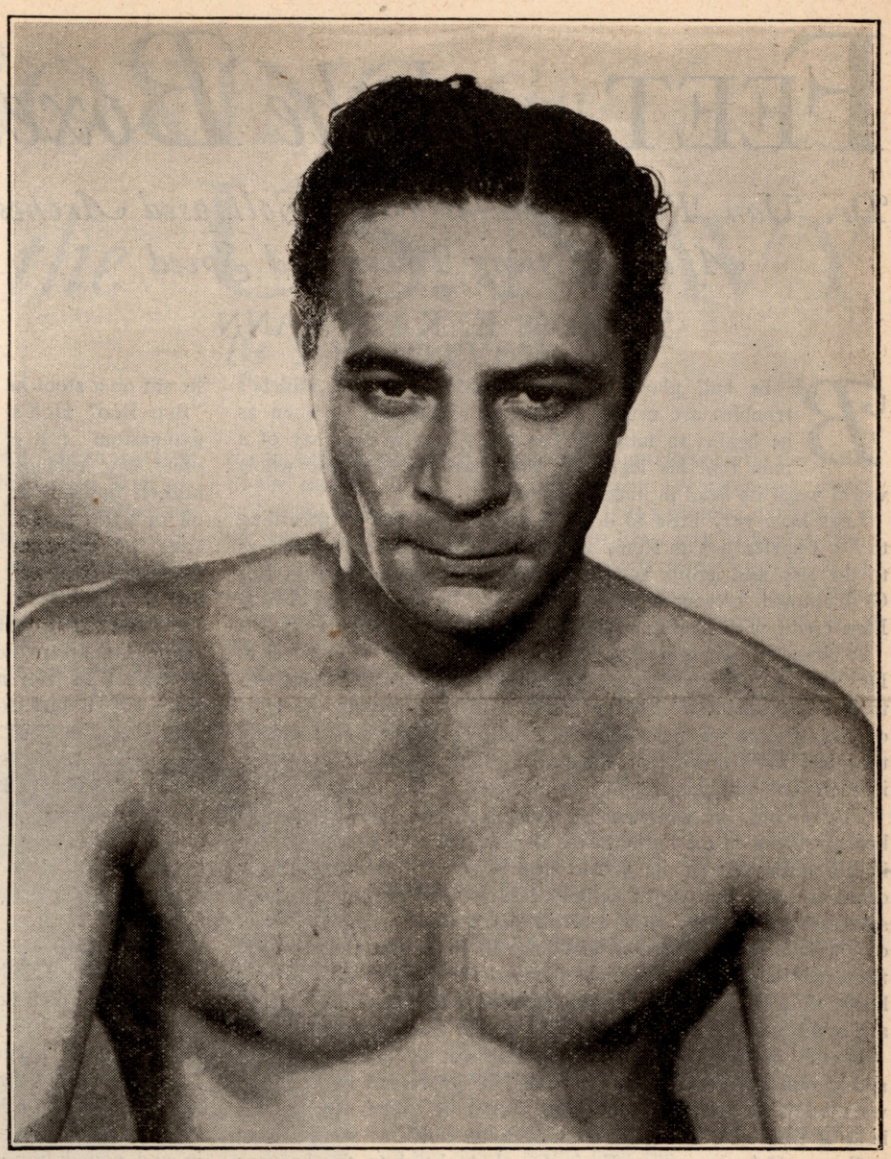
JUST four months after that street corner affair, Max was matched to fight his first fight, a scheduled eight-round affair with a big Indian named Chief Caribou. Nervous as a cricket and scared to death as he dressed for the fight in a booth right alongside of his giant opponent, Baer had to keep singing at the top of his lungs so the Indian wouldn't hear his teeth chattering.

Max knocked Chief Caribou out in two rounds, after dropping him four times in the first round. With that first effort off his chest, his nervousness completely disappeared and, ever since that time, he has gone into his fights with that reckless confidence and courage which have played such a big part in his present popularity.

The fistic fates have smiled kindly on Max Baer. From that

Less Than Five Years After Start of Career, Livermore Larruper Fights for World's Heavyweight Title

By
EDDIE MERRILL



The stern, fighting Baer, as his opponents see him

first fight with Chief Caribou on, he was lucky, and quickly vaulted into prominence in California. His popularity spread with his fame, and he was in demand all up and down the Pacific Coast.

He became a great drawing card and, almost from the start, made a lot of money. In his ninth fight he got a purse of four thousand dollars. For his fourteenth fight he was paid seven thousand, five hundred dollars, and his tragic battle with Frankie Campbell, which resulted in the latter's death, brought him ten thousand dollars.

* * *

HIS battle with Frankie Campbell marks the turning point in Max Baer's fistic career, for it was after that fight that Ancil Hoffman, his present pilot, became his manager. Hoffman, well-known Coast promoter, had staged the Campbell-Baer match, and recognized in Baer the coming heavyweight champion of the world, if the young man's recklessness could only be curbed, and Baer made to seriously appreciate his opportunities.

How well Hoffman has guided Baer along the fistic trail is evident today. Bringing him along steadily, Hoffman can point to the fact, now that Baer has met every outstanding heavyweight and though he has been whipped a number of times, today he stands forth as the world's foremost and most popular fighter.

Since he lost a twenty-round decision to Paulino Uzcudun at Reno on July 4, 1931, Baer hasn't suffered a setback. He has blasted his way through the heavyweight ranks, beating such stars as the late Ernie Schaaf, King Levinsky, Tuffy Griffiths and Max Schmeling on the way, until he stands today the outstanding challenger for the championship.

Since attaining prominence and getting up into the big money class, Baer has made it easy for his folks. He bought a fourteen-room house in Piedmont, California, for his father and mother, and gave them a sixteen-cylinder Cadillac. He is as cocky about his kid brother, Buddy, as he is about himself. He thinks the "Kid," who is taller than Max and trains with him, will some day be the world's heavyweight title-holder.

* * *

IN 1929, the year that the Livermore Larruper knocked out Chief Caribou, he engaged in twelve fights and won them all. In fact, he landed the haymaker on each of his opponents—Caribou in two rounds; Tillie Taverna in one; Sailor Leeds in one; Al Lefford, twice in the second; Frank Rudjenski in three; George Carroll, one; Chief Caribou, one; Alec Rowe, one; Tillie Taverna, two; Chet Shandell in the second, and Tony Fuente in the first. Of course, there were no world beaters, not even a first rater, among the entire dozen, but the punching powers of the future fistic idol was noted and his future as a fighter was assured.

It was the following year that he scored seven more knock-outs, lost three contests, one to Ernie Schaaf in ten rounds, and won a ten-round decision, that the California papers began to boost him as a coming champion. They based their decision almost on the terrific beating he administered to Frankie Campbell, which resulted in the latter's death. Campbell was a pretty sweet performer and his untimely death resulted in Baer's name being bruited about the country because of the fatality. It was then that Ancil Hoffman, his present manager, decided to take charge of his affairs and brought him East to meet Schaaf, then one of the leading heavyweights in America.

When the Californian barged into New York, he made a great impression with his superb physique, but not as a fighter. He was a keen disappointment in that respect, and all because he liked the ladies too much. He trained in the night clubs instead of in the gym, and he lost to Schaaf. He was so occupied with the feminine beauty that he lost several decisions to them besides dropping several to fistic opponents, including Tommy Loughran, who outclassed him in a ten-round bout in the Garden.

* * *

HE took his defeats with a smile and started all over again to convince the public that he was a real fighter—a champion. Hoffman saw there was little use keeping him in New York, where the cabarets lured the Livermore Larruper, and he took Max back West for further development. Then Max began to show true fistic form.

His only defeat since that time was in a twenty-round bout with Paulino at Reno, promoted by his pal, Jack Dempsey. The ring was pitched in the open under a blazing sun, even hotter than it was when Dempsey slaughtered (*Continued on page* 45)

FEET *and the Boxer*

Dr. Van Ronk Explains How Collapsed Arches Affect Hitting Power and Speed

By ROSS E. KAUFMANN

BE he ball player, fighter or foot-racer, an athlete's troubles are usually attributed to his legs as soon as he begins to falter. When the sports writers say of a man that his legs are going back on him, the whole world wags its head in understanding.

Legs have very little to do with the case, however, according to Dr. Charles J. Van Ronk. It's the feet that impart springiness to the step and agility to the movements of the body, says this Germantown osteopath, whom Tommy Loughran and Benny Bass credit with having prolonged their careers in the ring.

A singular symptom about all the fighters who have come to Dr. Van Ronk for assistance, including Loughran and Bass, was their flat-footedness. After years of bearing down on the balls of their feet to set themselves for swinging or blocking a punch, they had worn down the ligaments holding up the three arches in each foot and thinned out the lubricant in the joints.

The arches, in consequence, collapsed, and the effect this brought about in the fighters was the same as would be produced in an automobile if its shock absorbers were removed. They could not take the bumps without feeling them any more, and a succession of bumps slowed them down more rapidly. Worst of all, lacking the essential elasticity in their feet that enabled them previously to box on their toes, they began to walk on their heels, thus shortening the reach of their arms about six inches and making them easier targets for younger and faster opponents.

Wasn't there some way to get them out of this fix? There surely was, the doctor told them, and he proceeded to show the way. With a grip that a wrestler would be proud of, he took hold of their feet and gave them such toe-holds as would cause a George Zaharias or an Ernie Dusek to howl to the heavens in pain.

"It was the most painful experience I ever went through," Bass related after his first treatment. "I was pulling the hair out of my head while he was bending my feet."

* * *

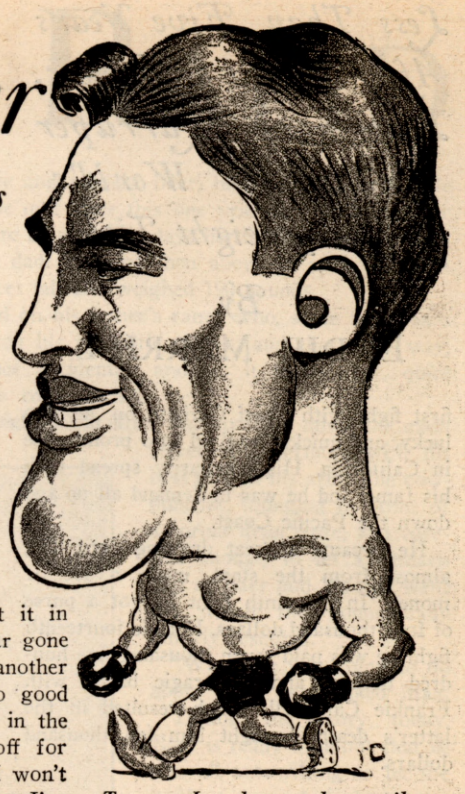
DR. VAN RONK was not merely indulging in catch-as-catch-can exercises, however. By bending the toes inward to the heel, he was pushing up the fallen arches, restoring them to their original positions in the foot. But, he was asked, how would the arches stay in place, and was it not necessary to wear some kind of a brace?

"Nothing of the sort," was his reply. "Nature takes care of that by rebuilding the tissue of the ligaments that hold up the arches. While Nature is doing its work, it is necessary, of course, to do nothing that might interfere with the process, such as walking on the heels.

"To avoid this mistake, I instructed Loughran and Bass and the others to imitate the Indians in their walking—pointing the toes to the ground before bringing down their feet, and thus coming down toes first. The Indians, you know, were great hikers; they could go for hours and hours, often for days, without getting tired, and could continue doing it until they were old men."

Nature intended man to walk on all fours, Dr. Van Ronk said in explaining the structure of the human foot. "Try doing it yourself," he suggested, "and see if your heels ever touch the ground. It's only when we stand upright that we come down on our heels, and you don't have to be an expert to know that all the shocks the body receives in walking come up from the heels."

That the doc's method is sound, can be attested by Pete Latzo, the former welterweight champion. "Look here," said Pete as he sat on a stool in "Boo Boo" Hoff's gymnasium the other day, rubbing himself down with oil of wintergreen. "See the curve in this foot? I never had it before until Dr. Van Ronk put it in there. I'm pretty far gone to expect to win another title, but I feel so good now that I'm back in the ring, after laying off for two years. Maybe I won't win all my fights, but I've had a few already and did a great deal better than I was doing just before I retired."



Tommy Loughran, who attributes his renewed activity to special treatment to his feet.

* * *

TOMMY LOUGHRAN'S case is even more impressing. Tommy had been troubled with bad feet for several years; twice he twisted his ankle in trying to make a fast getaway from an opponent's charge; first, when he was fighting Paulino Uzcudun, then when he was in the ring with Stanley Poreda. He was never so close to a knockout, without actually being knocked out, as the night he met Poreda. But Stanley was too timid to walk in and pound him down, so Tommy escaped that humiliation, though badly beaten.

Some months after the Poreda experience, Loughran gave a smart exhibition of speed and boxing against Steve Hamas; he had had his feet treated by that time. He was weary at the end of the tenth round, none the less, so he went back for further treatment.

Then he took on Jack Sharkey in a 15-rounder. Nobody thought he could ever last 15 rounds, though he might win everything as far as he went. To the great surprise of everyone present, he went the full "route," not only winning the decision but putting Sharkey down on the canvas in the 10th round, a feat so rare for Loughran as to be classed among the miracles of modern pugilism.

Following that, Loughran trimmed a young giant named Ray Impellitiere and edged his way into a "shot" at the champion, Primo Carnera. He did not win the title, to be sure, but again he managed to stay on his feet for 15 rounds.

* * *

BASS'S rejuvenation is of more recent date. Just a month ago, Benny fought Cleto Locatelli at the Arena, his first bout in nearly three months. He put up one of the finest battles of his career, but though he swung from his heels with his great left hook and bounced it off Locatelli's chin many times in the course of the ten rounds, he couldn't put the Italian down for the count.

"After that fight, I was congratulated by everybody I met, despite the fact that the crowd thought I didn't deserve the draw I got," Benny related.

"They didn't stop at congratulations, however, but went on to tell me how flat-footed I was. I thought they were crazy. You know how a fighter is; no matter

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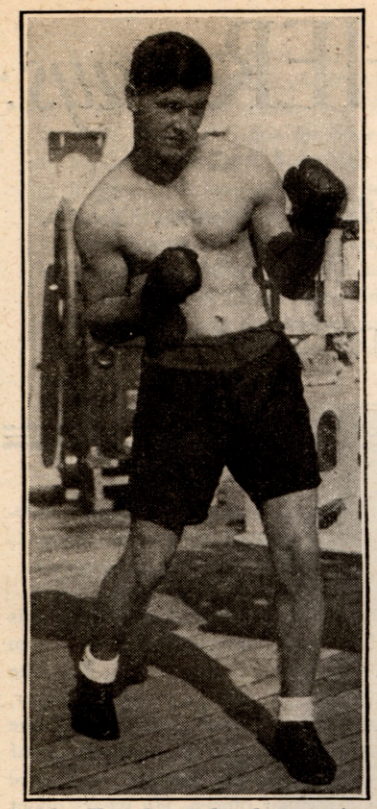


Mike Kutscherousky, kayo artist of the U. S. S. Maryland.

BOXING *in the* U.S. NAVY

By TOM STEVENS

Editor, U. S. Navy Times

THE devastating short right hand of Mike Kutscherousky of the U. S. S. *Maryland* landed on the chin of Eddie Long. It was a short punch, traveling not more than six inches. But it did the work and sent Eddie into dreamland. It was the fifth kayo victory in as many weeks, and the crowd that packed the Municipal Auditorium in Long Beach, Cal., the Navy capital of the West Coast, rubbed its eyes in amazement. The cheering throngs saw a modern Stanley Ketchel in the new Navy sensation. Fifty fights with thirty-three knockouts. What a record for a 20-year-old middleweight! Another Navy contribution to the field of fistic endeavor.

No other institution in the world has produced a greater number of fighters than the United States Navy. The bluejackets of Uncle Sam's fighting forces have blazed their way to pugilistic fame for the past three decades, and seldom does a year pass when some ex-sailor does not grace the boards of Madison Square Garden. Ever since the days when the great Tom Sharkey gave Jim Jeffries the hardest fight of his career, the Navy bluejacket has fought for a place in the civilian limelight.

Johnny Buff, who fought in the Navy under the name of Spike Lisky, became bantamweight champ of the world and flyweight champion of America. Jack Sharkey, recent heavyweight title holder was once attached to the U. S. S. *Denver*, and fought under the monicker of "Battling Ski." The great featherweight, Honey Boy Finnegan, came very close to the championship. Eddie Huffman cut a wide swath in the cauliflower industry even though he never attained a top-notch rank.

* * *

THESE boys would never have reached such dizzy heights had it not been for the great cooperation of the officials of the Navy. The government has made every effort to popularize the boxing game and has encouraged aspirants in every respect. Every ship in the Navy is completely equipped with boxing paraphernalia with no expense to the government. Gloves, headgear, trunks and every piece of equipment are purchased with the profits of the canteen. Every nickel that is spent for cigarettes, candy, or toothpaste is a contribution to the ship's athletes. One ship in the battle force boasts of more than $1,700 worth of boxing gear.

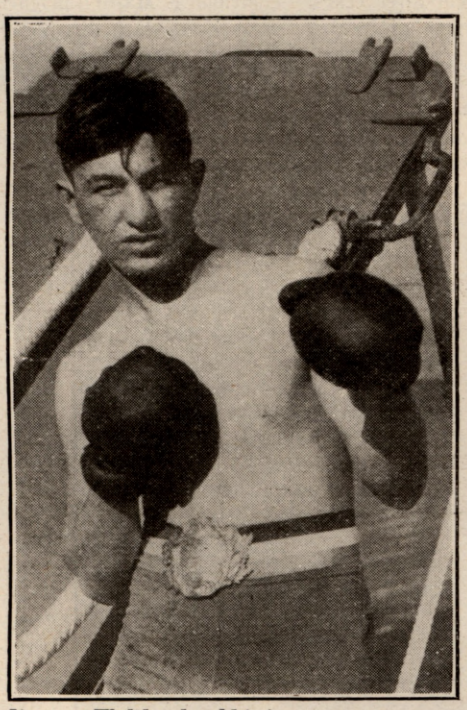
Let us take a trip to the giant aircraft carrier the U. S. S. *Lexington*, one of the largest ships in the world. We find Stanley Dynkowski, the Chief Master-at-Arms of the ship, in charge of the boxing stable. It is about 2:30 and Ski has made the rounds and has executed a complete checkup. He finds two of his prospects missing. At once he details Fred Mancuso, his assistant, to find them.

We soon find about seventeen boxers of all weights ready for a workout. An improvised ring is spread over one of the inside compartments with a brand new canvas on the deck. Two punching bags are strung up and mats for calesthenics are laid out.

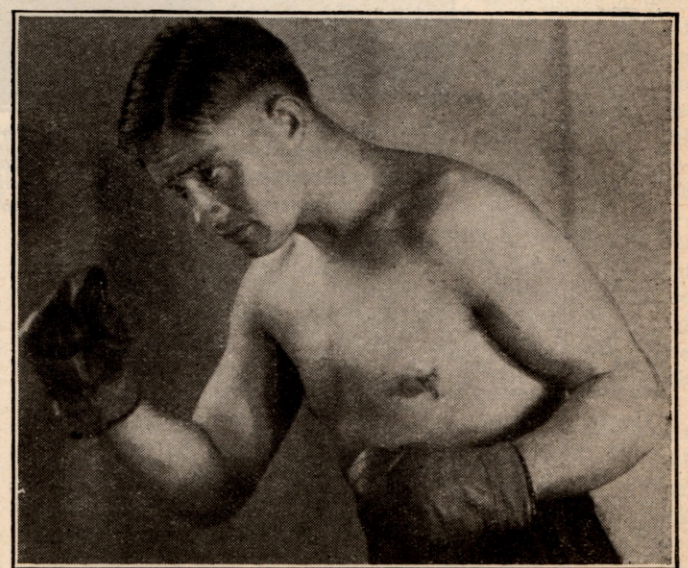
"This boy Quarles, I have, should make a good welterweight this year," he tells me. Dynkowski is furious over the fact that his boys were not eligible to box for the All-Navy championships, due to the fact that the *Lexington* was in the Navy Yard while the eliminations were held. He feels sure that Campbell would have been a cinch to win the heavyweight belt and that at least three of the other boys would have finished ahead of the others in the long run.

"This heavyweight Campbell," he adds, "was a cinch to take the belt. However, you got to keep an eye on him. Too many dames. He can outbox half of the civilian heavyweights on the Coast, but his greatest enemy is John Barleycorn. Well, you can rest assured that I will keep him on the ship till he fights Martinez in the amateurs at Long Beach next week."

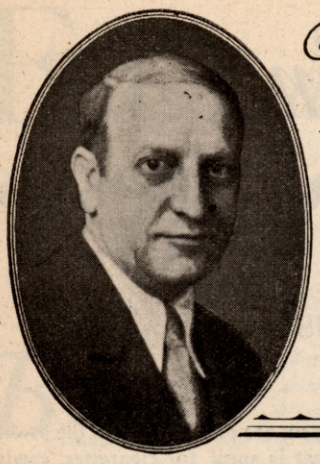
(*Continued on page* 44)



Jimmy Walsh, hard-hitting Navy middleweight.



Frankie Remus, a Navy product, who recently fought a great battle with Gorilla Jones.



Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

Ideal Commission Appointed in Washington, D.C. Ross and Canzoneri Receive "The Ring's" Trophies Col. Hammond at Helm in Madison Square Garden

IT is gratifying to know that our Congressmen and Senators have seen fit to give to the District of Columbia legalized boxing. Until a few weeks ago, the "hit-and-get-away-game" was taboo in Washington and he who dared defy the authorities by staging a boxing match found himself in a mighty tight situation. About five years ago Promoter Dane decided to make a test case and, immediately after he had staged an all-star card, he found himself indicted and spent three years behind the bars for the "dastardly offense of having given the Washingtonians a little recreation."

Thank goodness we have reached an era where the blue law agitators are being routed, one by one, and American liberty again prevails. While in the past, many legislators at Washington were regular attendants at boxing matches in New York, New Jersey and in Baltimore, they fought with a vim against legalizing the sport in the District of Columbia for fear that they might lose some valuable votes in their home burg.

But the New Deal which has been in evidence throughout the country since the inauguration of President Roosevelt, has been extended to sports, thanks to the good will of the Postmaster General, former New York State Boxing Commission Chairman James A. Farley, and now those who feel so inclined, need not go thirty or more miles to see a boxing bout. They can sit in peace, with a clear mind, without fear of molestation by the guardians of the law, right in the capital of the United States.

* * *

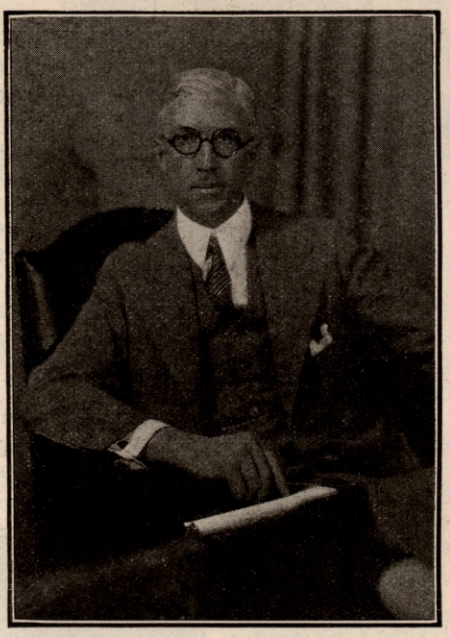
"THIS is a fine bill," commented President Roosevelt as he signed the measure sponsored by Senator David Walsh and Representatives Fred Hartley and Loring Black, authorizing the sport in the District of Columbia. Thus the national capital takes its place with thirty-one states of the Union in permitting legalized boxing under commission rule. In fact, the law is the most liberal in that it is the only one in this country which does not place a limit on the rounds.

Under the old district code, boxing, mislabeled "prize-fighting," was barred along with "contests between man and beasts," bull fights, dog fights and cock fights. The code was extremely drastic and after Promoter Dane took his "rap" of three years for taking a chance on staging a fight, all other promoters shunned the capital.

The law signed by the President takes up scarcely a column of type. The word "amateur" was stricken from the bill by the law-makers and now the only restrictions imposed by law are that the Boxing Commission must be composed of members who have been residents of the District for three years and still are, and that one must be a police official, that the three members must serve without pay and that contestants must use eight-ounce gloves. The rest of the regulations are left to the commissioners. Under the law, the commissioners fix the number of rounds.

* * *

THE commission is unique in the history of the sport in this country in that none of the three members has ever been affiliated with the sport and only one has been a boxing fan. The chairman is Major Lucien H. Vandoren. He is a criminal lawyer, former assistant district attorney and former president of the District of Columbia Bar Association. He is a graduate of Georgetown University and served with the Marines in France with a brilliant war record as a combat officer. He wears about all the medals the Allies could give him. It is safe to predict that, with him at the helm, the law will be strictly observed.



Col. John Hammond, whose efforts have resulted in the purchase of Madison Square Garden by himself and associates.

Major Ernest W. Brown, superintendent of the District's police, and Fred W. Bucholz, owner of the Occidental Hotel, is the third member. He is financially independent and is the only member of the commission who has been an ardent fight fan.

The secretary is Heinie Miller, Marine Reserve Corps Major, a fine fellow, a splendid sportsman, and a man who knows his boxing from A to Z. Heinie is former flyweight champion of the Navy, a college referee who has handled many of the Navy's meets and at one time was sports editor of the *Washington Times* and *Our Navy*. He is now associated with *The Coast Guard Review* as its editor.

The set-up of the Washington commission looks like the best of any in this country with the exception of that of New York. However, there is no political tie-up in Washington as there is in New York and elsewhere, and that speaks volumes for the board's success. The Washington commission has a chance to show just what a non-political board, with no axes to grind, with only the interests of boxing at heart, can do to elevate a sport that has been kicked around for many years—the football of the politicians.

* * *

WITH the cameramen clicking and a gathering of five hundred fight enthusiasts applauding, Barney Ross and Tony Canzoneri received THE RING'S Most Valuable Boxer Awards for 1933, a few weeks ago at Ross' Ferndale, N. Y., training camp. Two records in the award were shattered. For the first time since the inauguration of the merit prize, a fighter other than a heavyweight carried off the honors and for the first time two boxers tied for the laurels.

After one hundred and forty newspapermen and boxing commission members from all parts of the world had cast their ballot,

it was found that Ross and Tony were deadlocked with 655 points, and Tommy Loughran, who had won the trophy twice in six years, finished third, only five points behind. Rather than cast the deciding ballot in favor of one of the tied contestants to break the deadlock, I decided to award each a belt.

Strange as it may seem, the heavyweights, with the exception of Loughran, received less votes than ever. The outstanding heavies, Carnera, the champion, and Baer, were way in the background in the voting. The belts are awarded for sportsmanship, the influence of the boxer on the youth, the skill and general fighting ability and the manner in which the boxer conducts himself in public, and on those points, Canzoneri and Ross were tied. Two great, two splendid champions are Tony and Barney, and THE RING and its army of readers congratulate each on his victory.

* * *

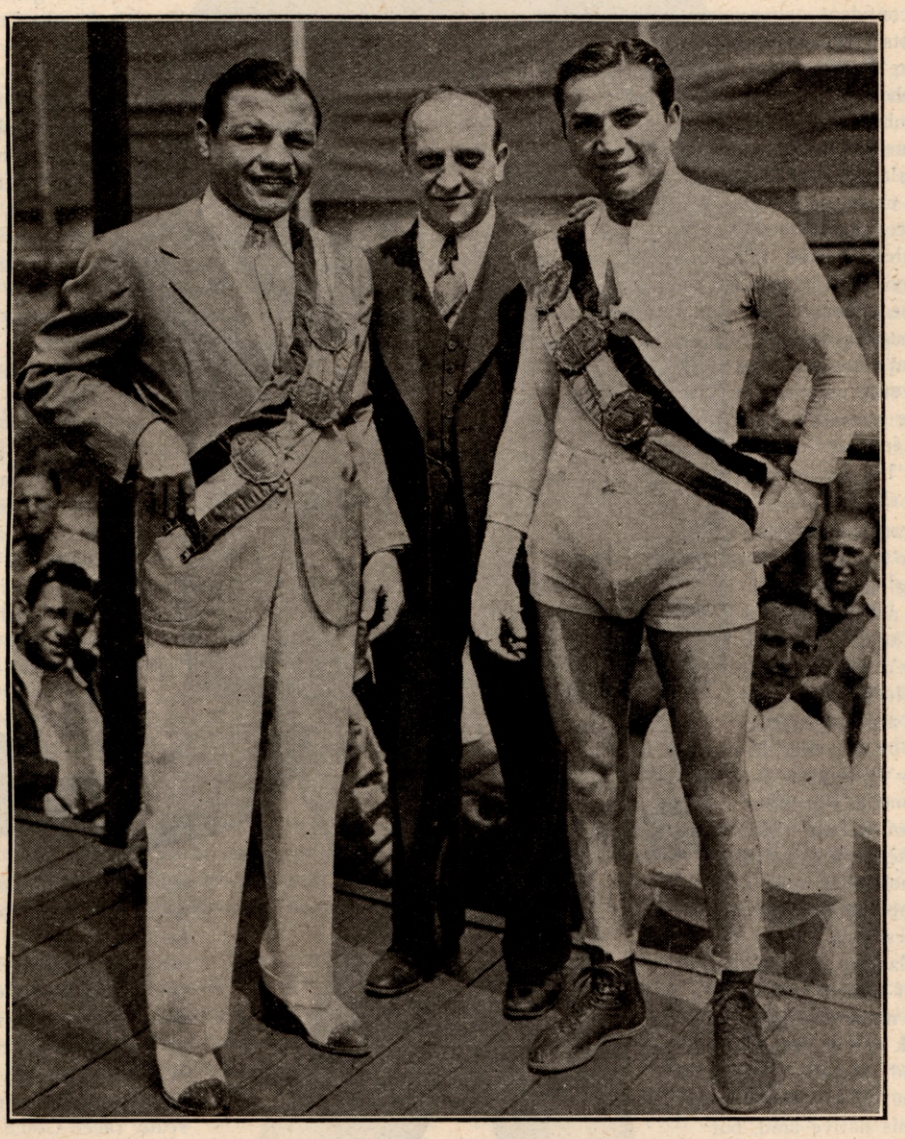
AMERICAN fight managers got a good laugh out of the troubles of poor Joe Jacobs in his adventures abroad. When "Yussel" left for Spain, he had high hopes that Max Schmeling would knock the aged Paulino cuckoo and thereby build up a comeback for a return match with Max Baer. Ever since Max was stopped by Baer, he has been straining at the leash for a chance to redeem himself. He has taken to heart that knock-out and the defeat at the hands of Hamas, and both he and Jacobs figured that a knock-out of Paulino would bring the German back with a bang.

But they both failed to realize what most of us already had known — that America is the land of true sportsmanship, the land where the foreigner gets the benefit of every doubt, the land of Milk and Honey where the fighter who comes to its shores labelled a "king of something or other" gets all the breaks, while the lowly, native-born son of Uncle Sam usually is taken for a ride. Perhaps Max Schmeling now knows what it means to "get the breaks" as he did in the first Sharkey fight when he accepted a heavyweight title while sitting on the canvas. Perhaps Schmeling and his manager now realize how generous are the American officials who like to give the foreigner a chance to make good here.

The reports from Barcelona, Spain, where the Schmeling-Paulino fight took place, clearly indicate that the Uhlan won by a mile. The Americans at the ring side, the British and French and German newspapermen occupying press seats, almost to a man, declare that Schmeling won hands down, yet the official verdict was a draw.

Why? Well, because we who know the betting angles at the European arenas, especially in France, Italy and Spain, have come to understand that a verdict against the home boy means disorder, riots, possible shootings, particularly aimed at the third man in the ring.

Police protection? That means nothing. The home crowd must be protected and the visiting fighter hasn't got a chance. Schmeling learned that. So did Jacobs, and perhaps henceforth our American officials won't be so lenient in handing out decisions on a silver platter to every Tom, Dick and Harry foreign "champion," just because he happens to be our guest. They should toss a little sentiment once in a while to their American brethren provided, of course, such a move is justified and merited. We seek no favors and we want nothing more than a fair, even break for our boys.



Nat Fleischer (center) with Tony Canzoneri and Barney Ross at Ross's training camp at Ferndale, N. Y., where Barney, on right, and Tony, were presented with "THE RING'S" MOST VALUABLE BOXER AWARD for 1933. The lightweight champion and his predecessor tied for first honors.

* * *

CONTRAST the deal in Spain to the treatment of foreign lads in Australia. In the land of the kangaroo, there are now a dozen or more American boys, some of whom I induced to take the trip with Charley Lucas, and I'm happy to report that every message I have received from these boys is in high praise of the sportsmanship of the Australians. It was not like that some years back when the American invaders invariably came home bitter in their disappointment. Many complained that the promoters had not lived up to their promises. Others, that they had been jobbed by promoters, agents or matchmakers.

But this year, with a splendid batch of lads on the trip, the reports are exceptionally rosy. Each of the invaders has written to THE RING telling me that Lucas and those backing him have lived up to every part of the agreement made in this country and that the treatment of fans and scribes could not be better. There has not been a single complaint against the refereeing, although several decisions have been very close.

Congratulations, Australians! THE RING has taken this means to convey to the American boxers, managers, promoters and fight fans in general the information that at least one foreign country has been found where our lads can take a chance on receiving the type of treatment we accord to foreigners here. Incidentally, our boys have been exceptionally successful and their pleasing style has aroused a new interest in the (*Continued on page* 47)

From MILO *to* LONDOS

IN this series on the history of the heavyweight division in wrestling from the time of William Muldoon to the present day, owing to the complications arising because of rival claims and the number of times in which a championship was regained by a title-holder once dethroned, it is rather difficult to give the entire wrestling career of the crown wearers in the period following the acquisition of the title by Stecher, as we had previously done. In order to get proper sequence, it becomes necessary to jump from one wrestler to another as we feel confident our readers will be better posted on the historic contests following such a plan.

Although Strangler Lewis, who held and lost the heavyweight crown a number of times during the past sixteen years showed his skill in subduing Joe Stecher on December 13, 1920, to win the championship, he in turn, found a master in the elder Zbyszko, Stanislaus, who, like Lewis, held the title more than once. Zbyszko, christened Stanislaus Cyganiewicz, during the heyday of his wrestling career, was known as the "Eighth Wonder" of the athletic world. Long past the age when the average athlete in any other branch of competition would have sought retirement, the massive Pole not only won the world's heavyweight championship, but for years after that, continued to mow down opponent after opponent until, past the half century mark, he decided to retire only recently. When one considers that Stan, as he was called by his intimate friends, often had to compete four or five times a week in various parts of the country, he can better realize the prowess of the subject of this sketch.

Each of the mat stars, as we have already mentioned, had a hobby. Each also had a style of his own and method of his own for training. Gotch, for example, would train on an opponent toe to perfect the toe hold. Strangler Lewis, would train on a wooden head, to perfect the head-lock. Stanislaus Zbyszko trained on an accordion, practicing grips and holds on this wind instrument to learn how to squeeze the wind out of an opponent. For those who are not aware of it, the elder Zbyszko was one of the most cultured of all matmen, a bookworm and a linguist of rare accomplishment. He is a graduate of the University of Vienna. He was a philosopher, a lawyer, a musician, a poet and a master of eleven languages. Yet, he preferred to make professional wrestling his life work and he succeeded in gaining fame and fortune in his specialty. Prior to the World War, he was a millionaire in his native land, but the war was the cause of the loss of most of his fortune and after retiring, he was compelled to come back to wrestling in an attempt to recoup that fortune.

* * *

STANISLAUS ZBYSZKO was born in Galicia and was one of five children. His younger brother, Wladek, also a famous wrestler, was almost on a par with Stanislaus in mat prowess. Of him we shall have more to say later. Zbyszko's father was in the Austrian government service and it was his intention to fashion a similar career for Stanislaus.

He sent the boy to a large private school, where the embryo famous wrestler demonstrated he was an apt pupil. He proved particularly proficient in languages and ancient history—and also wrestling, for there was a gymnasium attached to the school. Stanislaus finished his course at the academy when 16 years old.

But the proud boast of his deeds at school was the winning of an amateur wrestling tourney. At that time he weighed just 175, and he was a very powerfully built youngster.

The following year he traveled to Vienna and won a light-heavyweight tourney. Fired with a genuine zeal for the game, Zbyszko turned professional and earned enough money to defray the expense of a course in law at the University of Vienna, where he won his degree.

In the summer time, when the university was closed, Zbyszko turned his attention strictly to wrestling. He encountered the greatest matmen in Europe—Aberg, Lurich, Constant La Marine, Koch and others—and always won. His skill attracted wide attention, and being a man of learning, his society was much sought after, even by the people of distinction.

Kaiser Wilhelm, then king of all Prussia, sent for him, was entertained with exhibitions of mat craft and later employed the Polander as an instructor in wrestling to the crown prince. Similar attentions were conferred upon him by Czar Nicholas when the Romanoff régime ruled the Russians.

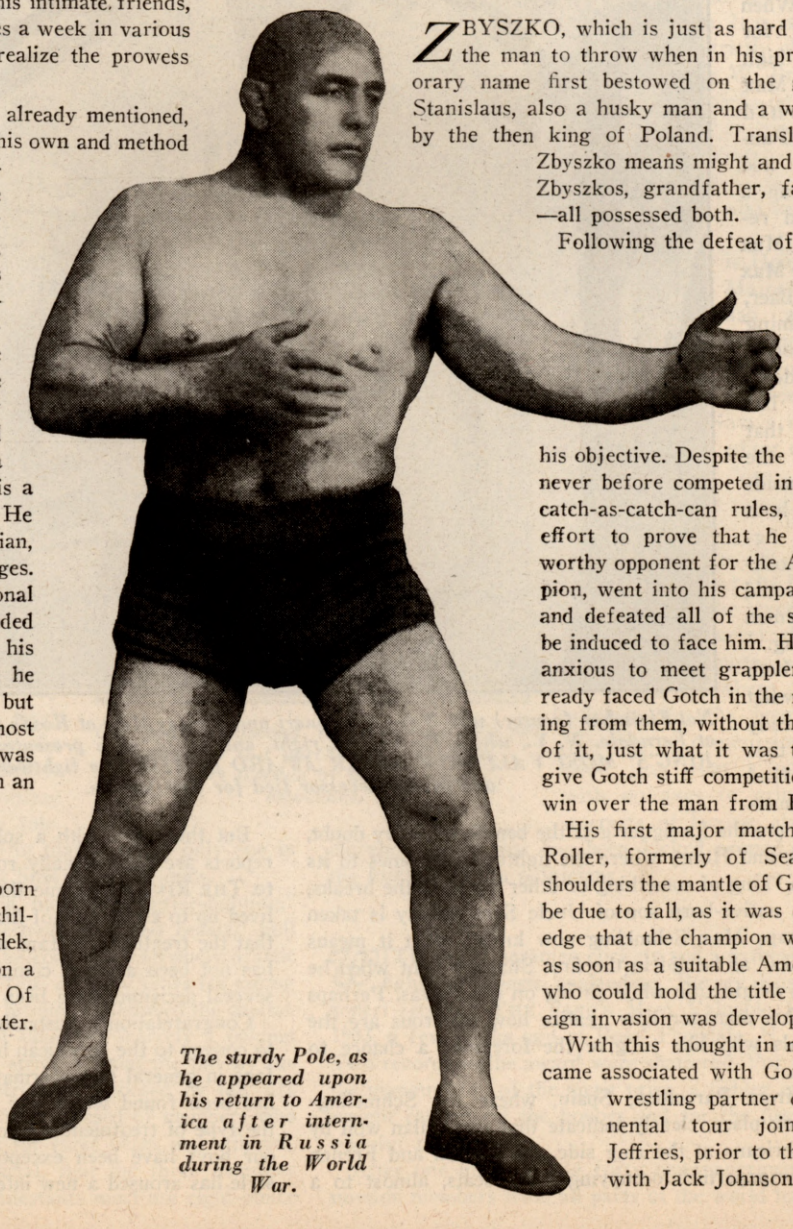
* * *

ZBYSZKO, which is just as hard to spell as was the man to throw when in his prime, is an honorary name first bestowed on the grandfather of Stanislaus, also a husky man and a wrestler of note, by the then king of Poland. Translated, the word Zbyszko means might and power, and the Zbyszkos, grandfather, father and sons—all possessed both.

Following the defeat of George Hackenschmidt by Frank Gotch, Zbyszko determined on an American tour with Champion Gotch as his objective. Despite the fact that he had never before competed in a match under catch-as-catch-can rules, Zbyszko, in an effort to prove that he was a mighty worthy opponent for the American champion, went into his campaign with a vim and defeated all of the stars who could be induced to face him. He was especially anxious to meet grapplers who had already faced Gotch in the ring, thus learning from them, without them being aware of it, just what it was that made them give Gotch stiff competition yet could not win over the man from Humboldt.

His first major match was with Dr. Roller, formerly of Seattle, on whose shoulders the mantle of Gotch appeared to be due to fall, as it was common knowledge that the champion would retire just as soon as a suitable American champion who could hold the title against all foreign invasion was developed.

With this thought in mind, Roller became associated with Gotch and was his wrestling partner on a transcontinental tour jointly with Jim Jeffries, prior to the latter's match with Jack Johnson and handled by



The sturdy Pole, as he appeared upon his return to America after internment in Russia during the World War.

to BROWNING

By A. D. PHILLIPS
(World's oldest, active sports writer)

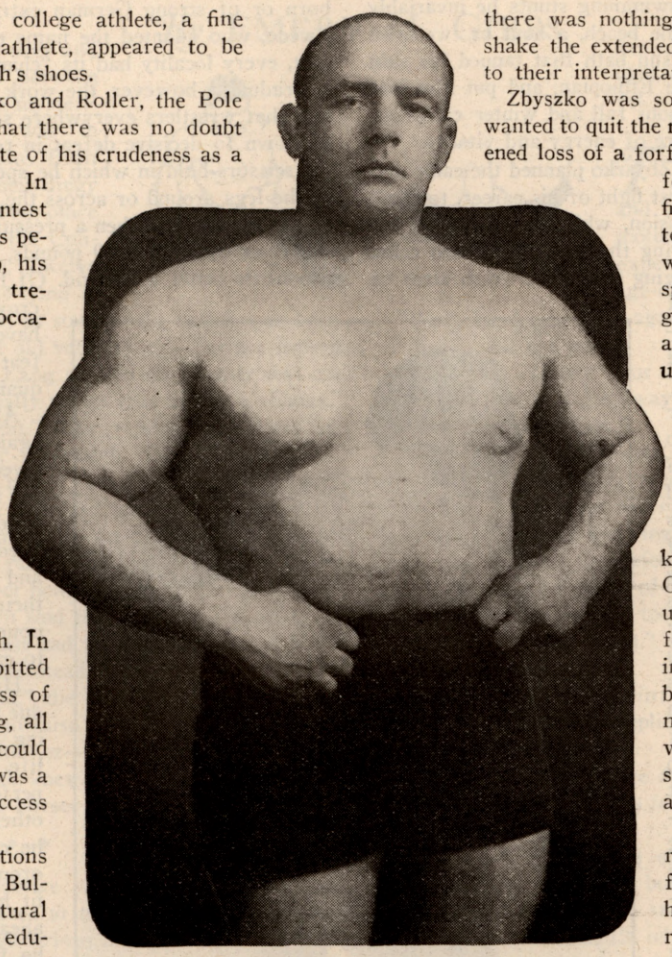
CHAPTER XXI

Jack Curley. Roller, a former college athlete, a fine football player, and all-round athlete, appeared to be the ideal man to step into Gotch's shoes.

In the match between Zbyszko and Roller, the Pole won in such decisive manner that there was no doubt of the foreigner's ability, in spite of his crudeness as a catch-as-catch-can performer. In fact, those who watched the contest concluded that Zbyszko, with his peculiarly squat physical make up, his endurance, his speed and his tremendous strength, had little occasion to be versed in the American style of wrestling.

* * *

WITH Roller disposed of, Zybszko vanquished Tom Jenkins, former champion, and many others, including the great Mahmout, the Bulgarian wonder, another star of the first water and a persistent and determined challenger of Gotch. In the case of Roller, there was pitted against Zbyszko all the fineness of the American style of wrestling, all the valued pointers that Gotch could transmit to his protégé. There was a brain as keen as his own, yet success went to the Pole.



Stanislaus Zbyszko, as he looked when he first came to this country in 1909.

Against Mahmout, the conditions were somewhat different. The Bulgarian was what is called a "natural wrestler." He was not of the educated type, but he had wrestling sense of the highest order, and had a combination of the best points of both Greco-Roman and of catch-as-catch-can, with an experience against Turkish wrestlers that made him a matman to be really feared, even by the great Gotch himself. Yet Zbyszko, handicapped by lack of knowledge of our style, proved as decisive a winner over Mahmout as he did against Roller.

This made a match with the champion inevitable. Gotch realized, when the articles of agreement were signed, that if he was to be successful he could not hope to win by strength alone, nor by pure wrestling skill. Zbyszko had proved that science meant nothing to him as a block to success. In fact, the more clever his opponent, the easier he seemed to win.

Strategy, then, must be Gotch's great card and how well he played it is a matter of history, for when they met on June 1, 1910, at Chicago, Gotch gave the Pole the first decisive defeat he had ever sustained after a winning streak of no less than 945 matches against the pick of the wrestling world. The story of that match has already been told in the story of Gotch's career, but we will here just touch on the high lights by way of a reminder of what happened.

* * *

WHEN time was called and the men walked to the center to shake hands, as is the custom but not the rule, Gotch, instead of grasping the extended hand of his opponent, dove, football fashion, at the knees of the Polander. Zbyszko, amazed at the sudden attack, was thrown to the mat and his shoulders pinned to the canvas in the then world's record time of six seconds.

Naturally the fall was protested on the ground that it had been unfairly obtained, but the officials pointed out that, while perhaps it was not the most sportsmanlike thing in the world, there was nothing in the rules to compel Gotch to shake the extended hand and that the fall, according to their interpretation, was a fair one.

Zbyszko was so enraged over the ruling that he wanted to quit the match then and there, but the threatened loss of a forfeit of $5,000 induced him to return for the second and what proved the final fall. As he approached the center to face the smiling Gotch, there was no doubt in the minds of the spectators that the champion had gotten the "goat" of his opponent and that the latter was badly shaken up physically, while his confidence was seriously undermined, with the result that Gotch won after half an hour of wrestling in which the Pole was always on the defensive.

Immediately thereafter, Zbyszko started on a campaign to force Gotch into another meeting. Purses unheard of up to that time were offered, but the champion, then seeking retirement at his farm at Humboldt, Ia., announced that he would never again "wrestle any foreigner whom he had already beaten," a statement aimed primarily at Zbyszko and Mahmout.

That match with Gotch was what really started Zbyszko on his eventful career, for in an effort to prove his superiority to Gotch if given a return chance, Stan made up his mind to tackle each and every wrestler worth while to prove his right to supremacy, and how well he succeeded, is wrestling history. Some critics who have seen most of the stars in the last thirty years, say that Zbyszko was one of the five greatest wrestlers in the world and I am among those. I think Zbyszko ranks next to Gotch and Hackenschmidt as the third outstanding matman of all time.

* * *

WHEN Zbyszko first came to this country in 1910 for the purpose of meeting Gotch he was asked to give an explanation of his marvelous health and ability to wrestle, for he was then well into the thirties. His answer, summed up, was "Clean Living." He has never smoked, nor had he ever partaken of alcoholic stimulants, even in countries where wines were the favorite beverages. He tabooed coffee on the ground that it was injurious to the nerves. He kept in constant physical trim by wrestling in competition as often as possible, but when not having a match in sight, he invariably indulged in some strenuous exercise every day. He had his cottage at Old Orchard, Maine, fixed up as a full fledged gymnasium, with a large mat in the cellar and invariably had some of the best wrestlers and athletes in the game as his guests there during the long summer vacations. Jack Dempsey spent much time there while he was in the East and often worked out with the Pole. Other boxers and young heavyweight wrestlers were impressed, while his younger brother, Wladek, was his real training mate. Wladek later added to the family fame by winning the world crown.

In the matter of sleep, Zibby was a puzzle. His work naturally kept him up late at night, and much of his sleeping was secured in Pullman cars while on tour. But at home, he never failed to retire before ten o'clock, to rise before six and to be out on the road for a constitutional while the rest of the household

was still lost to the world, devotedly wooing Morpheus.

He was and is a great swimmer, spending hours in the bracing waters at the Maine resort and often going well out to sea to seek natatorial exercise. These swimming stunts he invariably followed with a brisk run along the beach, a bout or two with some of his guests, then the long sun bath that tanned his skin to a leathery hue bordering on the Ethiopian, and put him into the best of condition for the strenuous fall and winter campaign which called for such an expenditure of energy and vitality.

It was after the World War that Zbyszko planned the campaign by which he was to begin the greatest fight of his career, to stage a "comeback" in his chosen profession, which, like many other things, had been revolutionized during the war. There had come into the game a group of men bringing with them fresh ideas of specializing in certain holds, men of extreme intelligence, powerful, enthusiastic and young in point of years.

What could he do with them or against them if he returned to America? He appeared to be certain that if once he got started he could at least win a majority of his matches, banking on his great strength and bulk alone, but in this he was mistaken. He authorized his former manager to arrange a tour in which he would meet all comers and try to prove that he was as good as ever, despite the changes in rules, conditions, and the influx of college athletes in the sport, not to mention that he had aged and that he had lived on war rations for upwards of 6 years. War rations, it should be remembered do not make the best diet for one who contemplates any indulgence in athletics.

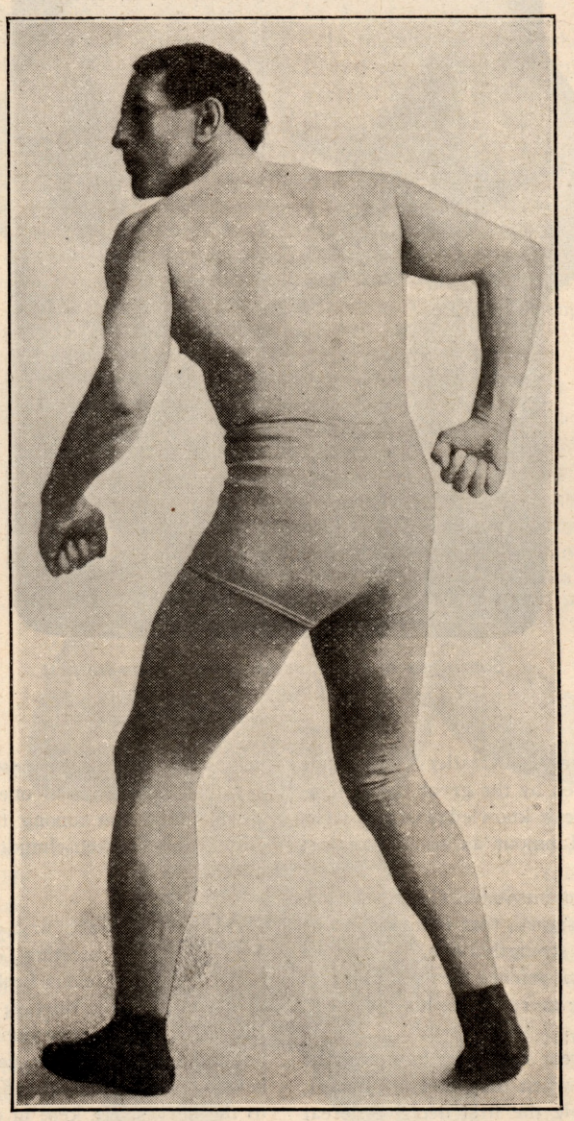
In spite of what appeared to be insurmountable handicaps, Zbyszko never wavered in his faith in himself. He was fat and weighed close to 280 pounds, a weight that would have been of the greatest value under the old Greco-Roman rules in which he at one time excelled, but was excess freight under the new style in vogue in this country.

The majority of the foreign wrestlers who had been in this country having been called back for military service in the World War, paved the way for the development of a group of young western giants who were to make their marks and three of whom were eventually to wear the toga of Gotch. Among these youngsters were Joe Stecher, of Dodge, Nebraska, known variously as the "Nebraska Plowboy," the "Scissors-hold King," and other titles. There was John Pesek, another Nebraskan, known as the "Tiger Man," Bob Fredericks, formerly of Wisconsin, but now of Kentucky, who was to become later known as "Ed (Strangler) Lewis," of headlock fame, as well as Earl Caddock of Anita, Wis., known as the "Man with a Thousand Holds," because of his wondrous skill.

Charley Cutler, one time sparring partner of John L. Sullivan, now turned wrestler, claimed the American championship, while Yousouf Hussane, another Bulgarian, who had remained in this country, was considerably in the running. Mort Henderson, later to be known as the "Masked Marvel," was developed in Rochester, N. Y., while Chicago, following the shut down of boxing there, was so thick with wrestlers, that one could hardly pass a crowded street without bumping into one or more of them.

Up in the Northwest, there was another group, mostly light-heavyweights, in which were Adolph Ernst, either a German born or of strong German extraction, as well as John Berg, a Swede, who adopted the name of "Charley Hackenschmidt." In fact, every locality had its "champion of the world."

Gradually, however, the work of Stecher attracted such attention that wrestlers everywhere sought matches with him, only to go down to decisive defeat in record time by the application of the scissors-hold in which he specialized. This was an entwining of the legs around or across the body of his opponents, the locking of his toes and then a pressure on the ribs that has been estimated as equal to 1800 pounds, a squeezing which none of his opponents could withstand. Of his successes his winning of the crown from Caddock, we already have told our readers. With his defeat by Lewis, we also have acquainted our readers.



Dr. Roller, who was defeated by Zbyszko when both were in their prime.

About this time the elder Zbyszko again returned to the scene. He arrived back in America in anything but the shape of an athlete. His war hardships had told on him, he looked aged in the extreme and was fat and flabby. The wiseacres shook their heads sadly at the Pole's announcement that he intended to try to capture the world's title.

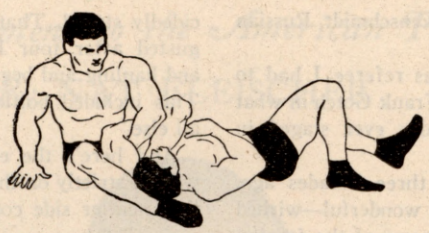
His general health was excellent, due to his remarkable method of living a well ordered and temperate life. His organs were functioning perfectly and he felt, although others did not agree with him, that he could undertake a long and rigorous course of training that would fit him for the hard task that was ahead of him. He recalled that when he first came to America in 1910 he then weighed about as much as he did at this particular time, but that he had worked off a great deal of this and that he was all the better performer under American conditions by the elimination of the extra weight. It struck him that he could again do the same thing, although he fully realized that, because of his advancing age, the task would be all the harder. Still he made up his mind to do it, and he did. How he reached the goal he set for himself will be told in a subject chapter. His adventures in Russia will be recounted in the next chapter.

Suffice it to say at this time, that seldom in modern times, has an athlete been able to accomplish what the elder Zbyszko had done. At a time when most athletes are listed as retired because of "old age" so far as athletic competition is concerned, Zbyszko proved to the students of physical education that with a sound mind and a sound body, one can continue in active competition without any ill affects until the half century mark is reached. Even to this day, there isn't a better physically trained man in the field of sports than the subject of this sketch.

Zbyszko is one of those who doesn't think that a fighter, meeting a wrestler of equal standing, in a mixed match, would have a chance to win. It is his contention that a wrestler can take it better than can a boxer and that so far as endurance is concerned, the mat star has it all over the fighter. He points to his own endurance and that of Strangler Lewis, a wrestler for upwards of twenty years who still can take the measure of the young 'uns.

The Masked Marvel

By EMERY M. GIBBS



THE preliminaries were over and the wrestling match between Farmer Brown and the mysterious Masked Marvel was in progress. The two promoters, Bus Benn and Ed Lang, were sitting in their dingy office, awaiting the outcome. The office was located in the basement of the Coliseum, the scene of the struggle. Twelve hundred dollars in currency was lying in a neat pile, ready for the victor, as soon as the match was over.

"It was a shame to match that old veteran—er—Farmer Brown with the Masked Marvel," Ed Lang said to his partner and co-promoter, "but the poor simp really thinks that he has a chance."

"Yeah, 'twas a shame, all right," Benn replied, "but that's his worry, not ours. He asked for the match, didn't he? Anyway, they're about the same size . . . . and . . . . well, it won't last long."

"Right. But can you imagine that bird taking the match on a winner-take-all basis? Why, man, he ain't got a Chinaman's chance. He has been out of the racket for five long years. Funny thing about them saps, they never believe that they are through!"

"Yeah, that's right, but Brown said that there was a mortgage due on his farm . . . . and he just had to raise a thousand bucks by next week or lose the old homestead."

"Now, ain't that just too bad," the other mocked. "Well, he sure picked a heluva hard way to raise it. I'd just as soon get in the ring with a buzz saw as with—er—the Marvel."

"Yeah, you said it. If the hick knew who the Masked Marvel was, it would have took all the horses and tractors on his farm to pull him in that ring."

* * *

THIS was the fifth consecutive week that the mysterious hooded wrestler had appeared at the Coliseum, and on each occasion, he had left the ring victorious and unidentified. Before each match, he had announced, in his guttural German-English, that he would unmask if vanquished.

Despite his success, he was unpopular with the fans, because of his foul and caveman tactics, yet they turned out in droves to see him perform. They wanted to see him defeated and unmasked. Tonight was no exception. The crowd was with the veteran farmer from the start, and jeered and razzed the Marvel heartlessly.

The masked man's actions after each match had been as precise as clockwork. First, he would rush to his private dressing room, located far apart from the others, and slip on his street clothes and a big bearskin overcoat over his trunks. He would then go to the office of the promoters and receive his share of the purse. A police escort would then take him to a waiting taxi, and he would disappear in the dense traffic. It was all very mysterious, but the fans liked it. Who was the Masked Marvel? They wondered. But only the two promoters, Lang and Benn, knew.

* * *

A DECADE or so ago, a big German wrestler named Karl Grimm invaded this country. Despite his foul and inhuman tactics, he enjoyed tremendous success for several years. His fouls were usually committed when he could maneuver himself into a position, making it impossible for the referee to see them. But he finally got himself in bad. During a match in Boston, he gouged an opponent's eye. As a result, he was forever barred from wrestling in the United States. He had earned a neat fortune, so he returned to his native land and was soon forgotten. The sporting public soon forgets its heroes.

Grimm lived like an Indian prince until he had dissipated his earnings. Then he wandered about Europe, working at odd and diverse professions. Finally he worked his way back to America.

One day he appeared at the office of Lang and Benn, broke and hungry. He begged for a chance to wrestle under an assumed name. But the promoters had a better idea. Karl Grimm was the Masked Marvel.

* * *

THE contest was over. The promoters' door opened and a hooded and befurred giant rushed in. The promoters were not surprised. It was as expected. The farmer had lost. It was the age-old story. They never come back!

"Well, Karl, you won again, eh?" grinned Benn.

"Yah," said the mask.

"O.K., son. Here's your dough. A grand and two hundred. Now, hurry up and get away. You'll hear from us when we find another chump for you."

"Tank you," said the man, as he pocketed the money. He ran out to the waiting taxi, accompanied by several husky officers of the law. After a meandering ride of several blocks, he removed his mask and smiled knowingly.

Farmer Brown, the defeated wrestler, rushed into his hotel room. He was almost out of breath. His wife was patiently awaiting him. She had refused to accompany him to the match.

"Well, lady, here I am," said Brown, grinning and throwing his hat on the bed.

"Hello, Jed, did you win?" she asked hopefully.

"No, sweetheart," he replied sadly. "The veteran was no match for the Masked Marvel."

"Oh, dear, what will we do now?" she asked. She was on the verge of tears. "I tried to tell you, but you wouldn't listen to me. You—"

"Cheer up, honey," he said, grinning again. He patted his pocket. "I lost the match, but I got the thousand dollars."

"But how—how—" she stammered.

"Calm yourself and I'll tell you all about it. Now, when I took that match, I honestly thought that I would win. But after a few minutes of wrestling, I found out two things. First, that I couldn't throw the fellow, and second, I found out who the Masked Marvel was."

* * *

THE woman gasped and started to speak, but her husband silenced her and continued:

"The Masked Marvel is none other than the German, Karl Grimm, who is debarred from wrestling in this country. He is the dirtiest brute who ever entered a ring. You remember, I wrestled him several times when he first came to this country from Germany. You remember? It was one of his cowardly fouls that shortened my career," he concluded bitterly.

"Yes, I remember," she said. "How—how did you—"

"Listen, honey, when he was pinning me for the deciding fall, I told him that I knew who he was, and I must see him privately in his dressing room. He had to consent—he was afraid to refuse. I had intended to borrow the money from him, but he wouldn't listen to reason. I was desperate, I threatened to expose him.

"Then I saw red. I hated him and I hated those crooked promoters for pulling such a hoax on the public—and me. I had an idea. I knocked Herr Grimm cold with a stiff right uppercut. Then I borrowed his mask and fur overcoat and—er—also his accent. Luckily there was no one near the dressing room door, so I sped to the office of those double-crossing promoters and collected the purse and here I am. And, oh yes, I sent the coat and mask back by the taxi-driver."

Over in the headquarters of the promoters there was quite a commotion when the story got out. Ed Lang and his partner held a hurried conference and to protect their interests, they rushed the Masked Marvel out of town but not before they had to fork up a good share of their night's profits to the man who had won the bout but through the tact of the vanquished farmer, had been deprived of his winnings.

"Non-Stoop" Mat Bout

By ED. W. SMITH

ONE day in the long ago George Hackenschmidt, Russian Lion, liked me.

Later perhaps he didn't. Twice, as referee I had to declare him a loser to the immortal Frank Gotch in what were the most sensational international affairs ever staged in wrestling history.

That "one day" I speak of, now nearly three decades ago, the wonderful Hackenschmidt—and he was wonderful—wished to do something for me. I had been admiring some of the foreign clothes in his extensive wardrobe.

He told me to pick out something and as we were of about the same physical proportions his clothes fitted me nicely. Naturally he bulged his suits out with those tremendous muscles, the likes of which are seldom seen. My bulging had to be done with something else but of that we will not speak further.

All I could fancy was a pair of breeches, knee pants, or pantaloons or trousers or what you will, of the finest English flannel you or any one else had ever seen. Big-hearted George—he said they would bring me luck in my ring work.

The first time I had occasion to wear the trousers came a number of years later. Gene Melady, of Omaha, quite a wonderful man in a promotional way, engaged me to act as chief arbiter in a match that fairly shook the country.

It was between the then undefeated Ed Lewis, not so well known at the time as "The Strangler" as he was later, and Joe Stecher, scissors king, who was making great feature stories for newspapers all over the world, by breaking sacks of oats and mules' bellies with single clamps of those tremendous legs of his. On the side he was trimming, with rare ease, some of the best men of the nation on the wrestling mat.

* * *

YOU'LL be interested in this narrative not as a story of a pair of pants but rather of what happened, or more correctly speaking, of what *didn't* happen in this first meeting of all-conquering men. Follows the story, with me as referee and draped —in part, of course—with the Hackenschmidt flannels at behest of my wife.

Mind you, in the interval between the gift of the trousers and this match I had grown a bit—quite a bit—so the pants were something of a snug fit.

The match went four hours and fifty-eight minutes and my better four-fifths, meaning wife, was a ringside observer, intensely interested. Gene Melady, mindful of everybody's comfort went over to my wife just as the match was about to start and inquired of her:

"Aren't you awfully excited about who's going to win?"

"No, not so much over that," she replied rather feelingly, "as I am in what's going to happen the first time my husband stoops down!"

For those pants were alarmingly tight, I can assure you!

But the good old Hackenschmidt prediction that the trousers would bring me luck was completely verified in one way. DURING THE ENTIRE FIVE HOURS OF WRESTLING THAT HOT FOURTH OF JULY AFTERNOON I NEVER HAD TO STOOP ONCE!

You see, it was strictly one of those NON-STOOP matches one never sees, one of those "shooting" affairs in which neither contestant could or would take a single chance.

Neither man was off his feet during the entire time with the single exception of a second or two when Lewis went to one knee in the first twenty minutes as Stecher rushed him. But Ed was up instantly and they resumed their old tactics of merely feeling each other out, foreheads and ears pressed together, just pulling and bulling and jerking.

So it was a non-stoop as well as a non-stop affair.

Non-stoop, and if I may be forgiven the play of words, decidedly stupid. That is, stupid until the huge crowd became disgusted after four hours of the senseless and aimless tugging and hauling and began to heave everything movable into the ring. This included bottles, cushions, sacks of discarded edibles and all else.

And here's the explanation of the dreary battle of wits. It was so strictly on the level and so tensed with tremendous betting that neither side could afford to take a chance of any sort.

* * *

IN all of a long experience in athletics of all sorts, I can recall but one encounter that anywhere near matched this one in a betting way. That was back in 1889 at North Judson, Ind., when Jack McAuliffe defended his lightweight title against Billy Myer. It was estimated at the time that upwards of a half million dollars was staked, some of Myer's friends going so far as to even mortgage their farms around Streator, Ill., to back him. That one went sixty-four rounds and finally was called a draw.

No such sum or anywhere near it was wagered on that Omaha contest but it was plenty. Stecher was for forcing the work in the early stages in order to win, if he could, the huge sums that his Nebraska friends had bet that he would win inside of thirty and forty minutes.

But against the superb defensive tactics that Lewis and his then manager, Billy Sandow, had devised for weeks and weeks in advance and practiced out, hour after hour, into the very height of perfection, the scissors king was effectively handcuffed, shackled and hog-tied.

Stecher had been beating everybody in less than jig time. The East and the Middle West had picked their best and shipped them out to the Nebraska fields to dump this young upstart of a farmer boy. They couldn't do a thing with him and returned home crushed and humiliated. Stecher was supreme.

Then after he had beaten Charley Cutler of Chicago, Ill., who was regarded at the time as the best American in the business and had performed the trick just as easily as he had against Hussane, Americus, Westergaard, Ordeman and all the other stars, but one test remained. That was the sprightly kid from Kentucky, just coming up with a good name, Ed Lewis, and somewhat reminiscent of the original "Strangler," Evan Lewis of Beloit, Wis.

The match was inevitable, easily made. And it was for the American championship, which meant the world's title at the time, as the elder Zbyszko, best of the foreigners, was inactive just then, and Frank Gotch was gone.

It was decided, or was meant to be, on the fair grounds race track just outside of Omaha, the ring being pitched under a huge canvas covering just in front of the little grandstand, thus affording shade for the contestants and some of the ringside spectators.

* * *

THE struggle was started at 4 o'clock and nobody expected it would last much over an hour, that being the outside guess. But as it stretched out hour after hour, it finally was discovered there were no lighting facilities in the place.

Eight o'clock came and with it fast gathering dusk. Then there started a wild uproar, followed at once by rioting. But the wrestlers, totally unmindful of it all, heads on each other's shoulders, kept on stolidly, pushing and hauling, seldom even straightening up. Each was deathly afraid of giving the other the semblance of an inch advantage.

Lanterns and a few auto lights were brought up around the ringside and through the ugly, milling crowd, and the match went on and on.

Those Nebraska chaps, loaded with Eastern money they had won previously on Stecher against some (*Continued on page* 43)

40 YEARS *in* SPORTS

Jack Curley Honored for His Services in Furnishing Entertainment to the American Public

By NAT FLEISCHER

IT isn't often that a sportsman is honored for having completed forty years of service in furnishing sports entertainment to the public. When such a testimonial is rendered, it marks an epoch in sporting history and that's why the recent dinner given to Jack Curley gained international publicity. Curley, recognized in this country as the master promoter, has been before the public since 1893 in various ventures in all branches of sports. The story of his career, is the story of the rise of boxing and wrestling in America from infancy to gigantic commercial enterprises.

Although 700 friends, representing the leaders of the turf, theatre, politics, fisticuffs and the mat sport thronged the Grand Ball Room of the Hotel Astor of New York City to pay homage to the Maestro and to listen to some of his reminiscences, they had to be content to hear the scared guest of honor stand flabbergasted, unable to speak or read the speech he had prepared and rehearsed for more than a fortnight. Talk about a scared jack-rabbit—well Jack Curley with his 200 pounds mumbled and fumbled, but just couldn't get across what he was so anxious to say. Like the blushing bride, words failed him in the greatest, most thrilling moment of his long career. The thrill of a lifetime had come and landed a K. O. punch.

Jack Curley, America's foremost sports promoter.

Knowing from experience what a wealth of interesting material Curley has, I walked up to him after the dinner and said:

"Too bad, Jack. We thought we were going to hear some of your experiences and you pass the occasion off with a mere 'thank you'."

"I didn't think I could even say that," he replied. "I had a good speech prepared and rehearsed as you know, but strange, how my voice left me at the dinner. I just couldn't remember anything I wanted to say. Too excited. Too thrilled by the wonderful testimonial of my friends."

"Let's see your speech," I said. "Perhaps it contains some interesting matter which I would like to use in THE RING."

"Do you think so?" he replied. "Here it is."

* * *

THE RING editor knows that Curley's admirers are numerous. Hence we shall publish a portion of what Jack Curley had written and had expected to read but flunked through nervousness so that his army of well-wishers may see in print what he had intended to say. Here it is:

"Forty years is a long span to devote to one's calling, yet that is the number which I have devoted to the promotion of sports, for tonight marks the fortieth anniversary of my entrance into a field that both you and I enjoy. I want to thank my friends, including the notables who have come here to honor me—Hon. James A. Farley, Postmaster General of the United States; Edward J. Flynn, Secretary of State; Grover Whalen, Herbert Bayard Swope, Cornelius V. 'Sonny' Whitney, Gene Buck and George M. Cohan among others.

"I am often referred to as the master wrestling promoter, but there are others who deserve more credit than I for the tremendous strides which wrestling has taken in the past ten years. Ray Fabiana of Philadelphia; Tom Packs of St. Louis; Lucien Riopel of Montreal; Lou Daro of Los Angeles; Jack Corcoran of Montreal; Charley Murray of Buffalo; Ed. Delivuk of Buffalo; Paul Bowser of Boston; Toots Mondt, my associate; Joe Turner of Washington; Rudy Miller of Brooklyn; Myer Saul of Atlantic City; Hanley Bros., of Camden, N. J., and F. A. Musgrave of Newark have all done their share towards making wrestling a successful sports and business venture.

"My forty years of sports promotion have been most enjoyable ones. True I have had my hard knocks, but I've also had my successes and if I had the chance to start all over again, I would not hesitate to make sports promotion my life work.

* * *

"I COULD stand here for hours and recite stories that would give you thrill after thrill. I could give reminiscences of the days when 'fights were fights and he-men ruled the roost.'

"I could stand here for hours and recount wild experiences that we of the old school were forced through by the minions of the law when we tried to carry out our programme of sport. I could keep you open-mouthed as I recounted many of the thrilling chases from county to county by the eagle-eyed sheriffs who were ever-ready to take a pop at us when we pitched tent to stage a mill. And how those same wild-eyed guardians of the law, after the ring was pitched and the stakes were driven, became our best ringside customers.

"My career has been a hectic one, but I would not care to trade what I've been through. The famous Doyle-Flint fight, the Lavigne-Myers battle, the Maher-Fitzsimmons, Ryan-Murphy, Ryan-Smith, Corbett-Fitzsimmons contests were among the thrillers in which I took some prominent part.

"Delving into the past, I select Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher as the hardest hitters of modern fistiana; Jim Corbett, the cleverest fighter of all time; Jimmy Barry, the greatest champion, pound-for-pound; John L. Sullivan, the champion of champions, the most popular fighter that ever lived and the man who popularized fisticuffs in America; George Hackenschmidt, the greatest wrestler of all times and Tommy Ryan, without doubt, the greatest fighter of his weight the sport has ever seen.

* * *

"IN 1894 I started to dabble with pachyderms and it didn't take long before I had under my wings the foremost matmen in the world—Ed Atherton, Max Luttbeg, Al Neist, Joe Acton, Lundin, Donaldson, Rooney, Roeber, Pons, Pudubney, Farmer Burns, Frank Gotch, Tom Jenkins, Yousof, Hackenschmidt, the *(Continued on page 47)*

Seeks Welter Mat Title

By JIMMY AMANN

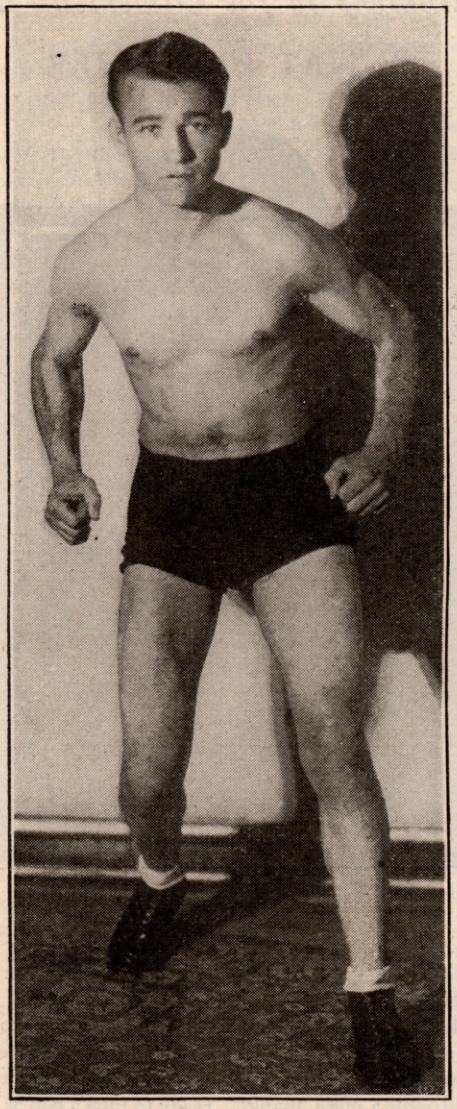
NEW YORK STATE has a wrestler, who, although not a giant in stature, is a giant in ability. His name is Johnny Stote and he hails from Schenectady. Johnny has not yet affixed the word champion to his name, but from present indications, it won't be long. He has been touted as top notch timber throughout the Middle West where he has been appearing with regularity and since the folks in the section where Gotch gained his fame know their mat sport, their opinion counts for something.

Johnny was born in Mineville, N. Y., in January, 1909, moved to Schenectady when he was eight years old, attended the public schools and then the Schenectady High School where he made his mark as an athlete, especially in baseball in which he starred and then after two years at the high school, he quit to join the punch press department of the General Electric Company. It was while working there that he decided to join the Y.M.C.A. where he took up wrestling under the supervision of Jack Winrow who taught him the finer points of the sport.

From Winrow, Stote transferred to "Pinkey" Gardner for additional instructions and workouts for four months. When he reached the age of eighteen, he obtained his license to wrestle professionally and made his debut in Schenectady against Fritz King. He lost that bout in 18 minutes but two weeks later, he beat George Burnhart in two falls within eight minutes.

* * *

JOHNNY, like all other youngsters, hit the "wanderlust" and then began to travel. He enlisted in the U. S. Navy in July, 1928, and during his stay at the Newport training station, was very active in all athletics. He was a member of the football team, rowing squad and wrestling team in addition to pitching for the baseball team. In January, 1929, he was transferred to the U. S. S. *Florida* and represented that battleship in many inter-ship wrestling contests. He was honorably discharged from the Navy in 1930.



Johnny Stote

Immediately upon his return to Schenectady, Stote joined the professional ranks. He waded through the field of the welterweight boys, his outstanding opponents being Tony Morette, Tony Caban and Leon Armen.

Johnny wanted a reputation as a wrestler, but he wasn't making any headway in territory where heavyweights were the go, so he made connections for the Middle West. That was in April, 1931, when he came to Cincinnati.

When Stote first approached Millard Rauh, the promoter in that city, Rauh was a little undecided about Johnny's ability on the mat, but being on the spot and possessing good references from Pinkey Gardner, Rauh matched him with Pete Becker, a tough middleweight from Salt Lake City. Johnny went on to get the decision of the judges in thirty minutes. That match gained for Stote the recognition he sought.

Quoting Benny Dahlaman, wrestling editor of the Cincinnati *Post:* "Johnny Stote of Schenectady, a protégé of Pinkey Gardner, light heavyweight wrestler, made a great hit in trimming Pete Becker of Salt Lake City. Stote worked around Becker like a cooper used to do around a barrel and won the thirty-minute bout. Stote is only 22 years old, but one of the fastest and cleverest seen here. He made a big hit."

* * *

BECKER was not satisfied so he consented to another match with the youngster at Louisville, Ky., and again Johnny beat him, this time in two falls. The Eastern "speed boy" continued his winning march and wherever he wrestled, he made a big hit. He met Dan Morris, Kid Wesley, Scotty Williams, Merle Dolby, Mike Chacoma, Hy Sharmen, John Felix, Johnny Hereley and several others before he returned East.

Overwork, Stote figured, so he hied himself off into the Adirondack Mountains for a long vacation and while there, he nursed a badly bruised arm which he had suffered in a match at Cincinnati against Irvan Hecht.

When Johnny returned to the Middle West that fall, wrestling critics predicted a bright future for the Schenectady "speed boy." Victory followed victory and Stote was added to Jack Reynolds' troupe of training partners.

Stote continued to improve. He specialized in the flying winglock, a Japanese trick which he has worked into almost perfection. It is his feature thriller and has brought down the majority of his opponents.

Toledo, Ohio, which has a bevy of welterweights, was Johnny's next stamping grounds. He remained in that section of the country for over a year and a half and appeared in more than 150 matches, not losing once to a welterweight. He often stepped out of his division to meet middleweights and light heavyweights and dropped several decisions. Several times, when it looked as though he would never get a crack at the title, Stote announced his intentions of entering the middleweight division, but lack of added weight, made him change his mind.

Two months ago, Johnny received an offer from a Southwestern promoter for a series of matches.

Stote began his campaign at Birmingham under Chris Jordan and he defeated all the good welters the old middleweight champ had to offer. Then the champ turned over the territory around Memphis and St. Louis, later moving into Texas, Arizona and New Mexico. He remains undefeated by any welterweight at this writing.

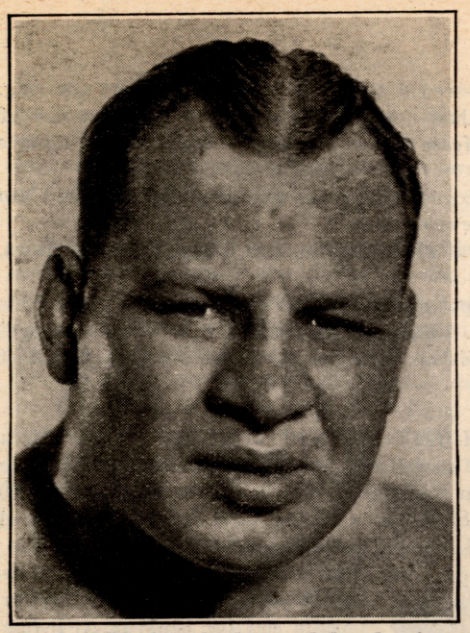
Stote is really making hay while the sun shines. If he continues to stampede the welterweights as he has been doing, he will soon be wearing the crown held by Reynolds.

The new champion's biggest ambition besides winning the world's undisputed welterweight wrestling championship, is to wrestle in Madison Square Garden for Jack Curley. Stote has always been a big Curley admirer.

With the present advent of the light-heavyweights in the Broadway town, the time is not far distant when the welterweights will make their debut. Stote hopes to have full claim on the crown by that time.

NEWS of the MAT WORLD

By "TEX" AUSTIN



Marshall Blackstock, the tough hombre from the South, who had more than enough of stage wrestling after his free-for-all with McArthur at Jack Curley's testimonial dinner.

MARSHALL BLACKSTOCK and Joe "Toots" Mondt, one of the bosses of the Eastern mat circuit, were on the outs for quite a while recently because of the costly stage skit put on by Mondt as a part of the entertainment at the recent testimonial dinner tendered Jack Curley for his forty years in sports.

It was Mondt's idea that a rough-and-tumble wrestling bout, followed by one in which two "sissy" collegians would reverse the order of the day, would make a big hit with the guests, and accordingly, he had Blackstock and Jack McArthur, the blond Irish giant from Canada, play the rôle of "Brawlers," with Jimmy Savo, leading pantomime artist, acting as referee.

The skit made a hit with everyone but the participants who were so badly mauled that each required medical attention after the affair. Mondt had instructed Blackstock and McArthur to pull, gouge, bite, kick, punch and butt,—in short,—to perform anything short of murder, in order to show the difference between the old time Pier Six tactics as compared to what wrestling is today with its army of collegians in the rôle of contestants, and Blackstock and McArthur obeyed to the letter.

When the match was over, Mondt walked into the dressing room and congratulated the matmen on their fine showing.

"Great work," shouted Toots, "it was a hit."

"Oh, yeah?" sighed Blackstock. "Great for them, but how about us? Lookit here. My lips are cut, my eyes are blackened, one of my teeth was knocked out and I hurt my leg badly. Nice work, of course, but no more acting for me."

* * *

A DOCTOR had to be called to sew up Marsh's lips, and a dentist was required to replace the lost tooth.

Over in the other corner of the room, sat McArthur. But the Irish giant wasn't smiling now. He seemed quite peeved.

"How about a doctor over here?" growled McArthur at Mondt. "I think I have a broken wrist."

And Jack wasn't wrong. His wrist was badly swollen, and it was several weeks before he was able to wrestle again.

"A lot of people are under the impression that wrestling is just an act," said McArthur, "but perhaps the suspecting ones will change their minds after learning what happened to us."

"I'll wrestle five nights a week, but don't ask me to do another act on the stage with a wrestler," Blackstock told Mondt.

* * *

AS we predicted last year, Jim Browning and Jim Londos will meet in the Madison Square Garden Bowl for the world's heavyweight title, under the auspices of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's Free Milk Fund. Both Londos and Browning were returned consistent winners, and the match, although not announced as signed at this writing, was a sure thing all of six months ago.

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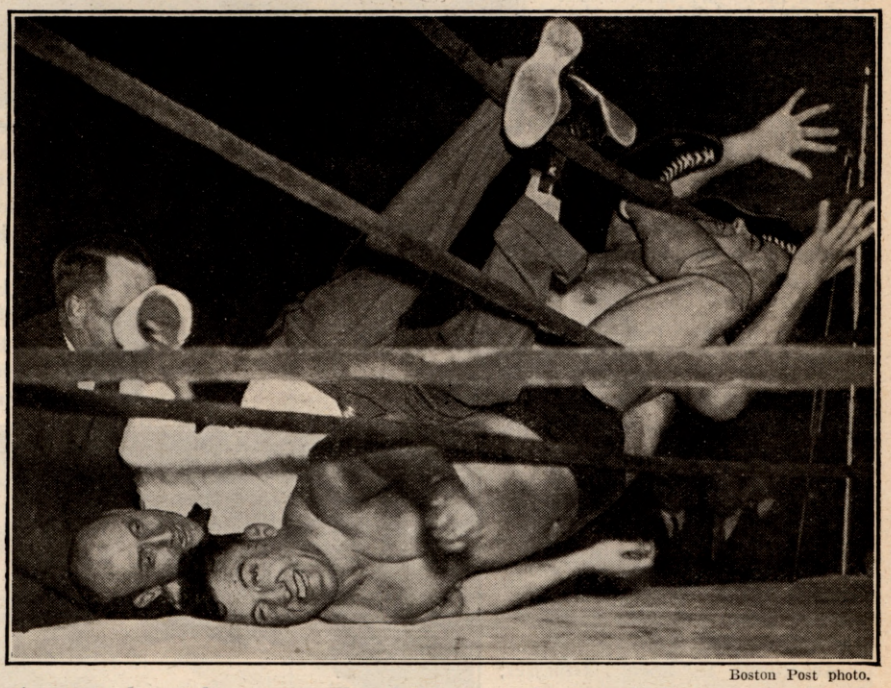
Just to give our readers an idea of the territory covered by the majority of the matmen, and the way they appear almost nightly, unlike their boxing brethren, we have followed a few

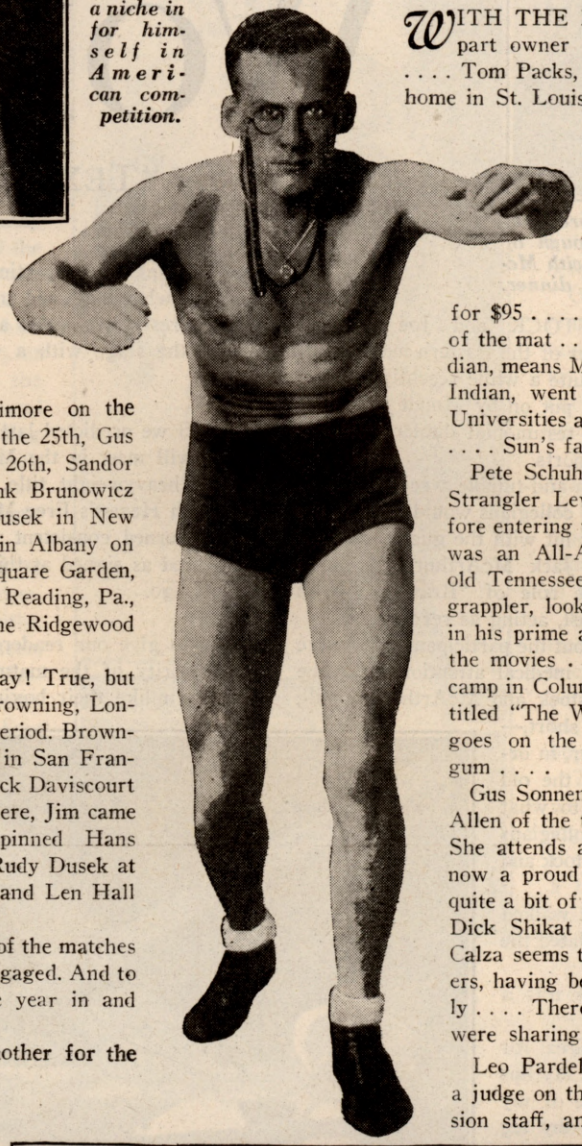


Boston Post photo.

An unusual wrestling scene. The above occurred when Al Mercier, the French-Canadian who now makes Springfield his home, tangled with Richard Stahl of Germany at the Boston Arena. Mercier secured a flying body scissors on Stahl. In trying to shake Mercier off, Stahl staggered to the ropes, whereupon Al pushed his man's head between the uppermost strands for the purpose of choking him. Ted Tonneman, the referee, rushed to the rescue, and in the mixup, toppled outside with the struggling matmen. To keep from falling to the floor, he caught the top rope with his feet. Meanwhile Mercier slipped the scissors up to Stahl's neck. They hung there until spectators assisted them to regain their footing. Mercier won two of three falls.

Billy Thom, wrestling coach at the University of Indiana recognized as junior-middleweight champion.

(Below) Lord Patrick Finnegan, the monocled English welterweight, who is cutting a niche in for himself in American competition.



of the leaders in their jaunts around the country and find that they cover more mileage in a week than most folks do in a year.

For instance, Londos threw Gino Garibaldi in Chicago on the 20th of April, George Zaharias in Baltimore on the 24th, Jake Patterson in Syracuse on the 25th, Gus Sonnenberg in Philadelphia on the 26th, Sandor Szabo in Newark on the 29th, Frank Brunowicz in Worcester on the 30th, Rudy Dusek in New Haven on May 1st, Len Macaluso in Albany on May 3rd, Joe Savoldi in Madison Square Garden, N. Y., on May 7th, Hans Kampfer in Reading, Pa., on May 8th, and Abe Coleman at the Ridgewood Grove Arena, N. Y., on May 9th.

Quite a strenuous campaign you say! True, but then let's take a look at what Jim Browning, Londos' chief rival did during the same period. Browning started by pinning Cy Williams in San Francisco on April 24th and then threw Dick Daviscourt in Los Angeles on the 25th. From there, Jim came clear across the continent and pinned Hans Kampfer in Baltimore on May 1st, Rudy Dusek at the New York Coliseum on the 8th, and Len Hall in Hartford on the 10th.

At that, we probably missed a few of the matches in which these modern "Iron Men" engaged. And to think that they repeat the schedule year in and year out!

Life is just one Pullman after another for the matmen.

* * *

BILLY THOM, Indiana University wrestling coach, won a saddle horse when he threw Wildcat McCann for the world junior-middleweight championship at Columbus, Ohio, recently.

The horse was presented to Thom by Jim Maker, Ohio highway commission head and admirer of the Indiana wrestler.

According to some witnesses, Thom actually rode his Oregon opponent out of the ring in winning the title. Others said he merely tackled McCann and that the two fell through the ropes.

The two grappled on the floor for several seconds. Then Thom heard the referee counting, suddenly remembered the ten-second rule and hurried back into the ring.

When McCann had not returned to the ring at the end of ten seconds, the referee declared Thom the winner in 52 minutes and 41 seconds.

The N. B. A. recognized Thom as champion and presented him with a gold and jeweled belt.

Thom also threw Henry Kolln, the tough Eldridge, Iowa, middleweight.

Thom is very popular in the Mid-West and numbers among his former pupils, Dr. Ralph Wilson, who like his instructor, was a fine looking, handsome specimen, far above the average run of matmen.

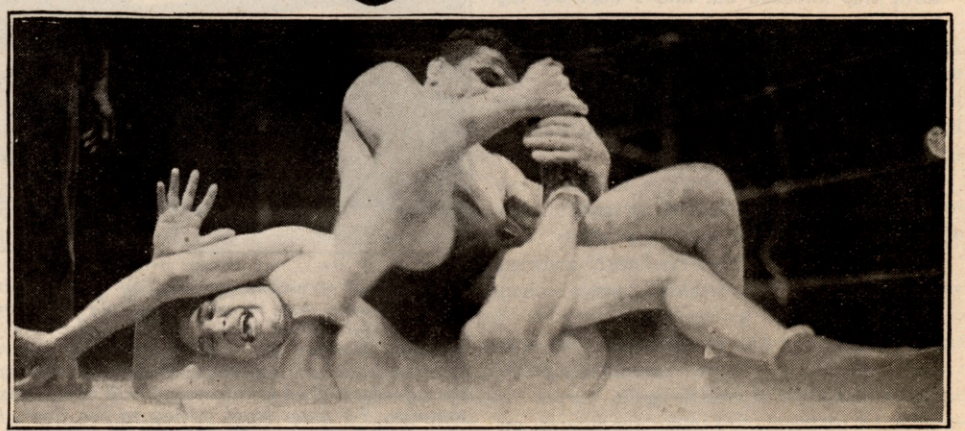
* * *

WITH THE BEHEMOTHS—Jim McMillen is a part owner of the Chicago Bears football club .... Tom Packs, Mid-West promoter, owns a $100,000 home in St. Louis .... Dr. Karl Sarpolis is a skilled pianist .... At one time he was nearly blind, but now his sight is on the mend .... Pat O'Shocker filed a suit for bankruptcy, listing as assets, the following, a $25 watch, $50 worth of clothes, and a joint bank account with his wife for $95 .... Chief Chewchki is the tough hombre of the mat .... Chewchki, translated from the Indian, means Mitchell .... Sun Jennings, Oklahoma Indian, went to Purdue, Haskell and Centenary Universities and was a crack-a-jack football player .... Sun's father is a politician in Oklahoma ....

Pete Schuh, whose third cousin was married to Strangler Lewis, worked in a starch factory before entering the mat game .... Herman Hickman was an All-America football star down in dear old Tennessee .... Carl Davis, the tall gangling grappler, looks like a cross between Jess Willard in his prime and Victor McLaglen, the he-man of the movies .... Chief Chewchki owns a tourist camp in Columbia, Missouri, which is appropriately titled "The Wigwam Inn" .... The Chief never goes on the mat without his wad of chewing gum ....

Gus Sonnenberg, who was divorced from Judith Allen of the talkies, has taken another bride .... She attends all his matches .... Joe Savoldi is now a proud father .... Everett Marshall lost quite a bit of prestige when he was beaten by both Dick Shikat and Gus Sonnenberg .... George Calza seems through as a menace to the top-notchers, having been thrown quite a few times recently .... There was a time when Calza and Londos were sharing the limelight equally ....

Leo Pardello, the first Italian champion, is now a judge on the New York State Athletic Commission staff, and also teaches the sport at George



Ray Steele applying a wicked leg-lock and toe hold on Jim Browning. Jim is in agony here, but came back to flatten Steele.

Bothner's Gym . . . . Pardello wrestled Gotch before a packed house in Chicago when Frank was invincible . . . . Martin Ludecke runs the Brauhaus in New York with the aid of Cyclone Ress . . . . Max Adelmayer is another grappler who owns a big beer garden in Yorkville.

* * *

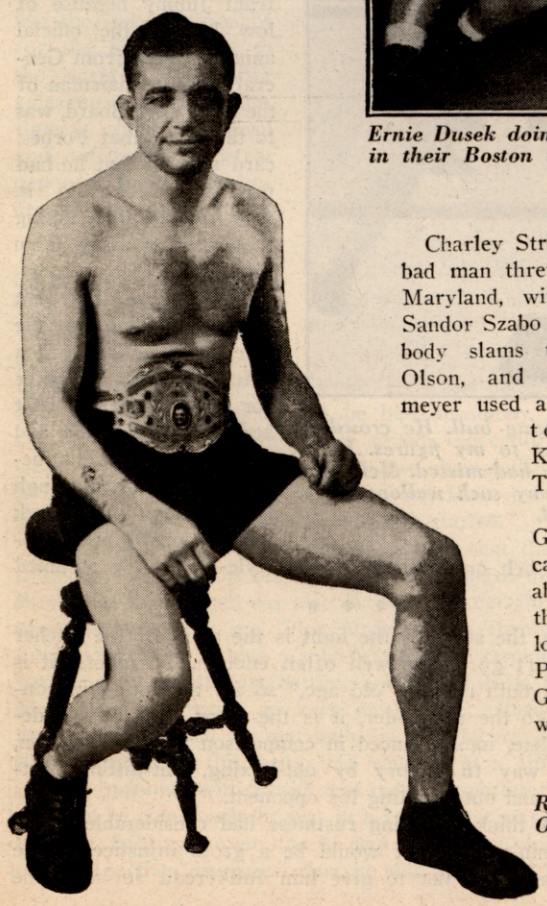
News from Hawaii indicates that wrestling is going over big in the island. In fact, it overshadows boxing as a drawing attraction. One of the leading figures and its best attraction, is none other than Wong Bok Cheung, the Chicago Chinese, who competed in many bouts under the Jack Curley banner last year. Cheung is quite popular and heads most of the cards. Others who are doing well in Hawaii are Jack King, Rock Brooks, Les Grimes, Billy Barton and Young Aguinaldo, a Filipino. Another popular wrestler is Rubberman Higami, a tough middleweight.

* * *

Wrestling is the most popular professional sport in Michigan. Most all of the small towns have their weekly or bi-monthly shows, and plenty of wrestlers are showing their wares, says our correspondent, Mickey McIntire.

Nick Londes and Adam Weismuller are two of the outstanding wrestling promoters in Michigan. Londes runs his heavyweight shows at the Olympia, and Weismuller has shows featuring the lighter boys at Arena Gardens, Flint, and Saginaw. Londes runs one fall matches while Weismuller's main and semi-final bouts are two best out of three, with a time limit.

In the outstanding show of the month at the Olympia, Jim Browning, recognized as world heavyweight champion won from Gino Garibaldi, a Detroit favorite. Garibaldi gave the Missouran plenty of trouble but was downed after 42 minutes of grappling, by Browning's favorite hold, the airplane scissors.



Charley Strack, New York bad man threw Roy Dewell, Maryland, with a leg lock. Sandor Szabo used a series of body slams to down Cliff Olson, and Roland Kirchmeyer used a flying scissors to down Joe Ketheny of Texas.

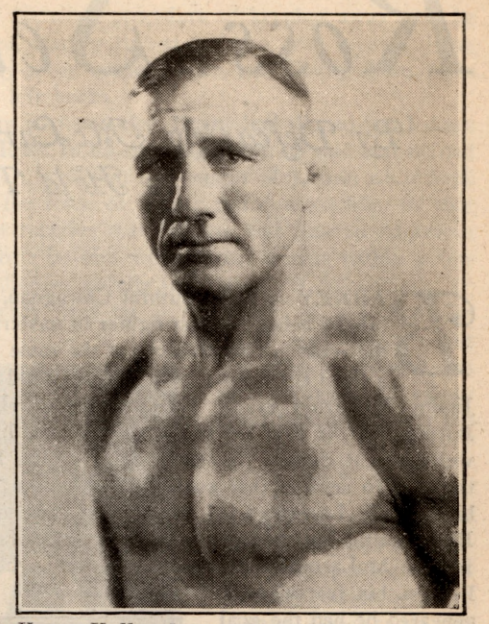
The Arena Garden mat fans caused considerable trouble, when they rioted, following Mustapha Pasha's win over George Dusette, with a kick to the groin. Each had won a fall, and Pasha was getting the worst of it.

Later, Dusette lost on a foul to Pasha, when he held on to a full nelson a whole minute, after Referee Jack Mason had given him the final fall. Pasha was unconscious for some time. The Turk had won the first fall with a jiu jitsu hold.

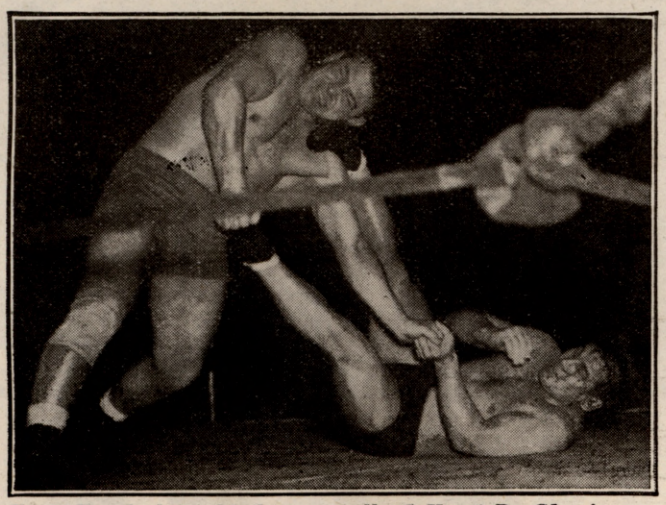
Other Michigan favorites are Walter Roxy, Dale Haddock, John Swenski, Alex Terlock, Archie Campbell and Hans Bauer.

In another feature match at Olympia, Joe Savoldi drew with Charley Strack, and then outslugged him after the bell. Dick Shikat took Roland Kirchmeyer, Sandor Szabo beat Ivan Vactoroff, and Cliff Olson experienced little trouble in disposing of Jim Parker.

Mustapha Pasha, the Terrific Turk, used his Oriental headlock to beat The Great Mephisto, in a headliner at the Gardens. Carl Von Lehman defeated Otis Clingman two out of three.



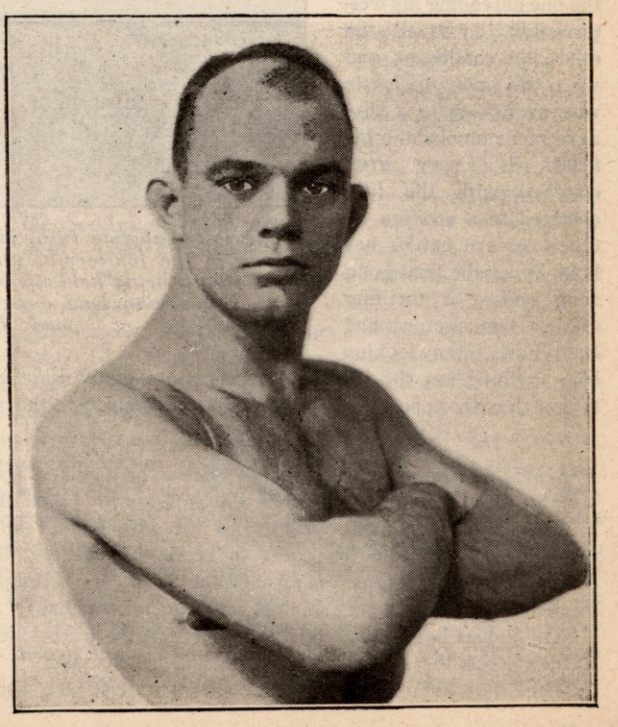
Henry Kolln, the sturdy middleweight from Eldridge, Iowa, has beaten Gus Kallio, the champion.



Ernie Dusek doing his best to pull off Henri De Glane's arm in their Boston match. Ernie upset the dope by taking two of three falls.

Robin Reed, Oregon's crack welter-weight contender.

Below—Everett "Silent" Rattan, leading jr.-middleweight contender from Texas.



Ross Sets Ring History

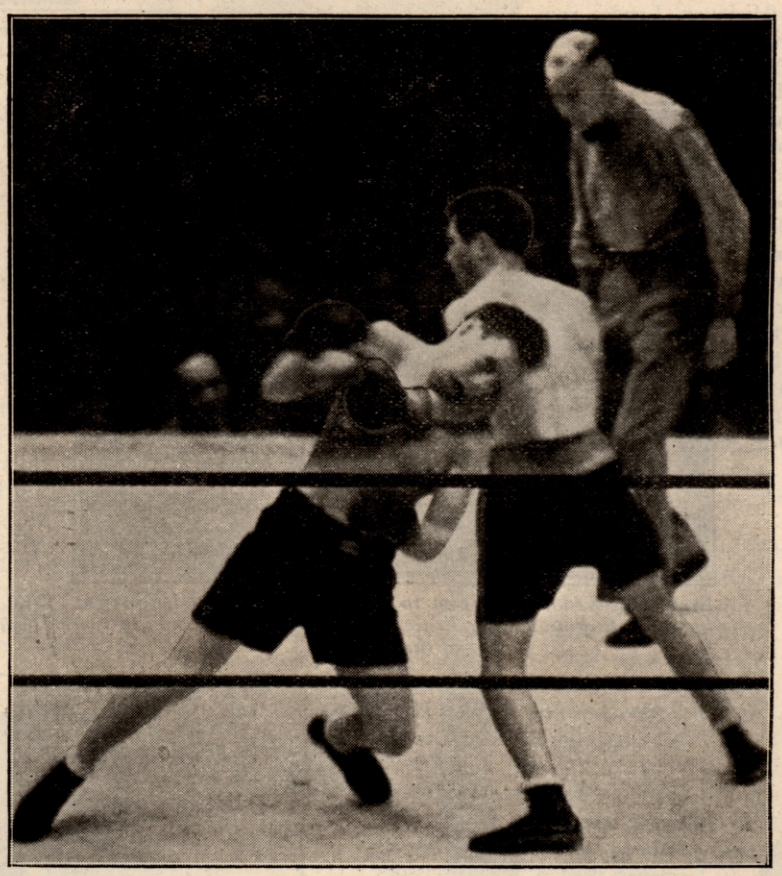
By Defeating McLarnin, Barney Becomes First Modern Fighter to Hold Two Championships at One Time

By NAT FLEISCHER

BARNEY ROSS, youthful Chicagoan, holds the distinction of being the first fighter in modern pugilism, to rule the roost in two divisions at the same time. By virtue of a clean cut victory over the great and hitherto invincible Jimmy McLarnin in the Garden Bowl at Long Island City, Barney left the ring the holder of both the lightweight and the welterweight crowns. Several other fighters have attempted in the past to achieve that goal, but Barney is the first successful bidder. Kid Lavigne tried it when he clashed with Mysterious Billy Smith, but failed. Benny Leonard, who coached Barney for the McLarnin bout, almost succeeded when he fought Jack Britton, but just when it appeared he had the goal reached, Benny fouled Jack and the golden opportunity was gone!

But in the case of Ross, he made certain from the start that neither a foul nor Jimmy's murderous fists would halt his progress. He went into the ring a determined young man—determined to bring back to his happy mother a double-barreled championship, and how well he made good his boast is now a matter of ring history.

Before the largest crowd that had seen a battle between little fellows in years, Barney and Jimmy faced each other on the night of May 28, the one defending his welterweight crown, the other, the challenger, and when the smoke of battle was over, despite a disagreement among the officials, Barney Ross emerged with the title elevated to a position no other modern battler has held. When the final gong rang ending a thrilling affair, the victor had Baby-Face Jimmy looking like anything but the knockout artist whose reputation for flattening Jewish opponents had been heralded around the world.



In the last desperate rush, McLarnin became a raging bull. He crowded Barney in the fourteenth, which he won, according to my figures. Here he is shown being held up by Barney after Jimmy had missed. McLarnin is ready to land a punch to Ross' side. Many such wallops made Barney's body rose-red.

* * *

JIMMY, whose smile and pink cheeks had gained for him the "Baby-Face" title, minus the smile, with blood flowing from the nose, arms weary, jaw set with grim realization that he had failed in his quest to retain his laurels, did not display the usual signs of amazement when Joe Humphreys, clarion-voiced announcer, shouted into the microphone:

"The judges have disagreed and Referee Eddie Forbes declares Barney Ross the new world's welterweight champion."

There were the usual hisses and boos from those who disagreed with the verdict, primarily those who had wagered on Jimmy stopping his young Hebrew challenger, but those were drowned out by a multitude of cheers for the majority of that vast throng agreed with the referee that Barney had a margin on the defending title holder. Harold Barnes, the most capable judge in New York State, awarded eleven rounds to Ross and two to Jimmy. Tom O'Rourke, who held the managerial reins over the greatest Negro fighters of all time—little George Dixon and Joe Walcott—a veteran whose knowledge of boxing cannot be denied, saw Ross winning only one round, the eleventh, gave nine rounds to McLarnin and called the rest even, Eddie Forbes, another most capable ring official, the referee, awarded only one round to McLarnin, gave Ross thirteen and called one even.

As for me, I scored eight rounds for Barney, gave six to McLarnin and called one even. Without exception, every New York newspaperman at the ringside gave the battle to Barney, in most cases by a margin of three rounds. Although the referee after the contest denied that he had taken any rounds away from Jimmy because of low hitting, the official announcement from General Phelan, chairman of the New York Board, was to the effect that Forbes' card showed that he had penalized McLarnin in four rounds, thus taking that number away from him.

That is how I scored it also. According to the rules of New York, if a referee warns a fighter for low punching, that boy loses the round and on four occasions that became necessary, although the low blows were struck unintentionally and landed below the belt only because of the style of fighting assumed by Ross.

* * *

TO some, the story of the fight is the story of the pitcher that didn't go to the well often enough. To others, it is the story of youth against "old age," so far as boxing in concerned. And to the remainder, it is the story of a clever, determined athlete, inexperienced in comparison to the champion, fighting his way to victory by out-boxing, out-hitting, out-maneuvering and out-smarting his opponent.

Although I think that ring rustiness had considerable to do with McLarnin's defeat, it would be a gross injustice to the newly crowned king not to give him full credit for what he

had accomplished. It was Ross and Ross alone in the final analysis, that beat Jimmy. He fought a great battle and proved himself a great fighter and well did he earn his new laurels.

McLarnin didn't have the best in him, that is certain. He looked to drawn when he weighed in and he fought like one who realized that for once he was not facing a scared opponent. He missed woefully with his deadly right and all because Ross proved his cleverness either by side stepping or splendid blocking.

Ross won the title by proving that he could take Jimmy's hardest wallops without wincing and come back for more. He was a fighting gamecock, who from the start, thought he was Jimmy's master and went out to prove his contention—and he did.

Like a savage pigmy, Ross continually charged—especially after he had been stung. At times he let up only to ignore the advice of his seconds by tearing into Jimmy and rushing him almost off his feet after a hard blow had been landed by the champion. When McLarnin attempted to mix matters, he was not the crafty, cool, vicious battler of other days.

Then the pulverizing punch was missing. It either had been left in the training quarters or else the sting has gone with age and rustiness.

The disabling blow was eagerly awaited by the spectators but only twice did the semblance of that punch come in contact with Barney's jaw and on both occasions, it looked like the end was in sight for the Hebrew, but to the surprise and utter amazement of the fans. Barney shook his head and outfought his great opponent for the remainder of the round.

* * *

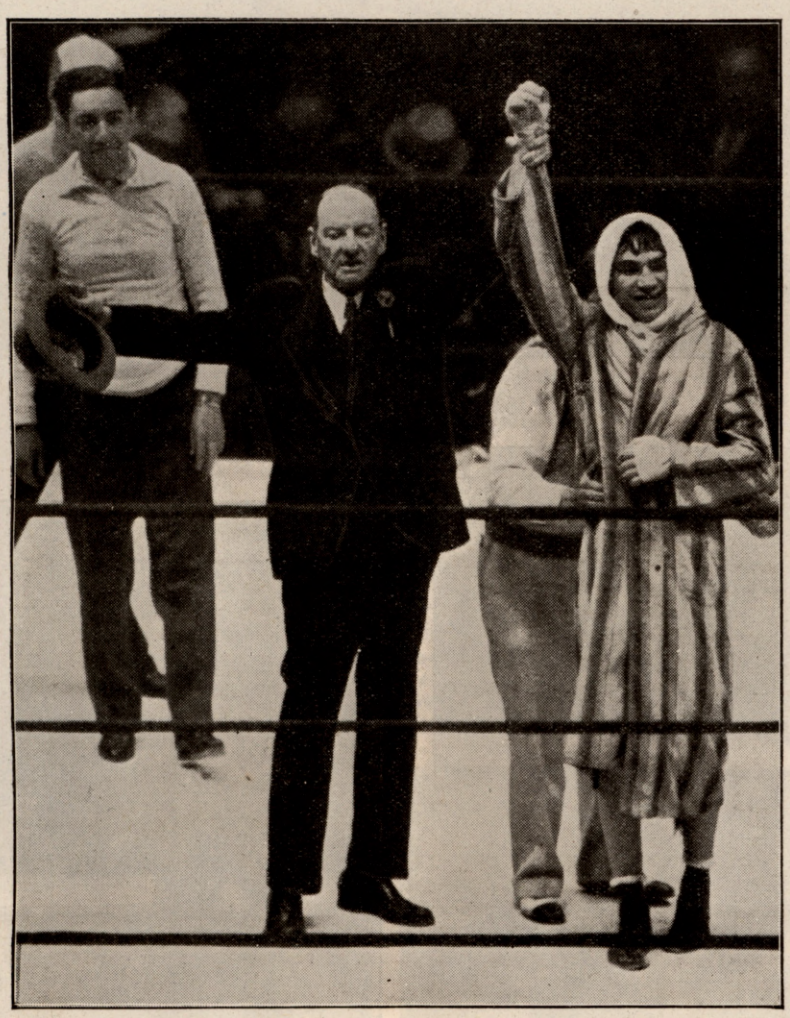
ROSS respected the Vancouver Irishman, but no more than he did Billy Petrolle in their recent fight in New York. He knew better than to take any unnecessary chances, but he had absolutely no fear. He showed that in practically every round, especially in the ninth when the unique spectacle of seeing two champions hit the canvas in the same session, was on view—first Ross and then Jimmy. Each leaped up before a count could be started.

Although some ringside experts figured that the hollow distinction of scoring the only knockdown belonged to McLarnin, I think that Ross scored one also. At least I'm certain that my eyes were not deceiving me. That ninth session furnished the fireworks. McLarnin landed a solid left hook, a reminder of his devastating punch of past battles, and tossed Ross backwards to the canvas. In trying to keep on his feet, Barney was spun around and reached the mat with his back facing Jimmy and his gloves supporting his body. He was up in a jiffy and sailed into his opponent with a dash that took the spectators by surprise.

When he came back, he was in a rage. That was the first time in Ross' fighting career that he had gone down and he was out to revenge the "disgrace." And he did. Ignoring the commands of his seconds and the usual procedure of keeping away until he had fully recovered, Barney rushed his man, tore in with flying fists and only forty-seven seconds later, had Jimmy down from two snappy, short left hooks.

There were many who said that Jimmy had slipped but I don't think so. Nor did Ross. In his dressing room, he said that he had connected with a left hook that had caught McLarnin while back stepping and that the force of impact had downed him. Be that as it may, the fact remains that for the first time in American ring history, two title holders were on the canvas within a few seconds of each other—a novelty in boxing.

Jimmy, like Barney, was up in a fraction of a second. He didn't wait for a count and when he arose, it was again a case of gamecocks fighting all over the ring.



Holding aloft the hand of the victor. The veteran announcer, Joe Humphreys, proclaims Barney the new welterweight king, the first modern fighter to hold two titles at the same time.

* * *

MY score card showed that after rolling up a big lead in the early rounds, in which I gave Ross from the third to the ninth inclusive, with the first going to Jimmy and the second an even affair, Ross began to wilt under the body punches and long range lefts.

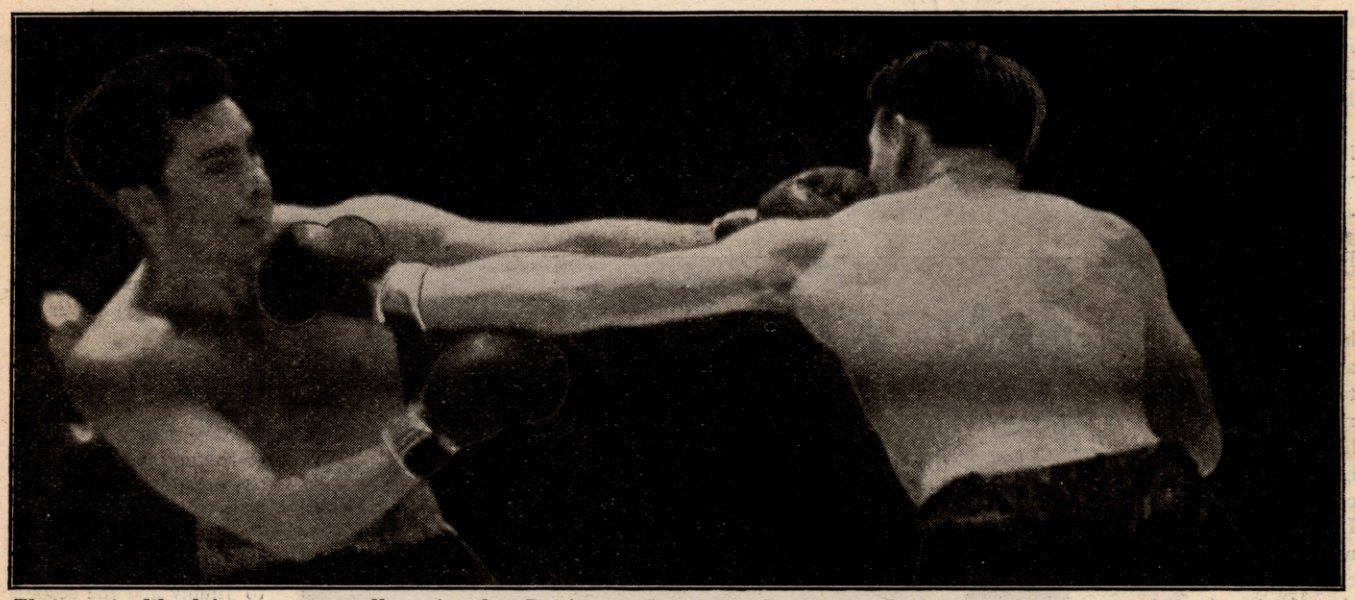
He tired perceptibly while Jimmy was coming along. I scored the next five rounds for Jimmy because of his aggressiveness and the landing of the most effective punches. During those rounds, Ross seemed to keep in the background until towards the end of the round, then came along with a splash that caught the eyes of the officials and the spectators. But the majority of the points by that time were garnered by Jimmy, according to my way of judging and I therefore alloted those round to the Vancouver lad.

The final session, however, saw Ross come out eager to clinch the honors, and he succeeded. He didn't give Jimmy a chance to put across a haymaker. In fact, he crowded McLarnin to such extent that even Jimmy's famed long shots failed to reach their mark as often as they had in previous rounds.

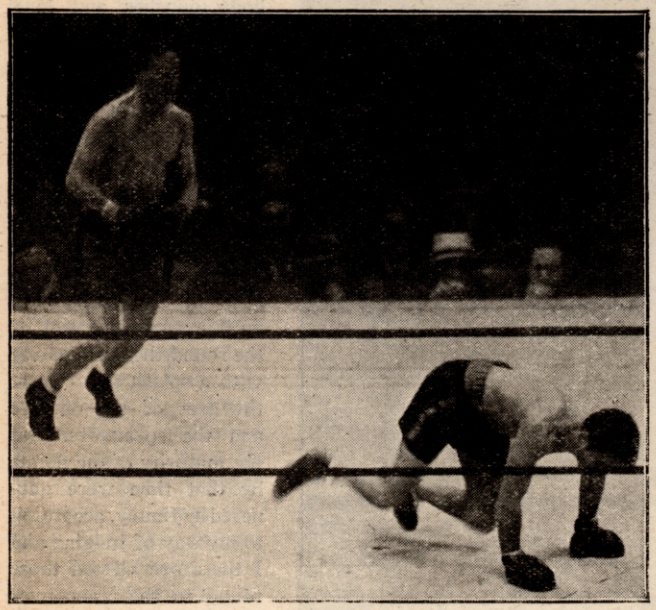
Ross came on like a wild man. Lips bleeding, his eyes almost popping out of his head, he rushed in savagely to make certain that no last round whirlwind finish by McLarnin would undo for Barney what he had so far gained. He threw caution to the winds and set sail with everything he had. It was a revelation to see him attack the hitherto much feared Irishman.

The bugaboo that has upset eight previous world welter kings, followed McLarnin. Like his predecessors, he was defeated in the first defense of his title. Pete Latso, Joe Dundee, Jackie Fields, Young Jack Thompson, Tommy Freeman, Thompson a second time, Lou Brouillard and Young Corbett 3rd, all dropped the crown in the first championship mill in which the defense was made. Almost one year to the day, McLarnin had scored a two-minute knockout over Corbett on the Coast to win the welter title.

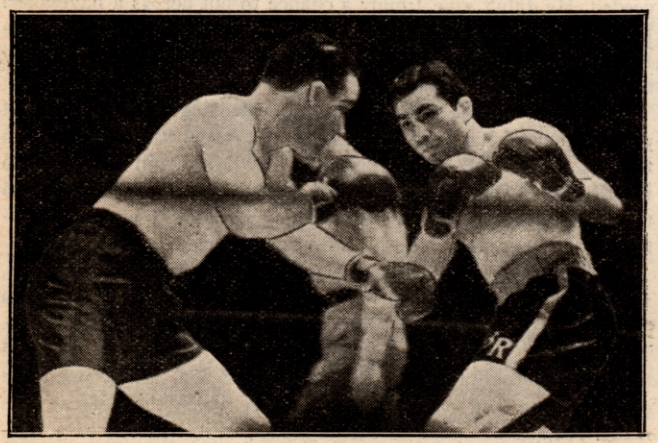
McLarnin-Ross Photos



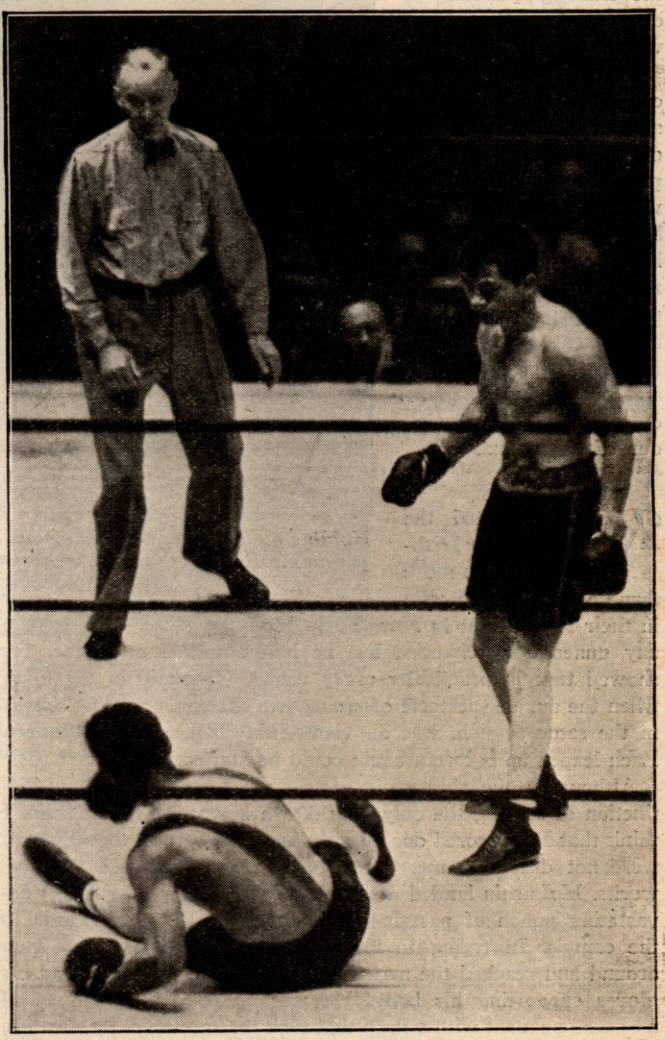
Their rapier-like lefts were unusually active, but Ross's was the more effective. As this picture shows, in an exchange of lefts, it was Barney's that invariably connected, while Jimmy's fell short by an eyelash through cleverness on the part of his opponent. But many of Jimmy's did land and hurt considerably.



The end of a pin-wheel. Ross, caught with a solid left hook, was spun around, lifted in the air and landed in the above position. He was up before the count could be started and waded into his rival.

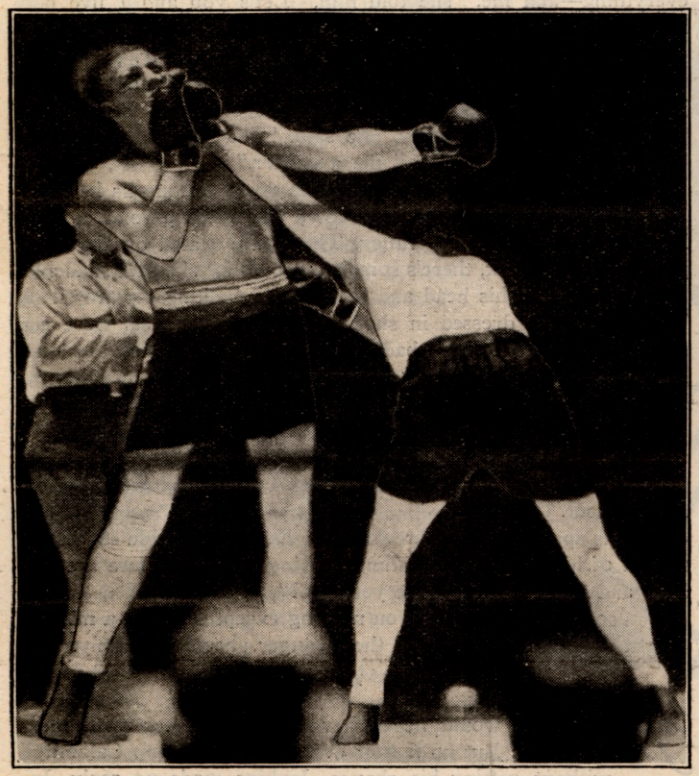


A moment of cautiousness in the second round, in which neither did much harm. Here they are sparring for an opening.

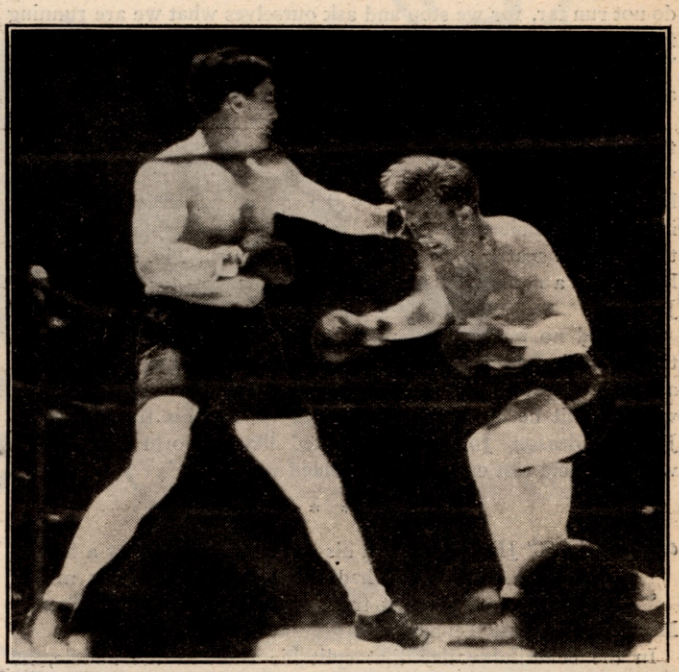


Jimmy downed by a short, snappy left hook in the ninth round after he had turned the same trick on his opponent in that same session. Some say that Jimmy slipped, but Referee Forbes and Barney and many other ringside spectators didn't think so.

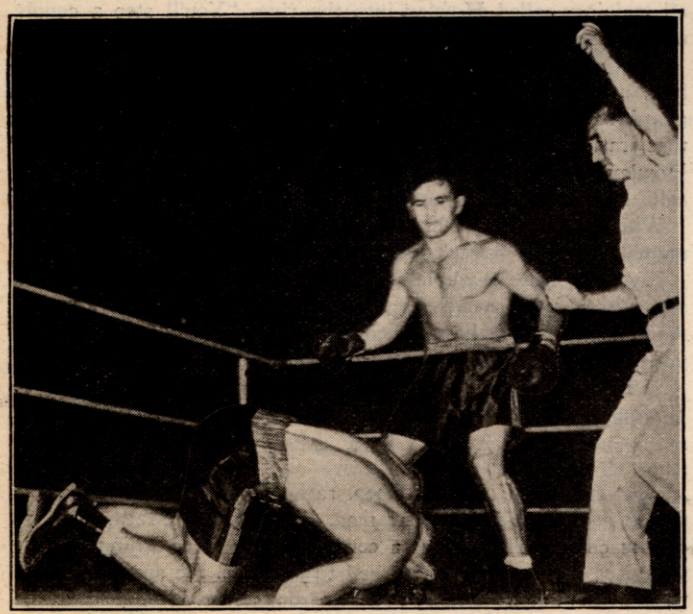
The Ups and Downs in Leather-pushing



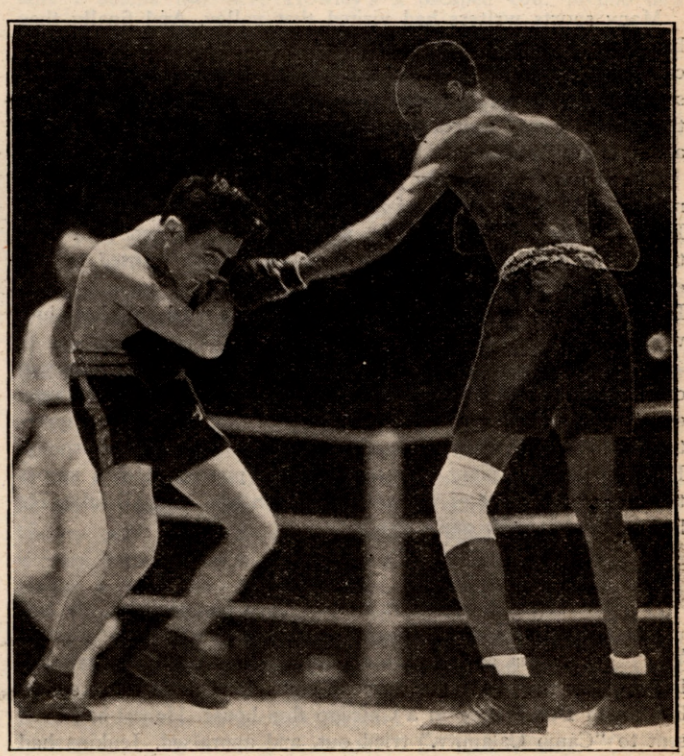
When Walter Neusel attempted to shoot a straight left to Tommy Loughran's face, the Philadelphia Master merely ducked under it and shot his own educated left to the German's jaw. Neusel's attempt to block it proved futile. Tommy battered Walter's eyes severely.



Poised lightly on his toes, Loughran whips across a stinging left hook to Neusel's ear as the latter charges in wildly. Although Tommy landed the cleaner punches and made Neusel look cruder than ever, the German was awarded the decision, due to his constant, but ineffectual, aggressiveness.



When Young Corbett III came back! The Fresno Italian became an outstanding figure in the middleweight ranks when he knocked out Young Terry, the Trenton Buzz-Saw in the third round in a Frisco ring. Lefts to the body and solar plexus proved Terry's undoing. The referee was Toby Irwin.



No, this isn't a battle between a giant and a midget, but merely a scene in the Al Brown-Kid Francis fight at the Palais des Sports in Paris. Brown, the tall and wiry holder of the bantamweight title, piled up a big lead on points and was returned the winner over the aggressive Francis.

CAMP CALAMITY

THERE are many people in the world who are always running from something. Usually the thing they are running from is something they need not run from. Some of those persons run so far and then, in desperation, stop to fight. Then they find they need not have run at all. Others never quit running until they reach the grave.

All of us run from things when fear prompts us. Some of us do not run far, for we stop and ask ourselves what we are running from. When we do that, our mind conquers our material fear. We turn and face the fear instead of running farther. Then we ask ourselves why we ran in the first place.

Thomas Jenkins needed no more money. He had plenty of that. But his money had failed to bring him the one thing he wanted. That was a middleweight champion. For fifteen years he had hunted far and near for the fighter whom he could steer into the championship. Several times he had come close, only to have fate snatch the victory from his grasp. The sports world had found a name all its own for him. They called him "Jonah" Jenkins.

He had no interest in any other weight. Why, he could not tell himself. Perhaps it was because he had started out to find a middleweight champion, and failing, refused to touch any other weight until he did. He had thought he had his title-holder in Johnny Gleason. Johnny had looked like a world beater. But when the acid test came, he had folded up.

* * *

"JONAH" JENKINS had his own ideas about how a fighter should be trained. He had taken a portion of his money and purchased a great tract of land in the Great Smoky Mountains in East Tennessee.

In the beautiful valley that split his tract in the middle, he built his training camp. And for fifteen years, a stream of middleweight fighters had passed through that camp. Several had not tarried long. Others had tarried long enough to raise his hopes high. But later, when these hopes had tumbled like a house of cards, he had wished they hadn't tarried so long.

Many sports writers had visited that valley. And finally they had given it a name just as they had given Jenkins a name. They called his place "Camp Calamity." Jenkins made no protest. Instead, he had a great, arched sign erected at its entrance bearing that name. Every sports page in the country had carried stories about Camp Calamity.

The sports world freely predicted that "Jonah" Jenkins would never realize his ambition of managing a middleweight champion. He was fifty-five now. But he was more determined than ever to find his man. His motherless daughter, Joyce, refused to join others when they tried to persuade him to give up his quest. Instead, she encouraged him. She was always ready to cheer him when the quest looked blackest.

In the middle of the valley, alongside a tumbling mountain creek, Jenkins had built his home. It was a great, circular house, constructed of stone with a huge fireplace that would have quartered a motor car. A great porch circled the house almost around. His own electric plant furnished electric power. A dam across the creek at a point of vantage had given him a small lake. He had stocked it with game fish.

* * *

HIS latest disappointment had been his greatest. He had carefully steered along a boy whom he felt sure was his champion at last. He employed scouts to find promising lads, just as the big league baseball clubs do. One of those scouts had found Bob Hancy in a Chicago flop house. Hancy had been sent to "Camp Calamity," tried out, and appraised. Jenkins had taught him all the tricks of the profession.

Hancy had absorbed it all and improved rapidly. He had been sent in fights. He had quickly compiled a record that made Jenkins very happy. Finally the time had come for Hancy to fight the champion. But Hancy was one who could stand just so much success. The night before the bout he spent in a drunken carousal. The next evening he had been knocked out in the second round.

Bitter in his disappointment, the jeers of his critics ringing in his ears, Jenkins had hurried back to Camp Calamity. Even the attempts of Joyce to joke away his despondency failed. Finally she asked him to give it all up. "Daddy, you have plenty of everything—and me," she told him. "Let's you and I live here in this valley and forget boxing."

But Jenkins had shaken his graying head slowly. He sighed wearily and shrugged his massive shoulders. A gentle light glowed in his fine, gray eyes as he regarded his daughter. But still he shook his head. "No, honey," he said. "That would be quitting. The sports world would call me a quitter."

Joyce knew he would never stop his quest as long as he lived. She sighed and turned her gaze down the winding road that led from the house down the valley. They were seated on the great porch. "Daddy, look, there's somebody coming," she said suddenly.

Jenkins turned his head and saw a man walking toward them. The fellow was dressed in shoddy clothing, his heels were run down. He needed a shave badly and his hair was much too long. Atop his head was perched a frayed cap. They watched him as he slowly walked up to the porch.

"I suppose you're Thomas Jenkins," he addressed Jenkins. "My name is Jack Howley. I'm a fighter—a middleweight. I heard you were seeking a middleweight and I came to offer you my management."

Jenkins appraised him shrewdly. He liked those wide shoulders, the set of his chin and his slim, tapering waist. "Where are you from and what fighters have you met?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, but I can tell you nothing except that I'm a middleweight fighter, Mr. Jenkins," the stranger answered calmly.

* * *

HOWLEY would never have gotten further with most managers. But no fighter ever came to "Camp Calamity" without getting his chance. Jenkins made no reply. Instead, he rose. "Let's go over to the gym," he said. "We'll try you out."

In the completely equipped gymnasium, Howley was given trunks and shoes. The gloves were laced on his hands. "Windy" Matthews, who was Jenkins' right-hand man and in charge of all training, called Howley into the ring. "You'll step a couple of rounds with Bull Pierce," he said.

Pierce grinned sneeringly as he waded into the stranger. But he ran into a surprise that erased his grin. Howley feinted his guard aside, weaved in close and slammed home an uppercut that crashed Bull to the floor. He jumped up instantly and rushed Howley. A short, fast-traveling hook to his chin put him out cold. And then Howley collapsed.

When they brought him to, he grinned weakly. "Sorry," he mumbled, "but I haven't eaten in three days."

Joyce rebuked the whole camp for that. She went to the kitchen and, with her own hands, prepared a wholesome meal for Howley. And she sat near as he satisfied himself. "I'm so sorry they made you fight in your condition," she said. "But they didn't know."

"I had to make the fight short," Howley said, grinning. "Else I would have caved in—I did anyway."

* * *

A WEEK of regular sleep, rest and wholesome meals and he looked like a new man. Then Windy Matthews took him in charge. He rose at a certain hour each morning for the exercises every man at camp had to perform. He spent a certain period each day in the sun wearing trunks only. He did mountain climbing. He wielded an axe. He got plenty of swimming.

He was timed each day as he took a signal, rushed at a many-limbed tree and climbed rapidly to its top. He went through other exercises he had never heard of before. He boxed some

By
GENE D. ROBINSON

each day. And it was fast boxing.

A month of it and Jenkins took him to an Ohio city for a bout. It was the main preliminary and his opponent was Sailor Stearns. Howley floored the Sailor three times in the first round. He had Stearns out on his feet. But as he stepped in for the punch of mercy, something held his arms. He hesitated, tapped the Sailor weakly and stepped back. He won the decision easily. Jenkins was very thoughtful as they met in the dressing room.

Jenkins took his fighters to all parts of the country. He had bought a six-passenger cabin plane and hired a pilot. He had built a fine landing field in the valley. For the past two years he had flown to every fight.

* * *

HOWLEY offered no explanation of his failure to put Stearns out. Jenkins asked for none. But Windy Matthews had his own idea. "He's yellow," he told Jenkins. "Another thing—I wouldn't be surprised if this guy ain't an escaped convict."

But Jenkins shook his head. "Don't make snap judgments, Windy," he cautioned. "You might be wrong."

Howley was a faithful worker. He never broke any training rules and his life outside camp was clean. But he rarely ever went to town. He never opened his mouth about his past history, and Jenkins saw to it that he was never asked.

In a bout in St. Louis, Howley stepped in against Red Newsom and redeemed himself. For three rounds he punched and hammered Newsom. The red-haired fighter went down nine times in those three rounds. As Howley hesitated in putting him out, they were stopped by the referee to save Newsom from further punishment.

Howley was the type of middleweight Jenkins had long sought. He was very speedy and shifty. He hit hard and unerringly with either hand. He knew when to bore in and he knew when to stay on the defensive. And the style of his attack was always vicious.

He quickly ran up a string of victories. But there were only a couple of knockouts on the list. Jenkins began wondering about that. "How do you figure it out?" he asked Windy.

"I tell you he's yellow," said Windy.

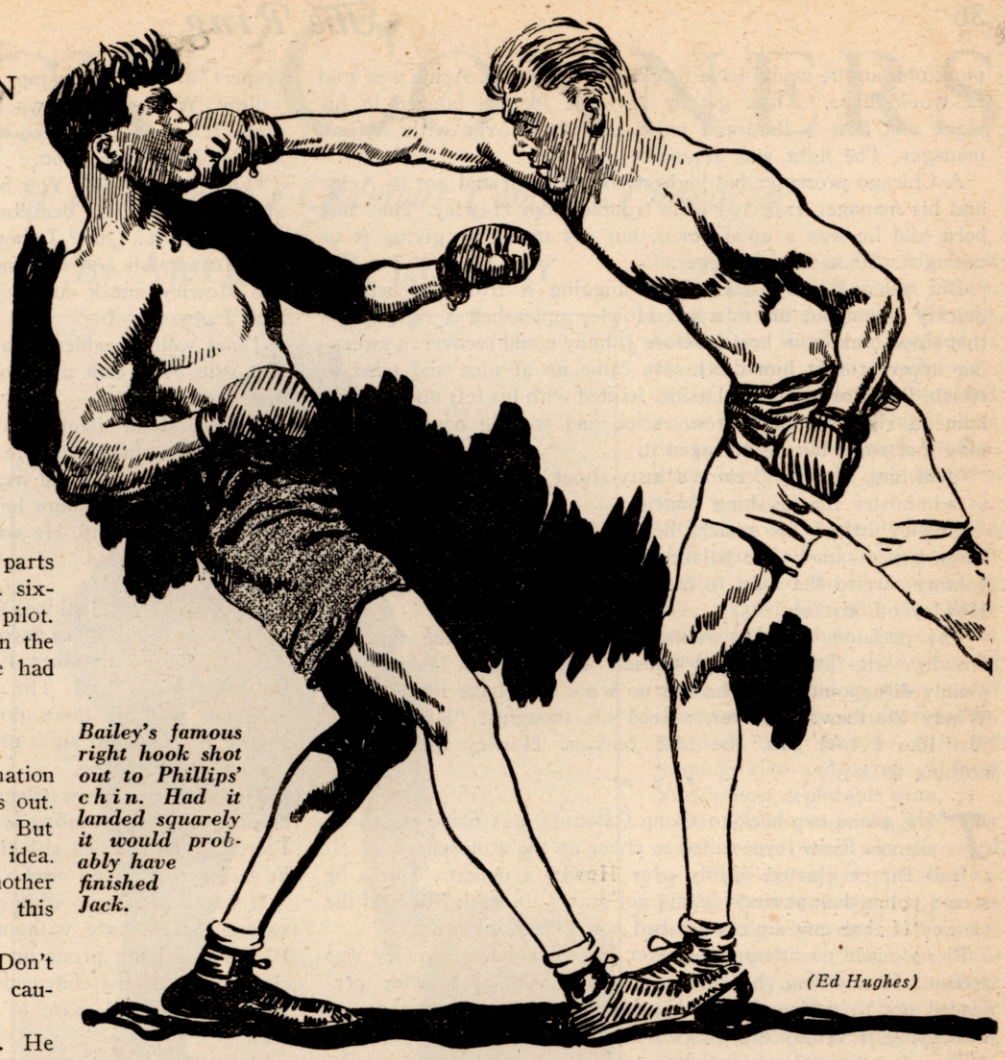
"That doesn't explain it," said Jenkins. "If he was yellow he'd not be as far along as he is. Why, he's nearly ready for a shot at the champion. I can't fathom him. But I'm sure he isn't yellow."

* * *

JOYCE JENKINS and Howley had gotten to be good friends. She never missed a fight in which he appeared. And no one was happier when he won. Joyce was twenty-three now. A striking brunette, she was slender and lithe. She did much mountain climbing, horseback riding, and swimming. She never had occasion to reduce. Exercise took care of that.

Bull Pierce had never forgiven Howley that one-minute knock-out. For Pierce was really one of Jenkins' best prospects. And the ripening friendship between Howley and Joyce added to Pierce's smoldering grudge. It was an open bit of news in camp that Pierce hoped to marry Joyce.

Bull never lost an opportunity to sneer at Howley. "Oh, yeah!" he would sneer when something was said about Howley's silence concerning himself. "Well, I can tell you why he ain't advertising where he come from. What kind of guys is it which hides out, I asks you? You know, well as I do. It's birds that's gone on the lam. I betcha this here Howley's a escaped con. Mebbe he's wanted fer killing his wife."



Bailey's famous right hook shot out to Phillips' chin. Had it landed squarely it would probably have finished Jack.

(Ed Hughes)

Several times Howley was within hearing distance when Pierce was voicing his taunts and indictments. But Howley never gave the least indication he had heard. Joyce heard all the rumors, naturally. But, cautioned by her father, she never mentioned them to Howley.

* * *

ONCE, for the benefit of a visiting party of sports writers, Jenkins sent Pierce in to spar with Howley. Later he wished he hadn't. For Joyce was among the spectators, and Bull immediately tried to avenge that one-round knock-out. He tore into Howley savagely, who contented himself with boxing merely on the defensive. He gave a flashy exhibition of boxing skill. But Bull impressed the scribes most. Bull sneered openly as he left the ring.

"He's yellow meat," he said loudly, jerking his thumb toward Howley. "Another round and I'd put him out."

The scribes plainly did not believe Jenkins when he asserted he did not know from whence Howley came, or what his past history was. They thought it was a publicity stunt. Sports writers were common visitors at Camp Calamity. There was always a good story to be garnered. Especially if Jenkins had a new "hope" to show them.

Six months and Jenkins made overtures to the champion for a bout. Howley had an impressive list of decision victories. Fight experts said he had no punch. But Jenkins knew better. He regarded Howley as another Ketchel.

"Something is holding him back," he told Windy. "One of these days he will break loose."

There was another middleweight seeking a fight with the champion. Johnny Acine had cleaned up just about every contender in sight. So when Jenkins began his overtures the cham-

pion told him he would have to get by Acine first. Acine was told he would have to first get by Howley. Jenkins hopped in his plane and flew a thousand miles to talk it over with Acine's manager. The fight was arranged.

A Chicago promoter bid highest for the bout and got it. Acine and his manager expected little trouble from Howley. They had been told he was a good boxer, but shy on either giving it or taking it. Acine was a slugger.

But when Johnny started out slugging it from the bell, he quickly found out his mistake. Howley unleashed a right cross that stood him on his heels. Before Johnny could recover, a sweeping uppercut sent him down. He came up at nine and tried to clinch. But Howley flashed aside, feinted with his left and crashed home a right to the button. Acine had trouble coming up at nine that time, but he managed it.

"Kill him, Howley!" came a lusty shout as Howley stepped in to administer the finishing punch.

Howley halted his punch, hesitated—and let Acine recover. They boxed tamely the balance of the round. For five rounds Johnny carried the fight to his opponent, but he couldn't knock Howley off his feet.

The decision went to Acine. He had carried the fight to Howley, who had contented himself with boxing. Jenkins was plainly disappointed. But he had no word of rebuke for Howley. Windy Matthews however, voiced his thoughts. "He's yellow, just like I told you," he told Jenkins. Howley himself had nothing to say.

* * *

THE plane trip back to Camp Calamity was made mostly in silence. Even Joyce failed to cheer up the atmosphere.

Bull Pierce gloated openly over Howley's defeat. "Guess he seen a police dick at ringside and got scared to death," he told the camp. "If that guy ain't a escaped con, I'm a ant-eater."

Pierce made no attempt to lower his voice when Howley was around. If anything, he sneered the louder. But Howley pretended not to notice the taunts. All of which set the camp to wondering if Windy Matthews was right about him.

Two days later, Joyce Jenkins was seated on a big rock on the creek bank, reading a magazine. She looked up and espied Howley opposite her in the road. He was carrying his battered, old suitcase. As he caught sight of her, he paused hesitantly, set his suitcase down and walked over to her.

"I—I've come to tell you good-bye," he mumbled.

She regarded him in open scorn. "You need not mind," she said frigidly. "Quitters shouldn't even go to that trouble."

* * *

HE winced at her sharp words. As he stood silently, she softened some. "Jack Howley, sit down here a moment," she said. He obeyed. "Jack, you're doing just what Bull Pierce said you would do. Pierce said you'd take it on the lam here just as you have other places. You stand meekly by and let him get away with those slurs. And now you hang your head down and quit on my father. Do you think that's treating him square?

"Jack, you're running from something. I'm not asking you to tell me. It's your secret and I respect it. All the camp except Daddy and me think you're yellow. Windy Matthews had urged Daddy to cut loose from you. He's so disappointed that you stood twiddling your thumbs and let Acine whip you.

"Oh yes, you did. You had him beaten easily, but backed up and let him win the decision. What do you think Daddy is going to do about it? Quit? I should say not. He's hunted fifteen years for a champion and he'll never quit till he finds one. All right, Mr. Howley, sneak out on him if you want to. He can stand it. And I guess I—I—"

Tears welled suddenly to her eyes, and jumping up from her seat, she fled from the spot, dabbing at her eyes with a small handkerchief.

Howley stood silently watching her. Presently he hid his suitcase in some shrubbery. He sat down on a rock and gazed at the creek. Then he rose and wended his way up a path on the mountain side. For two hours he walked. It was mid-afternoon when he returned to camp. He walked determinedly towards the gymnasium and entered.

* * *

INSIDE, Jenkins, Windy and Joyce were watching preparations for a tryout round or so between Bull Pierce and a newcomer. Fighters were always coming to Camp Calamity for a trial. The stranger was in the dressing room.

"Well, well, if there don't come the yellow boy," sneered Pierce as he caught sight of Howley. "Thought you said he took it on the lam, Joyce."

The gathering grew silent as Howley came up. He could not help hearing the taunting words. He stepped up and confronted Pierce. "You've been shooting off your mouth about me, Bull," he said evenly. "You need a lesson and that's why I'm here."

It was a fine scrap while it lasted. But it didn't last long. Bull swung for his face without a word. In less than one minute Pierce was lying prone on the floor, face bloody, and out. One clean punch to the chin ended the scrap.

"Mr. Jenkins, I want to fight Johnny Acine again," Howley said.

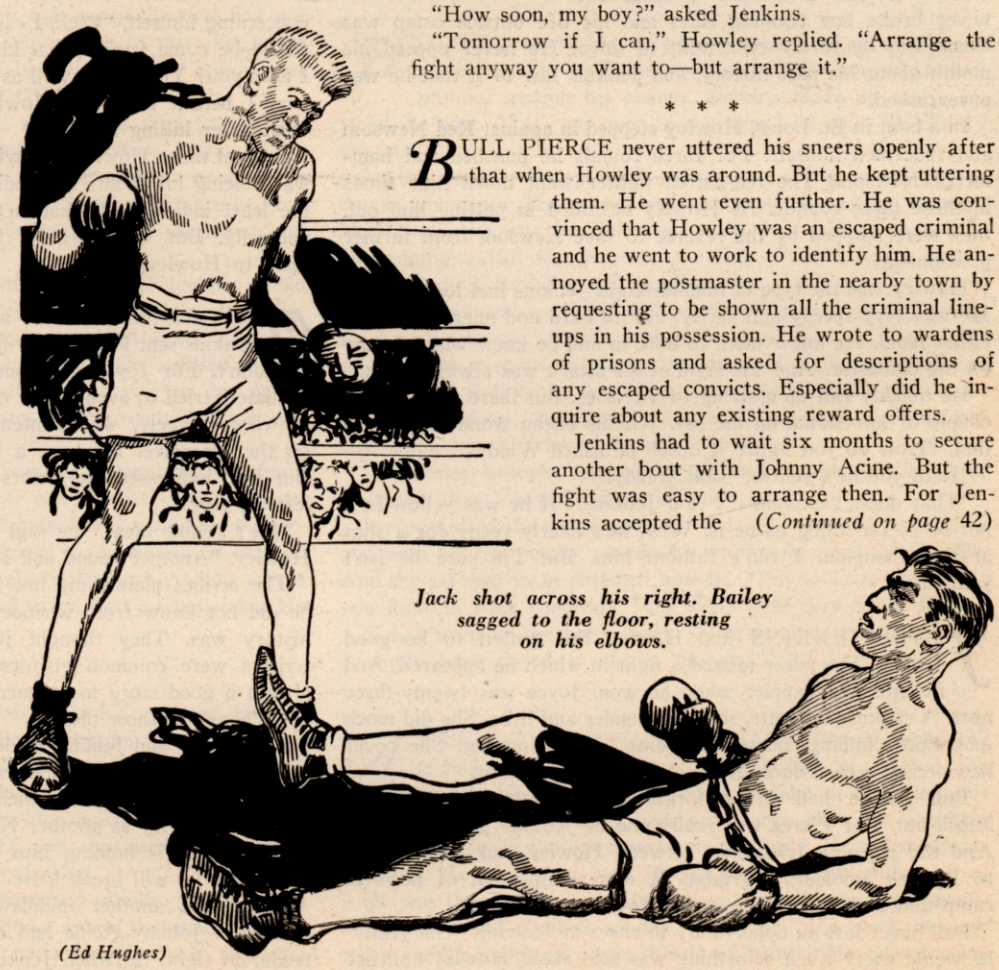
"How soon, my boy?" asked Jenkins.

"Tomorrow if I can," Howley replied. "Arrange the fight anyway you want to—but arrange it."

* * *

BULL PIERCE never uttered his sneers openly after that when Howley was around. But he kept uttering them. He went even further. He was convinced that Howley was an escaped criminal and he went to work to identify him. He annoyed the postmaster in the nearby town by requesting to be shown all the criminal lineups in his possession. He wrote to wardens of prisons and asked for descriptions of any escaped convicts. Especially did he inquire about any existing reward offers.

Jenkins had to wait six months to secure another bout with Johnny Acine. But the fight was easy to arrange then. For Jenkins accepted the (*Continued on page* 42)



Jack shot across his right. Bailey sagged to the floor, resting on his elbows.

(Ed Hughes)

CHUCK CONNERS

A Story of Chinatown's Famous Comical Character

By ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

"YOU may t'ink me goofy but I'd rather be a bum in Chinatown dan a swell stiff-neck mug on Fifth Avenoo," said Chuck Conners to me as he gobbled down his sixth schooner of foaming beer in a jiffy down in Chatham Square many years ago.

"Why, Chuck, don't you suppose those wealthy highrollers have a good time?" I asked.

"Good time, nix. Not half as much fun and sport as we do among de Chinks. Does millionaire blokes have to keep dolled up—in gilded cages like a lot of fancy birds? Us guys are free and easy and laugh and joke ourselves cockeyed."

Such was the happy philosophy of George "Chuck" Conners, the most picturesque and most comical character that ever predominated in New York's Chinatown and the Bowery. Flush or broke, he was always cheerful, original, and witty with all comers and slum-hunters, who sought the queer sights in and around Chinatown.

When former Police Commissioner General Bingham visited Chinatown, he asked his body-guard of detectives to hunt up Chuck. When the latter was presented to the big chief of the police, he shook him warmly by the hand, saying:

Chuck Conners, the Bowery Boy

"Chuck, I understand you are the mayor of Chinatown."

"Nix, General," answered Conners with a twinkle in his dark, snappy eyes. "A big fat Chink is the mayor. I'm only the nightmare."

Bingham laughed as he invited Chuck to visit him at police headquarters. "T'anks, General, but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather meet yer on de Bowery," replied Conners, who never seemed to be too friendly with cops. "Dere yer pals one day and dey'll jug yer the next day. Dat's the reason I lay off cops," Chuck often declared to his pals and others.

Visited by Hall Caine

THEN that famous English author, Hall Caine, who wrote *The Christian* and many other famous popular novels, visited this country in 1901, he immediately hunted up Chuck Conners. Mr. Caine had read much about him in *The Stories of Chinatown,* by Billy Norr, one of the old staff of sports scribes on the *New York World.* Norr's description of Chuck so impressed the English author that he never rested until he finally got in touch with him.

"Chuck Conners' strange personality fairly haunted me," said Caine after their first meeting, "and I again returned to Chinatown to renew an acquaintance with one of the most original characters it has been my fortune to meet. We have nothing in England—not even the coster-monger—to equal his type. Chuck Conners will be one of my most pleasant recollections of America."

Caine not only lavished poor Chuck with all kinds of gifts but he was anxious to take him back to England with him. But Chuck, after promising to make the trip, backed out, saying: "England is too far away from the Bowery, Mr. Caine. Besides, I wouldn't know how to mix up and chew de rag with dose high mucky-muck lords, dukes, and de odder swell guys."

Conners did not really know the high position held by the British author, nor if he had, would he have treated him with any more consideration than any of the hundreds of other sight-seers to whom he had for so many years shown the depths of degradation, the dark, dark shadows, with the teeming vice and want of New York's most deplorable slum.

But Caine was not the only noted writer who was attracted by Chuck's novel personality. E. W. Townsend adopted him as the leading character in his celebrated story of "Chimmie Fadden." Many other noted authors have also written considerable about the comical, happy-go-lucky Chinatown guide.

* * *

CHUCK first became known among the down-town East-Siders as an amateur boxer in the featherweight class. He hung around the old Nonpareil A. C. in the old Fourth Ward near where he was born and bred. It was at this club that Chuck picked up the tactics of the manly art from Patsey Doody, Jerry Barnett, Tommy Welsh, Eddie Curry, Sim Collins, Eddy Pierce, Jim Sweeney, John McTiernan, and a number of others who graduated from the old club, some of whom cut quite a figure both as amateur and professional ringsters in many great combats in the 'eighties and 'nineties.

At this period, Johnny White, who became a very noted referee, and Jim Levelle, quite a dangerous rough-and-tumble fighter, who bragged he could always lick any man as long as his sharp teeth held out, had rather a big stable of boxers together. It was these two managers who took Chuck under their wing and gave him the opportunity to display his fistic ability in public.

Chuck became a very willing, game boxer and always fought in the most gallant but rather comical fashion. Win or lose, he certainly gave the ringsiders many a merry laugh. Although never a star performer, he was always a popular favorite among the classy fans and members of the New York A. C., Manhattan A. C., and many other high-grade athletic clubs throughout the East.

Whenever Chuck won a fight, he would invariably buy himself a new, loud, flaming, fancy shirt out of his paltry winnings. How he loved to display them to some friend or sight-seers in his humble but very neat home in Chinatown.

"I staked meself to dis fancy blue one after I put de snooze on dat gallus gink at the swell club," Chuck would explain as he displayed his gaudy selection. *(Continued on page 46)*

AM I COLOSSAL!

In Which Joe Hotler Starts to Chase Schnozz Durante Out of the Movies

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

MONDAY

WELL, that mug manager of mine, Louie the Lug, wakes me up at noon and says he has a one grand job in St. Louis. Me, Joe Hotler, a champeen, fighting for ten centuries in St. Louis. So in a few well chose words, I tell Louie what I think of a manager which signs for a fight out there for one grand and I tell him very firm like, No, nix, no dice, nothin' doin'. Not me, Joe Hotler, the bird they call the Thunderbolt. I am so annoyed over this rotten deal that I cannot eat my breakfast and just about get away with a third egg. The ham and the sausages taste like so much straw in my mouth, I am that burned up on account of I tell him time and again, three grand or no fight.

After breakfast I sit around for a while thinkin' of last night. The Pipestem Club and that doll Marianne, with the big blue eyes and that platinum hair. With a dame like that half a mile away, Louie wants me to pack up and go to St. Louis to fight a tough

Beginning this month, The Ring presents the adventures, as told in his diary, of Joe Hotler, the champion of the square circle who wanted to be a motion picture star. Follow Joe through his entanglements with Louis the Lug, his manager; with night club dolls and Park Avenue thrill seekers.

egg like Mike Patras for a grand. It is all so ridiculous, that I get very sore and call up this Marianne and she is a little sore on account of I wake her up and what with one thing and another, I date her up for dinner.

Louie is all burned up as he says a grand is a lotta dough these days, and what will we do when the money we still have from the Garden shot runs out? Take another Garden shot, you fool, I holler. Why, oh why, do we have to have managers?

Well, I go out to dinner and get back at four a.m., with a headache on account of the stuff they sell you for champagne in them night clubs is as much like champagne as a fighter like Patras is like Joe Hotler.

TUESDAY

ALL right, so I start training for the Patras fight. I get up at two and at four I am hard at work in Bill Sitwell's gym and busting a few beaks of bums which I outweigh by fifteen pounds. So I complain to Louie the Lug he should get me a new gang of sparring partners and he says, we ain't taking any chances on our champeen being kicked around by a lotta five buck palookas—not while our champ is romancing a dizzy dame from a night club.

Well, Marianne comes in for a peek at her boy friend at work, and just my luck, while I am looking her way, this dumb bell Jimmy Sneed lets go a right and I sit down. I holler, why don't ye look what yer doin', and Marianne laughs to beat hell, which shows how women are. I says, this ain't nothin' to laugh about as I look away for a minute to say how pretty you look, and this stumble bum takes advantage.

So I cut loose and let this Jimmy boy have a couple. The boys around the gym say he gives me a mouse, but this is because as I fall, I hit my eye on the canvas.

I soon cut the workout short and Louie the Lug starts giving me a lecture in the dressing room. It seems that Harry Brayson is around and sees what happens, and as he does not like me any too much, no doubts it will be wrote up in the *Evening Bulletin.*

So I call him up and apologize for letting Jimmy hit me, and Brayson says I got you two birds mixed up. I think all the time that Sneed is the champ and that he is boxing with some half drunk tramp. This Brayson always is a funny guy. Well, that is funny, what?

WEDNESDAY

WELL, this is a fine howdoyedo! The story of how this Sneed puts one over on me while I am not looking, gets to St. Louis and that rotten promoter wires to Louie, Call off offer. Cannot use Hotler until he sobers up.

Do I burn up over this insult. Do I get sore over this attempt to belittle the champ! So I call up Marianne's hotel and the gal at the phone says she ain't in and has went away for the next two weeks.

Well, I am no bum above the ears and realize that the little straw head is giving me, Joe Hotler, the well-known air. Am I red around the neck!

So I call up my old gal, Daisy, which is outta work on account of some of the boys shoot up the Perfection Club where she takes the hats and coats. I want to cry on your shoulder, I tell her. The world ain't treating your pal Joe right.

I know all about that Marianne dame and how she gives you the ozone after Jimmy takes you for a ride, she laughs. I don't want no second hand goods, and the little so and so hangs up on Joe Hotler, the champ.

This is my dirty day, I tell Louie the Lug, and I am off to Luigi's for a mess of spagett, and then I go to the Rounders Club for a few beers, and who should I run into there but a dame by the name of Horty Pilger, whose dad makes the Pilger Straight Eight. Class all over, this Horty, who as soon as she takes a gander at me, gives me them languid eyes and says, Intriguing. Me intriguing. Boy, what a sucker a guy is to fool around with night club dames.

THURSDAY

LOUIE the Lug wakes me at one o'clock. I gotta match with the Gorilla in Youngstown, for twelve C's. he hollers. Hooray, and to hell with that guy in St. Louis. We eat for some time again. Well, I greet him very cold like. I say, whatinell is all the big roar over a fight for twelve C's. in Youngstown, and he goes nuts. You will throw me into the bread line, he yodels.

Well, I ain't telling him the whys and the wherefores, on account of Louie the Lug never does understand dames. He does know a left hook, but dolls—well, he says they are poison, as Louie the Lug ain't exactly a picture from a museum to look at and the janes never glue to him for much longer than his b.r. holds out.

So I hold him off on the dozen C's in Youngstown, and he's foaming at the mouth while I rig myself out in some new scenery. Much to my surprise, he smells a mice and hollers, Dames again! Who is the new one?

I pretend that I do not know what he is talking about. So I ankle off to Park Avenoo for the cocktail hour, and am I mortified, as one of the dames grabs my left ear, which is a bit cauliflower, and says: oh, see the strange vegetable which I pick in the garden! Am I burned up!

Well, pretty soon Horty pays me a little personal attention, and with them blue lamps glued on me, I says, to hell with Louie the Lug and the twelve C's in Youngstown.

What a boob I am to waste my efforts and time on dolls like that Marianne and Daisy when society is just achin' to take real he-men like a champ into its arm!

FRIDAY

WELL, I am at the Garden this night, taking in the Enzo-Genzo fight which that sucker Jimmy puts on and all the while ignores Joe Hotler, the champ. Giving away twenty pounds, I take Enzo and Genzo both in three heats. But, well, what's the use. They get the matches and I have to listen to Louie the Lug tell me about twelve C's in Youngstown. That's what's the matter with fights in this country as the real battlers like me are overlooked if not entirely ignored.

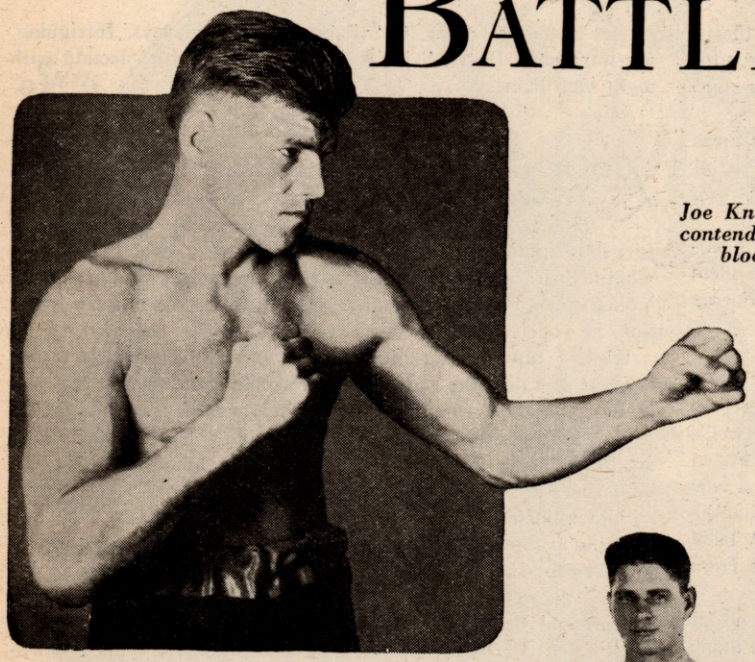
Before the so called big fight, I jump into the ring to take the introduction, and to tell the truth, I have a few at the well known Pilger apartment on Park Avenoo, and as I try to get among the ropes, there are two ropes too many and I fall in on my kisser. This seems to be very funny and the fans laugh themselves sick, so I get up and laugh too, and everybody has a fine time. As I get outta the ring, a bird which says he is Jake Zinzel, of the Mastodon Pictures, grabs me and says, magnificent, stupendous, you make all the screen comics look like bums. Here is a contract with the movies.

Well, I says, here I get my big chance at last, as I am a good looker, barring a slightly enlarged schnozz and the cauliflower ear. And, says I to myself, if I get into the movies I get a bigger play from this Pilger doll, which seems to be daffy about me, and I a sucker all along, playing them night club gals. So I make a date with this movie maggot, and I go out and celebrate.

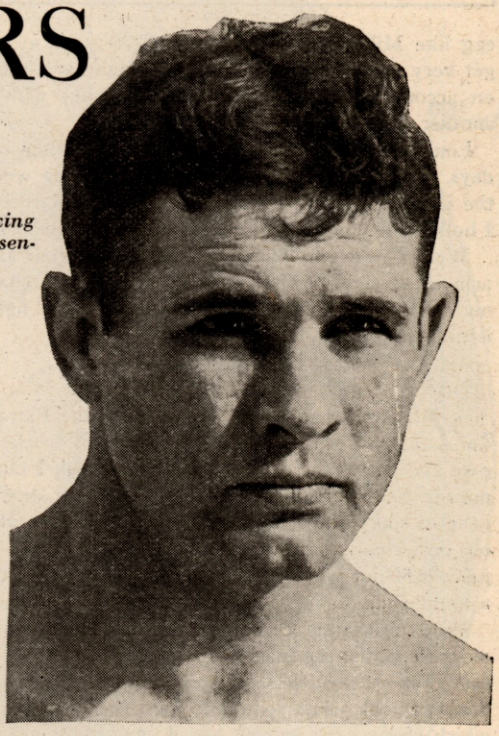
SATURDAY

I AM awaken at one o'clock by Louie the Lug, which hollers blue murder. What are ye doin' goin' into the movies, as a guy with your nose and your ears takes parts only like this here Boris Karloff, who is *(Continued on page 46)*

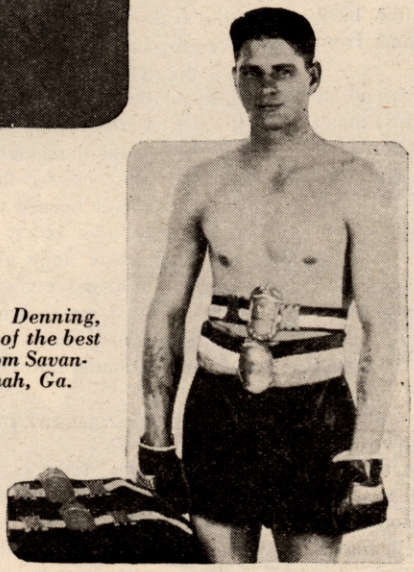
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT BATTLERS



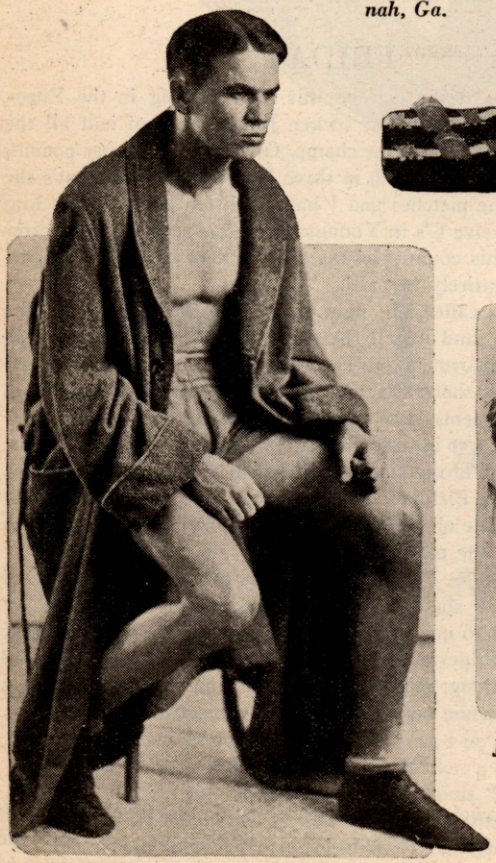
Jackie Gibbs, Texas representative, now in Florida.



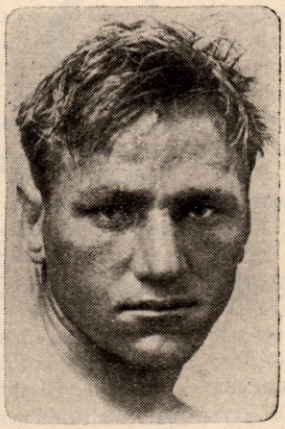
Joe Knight, ranking contender for Rosenbloom's title.



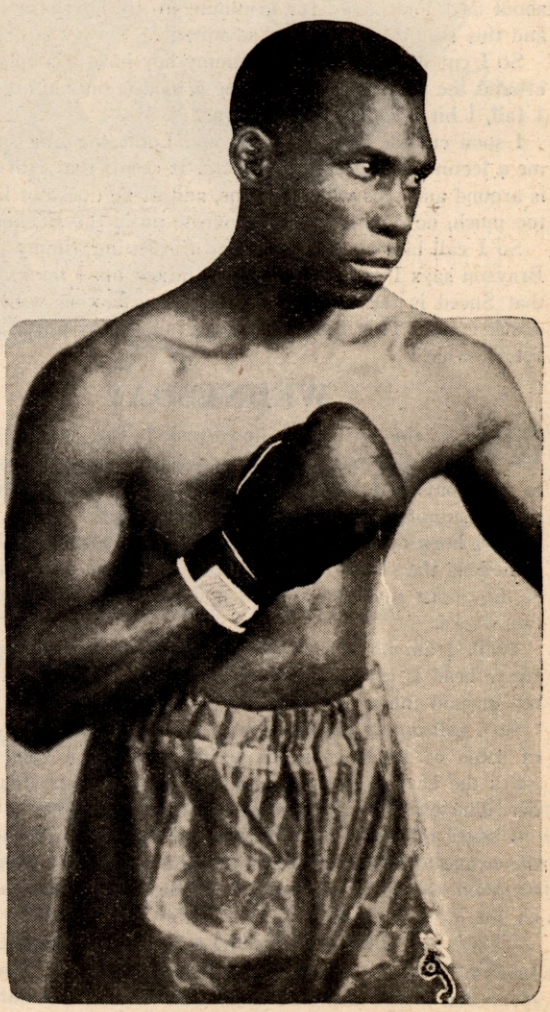
Jack Denning, one of the best from Savannah, Ga.



Joe Muchorowski, Poland's crack, from Newport, Ky.



Jackie Reid, of New York, fighting in the South.



Johnny Nelson, colored entry from Syracuse.

LETTERS *from* *Our* READERS

IN locating the world's greatest fighter, the fairest test would be pound for pound of fighting flesh.

In this respect, what fighter had it on "Bob" Fitzsimmons, pound against pound? Let us take the average weight from Sullivan to Carnera, and see how the fighters stood.

Sullivan, 200 pounds; Corbett, 185; Jeffries, 218; Johnson, 205; Willard, 245; Dempsey, 195, Tunney, 190; Schmeling, 190; Sharkey, 195; Carnera, 265.

This will leave the heavyweight average at 208 pounds, for the last forty years, not counting Old "Bob" Fitzsimmons.

Old Fitz won the heavyweight title at 168 pounds, forty pounds below the general average. He was only 20 pounds heavier than Jimmy McLarnin, the welterweight champion, and old Fitz was thirty-five years old when he won the world's heavyweight championship.

Old "Bob" always gave away weight and age in all his battles.

When "Fitz" fought Big Jim Jeffries, he was nearly 38 years old and gave away 54 pounds in weight and thirteen years in age, something no man could give a fighter 25 years old and weighing 218 pounds.

Old Bob won the middleweight championship from Jack Dempsey the Nonpareil when 29 years of age; the heavyweight championship from Jim Corbett at 35 years, and the light-heavyweight championship from George Gardner at forty years.

What fighter since the days of Jim Figg in 1734 can show a record like this?

J. R. CURTIS,
Pro. New Brunswick, Canada.

* * *

PLEASE accept my belated thanks for the excellent stories and pictures. When one passes out of the public eye he is soon forgotten and a little publicity is always acceptable to a "has been."

At present I am managing a rather "smart" night club. It is interesting work, and time moves pleasantly on. Your "Milo to Londos to Browning" series is a masterpiece. Congratulations. I hope you'll publish it in book form, as I understand you contemplate. It will sell big.

The old master, Ed. W. Smith, is still the "champion" of sports writers, and still retains his keen memory in writing stories, a faculty that made him the peer of all sports writers and a great referee. To him I want to extend my thanks for remembering me so well in THE RING series.

Sincerely,
CHARLES CUTLER,
Former American wrestling champion.

* * *

IN a recent issue of THE RING, John S. Bruen said it would be interesting to see how RING readers line up the best heavyweights, according to their opinion. I am jotting down my list as follows: Sam Langford, Jack Dempsey, Jess Willard, Jack Johnson, John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Peter Jackson, Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons, Harry Wills, Joe Jeanette, Luis Firpo.

I am positive that Sam Langford was the greatest heavyweight of all time. Langford was a clever boxer, and had the hardest punch ever possessed by a heavyweight.

Sam let many outpoint him, and many fighters ducked him. Had Johnson met Sambo in 1912, when Sambo weighed 180, Johnson would have been murdered. Langford was never champion, but then, he never received the opportunity to become one.

Dempsey rates a good second, and Jess Willard is given third place. Probably I will be ridiculed for this opinion, but I really think Jess was a great fighter. He beat McCarthy, Johnson and Moran. He was 33 when he won the crown and, when he faced Dempsey, he was 37, fat and untrained. Dempsey was 24, and in his prime.

Willard beat Moran just as badly in ten rounds as did Johnson in twenty, despite the fact Jess broke his hand in the second round. A one-armed Willard did more to Moran in 10 rounds than a two-armed Johnson did to Frank in twenty sessions. Willard was a great man the day he wore down Johnson and regained the crown for the white race. Johnson is placed right behind big Jess.

I doubt if Corbett could have beaten the real John L. Sullivan in his prime. Sullivan would have eventually caught Corbett, and put him to sleep.

Jeanette and Wills were excellent men, and Jeanette lost only seven decisions in 15 years of boxing. Four of these were to Langford. Although Joe boxed until he was 38, he suffered but one knock-out, at the hands of Sam Langford, the invincible and uncrowned champion.

I have not placed Tunney. I think he was knocked out by Dempsey, and he never ranked with any great fighters. Tunney would get thirteenth place, if I rated them that far.

I have nothing against Gene personally, and I hate Johnson, so I am not prejudiced. I have given a Negro first place. Everyone is entitled to his opinion. No two readers will agree on all 12, if they send in their ratings. Come on, fellows, let's see your list.

BRUCE WILFERTH,
Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

Standing records of Aussie men,
Bear many an honored name;
Griffo, Darcy, Jackson, and Fitz,
With lights of lesser fame.

ALL hail to the National Boxing Club, the greatest boxing center in Australia.

All hail to Charles Lucas, who conceived the idea of bringing only good-class boxers from the other side.

Followers of fisticuffs in Australia owe a vote of thanks to Lucas. Boxing was at its lowest level when Charley came forth and determined to put Australia on the fistic map again. Lucas knows his onions. He knows the fight game from A to Z, and given a free hand, he will make Rushcutters Bay the nerves center of the Australian sporting world. Charles has a hard struggle ahead of him. He has to live down the mistakes of McIntosh and the National Sporting Club, but those who know Lucas realize that, once he sets his mind on anything, he accomplishes his point.

There is no denying the fact that lack of enterprise on the part of promoters was the cause of the many lean years in the Australian boxing world.

Thanks to Lucas, the dark night has passed and a dawn full of promise has broken over the horizon.

American and Filipino boxers are again flooding the Australian market and their influx is welcomed by Australian followers of fisticuffs. The arrival in Sydney of Tod Morgan, gentlemanly little ex-world's junior-lightweight champion, started the ball rolling. Billy Townsend followed, and now we have Speedy Dado, Dave Shade, Wesley Ramey, Varias Milling, Roy Williams, Joe Ghnouly, Marty Sampson, Claude Varner, and Star Frisco, with more Filipinos in the offing.

While on the subject of the invaders, it is worthy of note that our light-heavy, middle and lightweight champions have proved capable of holding Dave Shade, Al Foreman, Tod Morgan and Billy Townsend on even terms. Ambrose Palmer proved his superiority over Shade, as also did Fred Henneberry. Jimmy Kelso, lightweight champion, outfought Foreman but lost to Ramey and Dado, and Townsend held Morgan even. Shade, Morgan, Townsend, Ramey, Dado and Ghnouly are helping to revive interest in the fight game here. It was a great investment for the sport to bring the Americans here. We needed just that stimulation which has been given to boxing by the invaders. All are fine lads, courteous gentlemen. Australia appreciates the type that has made the trip to this country with Mr. Lucas.

Camp Calamity

(*Continued from page 36*)

first terms offered him. As those terms gave Johnny just about all the gate cut, Acine was eager for the bout. He subscribed to the popular theory that Howley was yellow, and anticipated an easy victory. The fight was arranged.

But Acine found he had miscalculated things. He found Howley anything but easy. Johnny rushed his man from the start. For three rounds he fought like a tiger, trying to score an early knockout. Such a victory would clinch that bout with the champion. But not one time could he knock Howley off his feet.

For the next five rounds Acine took a scientific licking. Only his skill saved him. When the final round of the fight arrived Acine was trying only to stay the limit. Howley stepped in early and floored him with a sweet right. Acine staggered up and Howley prepared to finish it.

"Kill him, Howley! Kill him!" went up the cries.

"Jonah" Jenkins heard those cries. And he plainly saw Howley's face blanch. Instead of putting Acine out with a punch, he stepped back and actually went on the defensive for the rest of the round. However, he had the decision bagged easily.

* * *

SPORTS writers gave Howley the benefit of the doubt. They said Acine's eyes were in bad shape, that Howley had refused to hit him further for fear of blinding him. But Jenkins knew better.

That victory established Howley as the foremost contender for the champion's crown. As the champion had been idle over a year, the scribes began demanding that he fight Howley. Jess Wilson, manager of the champion, was glad Howley had licked Acine. He feared Acine more than he did Howley. Wilson and Jenkins got together, agreed to the fight, and began talking to several promoters who wanted the bout.

The Garden got it. The papers were signed. The fight was slated ninety days off. The champion predicted he would win by a knockout in three rounds. Most of the sports writers agreed with him. For they still thought Howley was yellow. A few scribes gave Howley a chance of winning the decision—if he went to a decision.

The rumor got noised abroad that Howley was masquerading under an assumed name. Reporters began trying to pry out his real identity—in case the rumors were true. All of which worried Howley greatly. He let his beard stay at the inch mark, and refused to leave Camp Calamity for any reason.

Windy Matthews took charge of his training. There were few better trainers than Windy. For the first thirty days boxing failed to head the list in importance. Howley went on long mountain hikes. He climbed tall trees till he thought he would change into a monkey. He wielded an axe each day for a good stretch. He ran, he jumped, did plenty of swimming. His diet was watched carefully. Even his reading matter was censored. Windy left nothing to chance.

The second month he went to work in dead earnest. He boxed daily with several sparring partners, carefully selected for their resemblance to the champion's style.

* * *

HOWLEY'S most enthusiastic supporter at the camp was Joyce Jenkins. If any person wanted a hot argument, all they had to do was to drop a hint that Howley might lose. Bull Pierce speedily saw the light. Whenever Joyce was around he would pointedly praise Howley. With others, he sneeringly predicted the champion would have an easy time of it.

Pierce was still working feverishly to uncover something about Howley's past. But so far he had failed. Nobody could convince him that Howley wasn't an escaped criminal, perhaps a murderer.

Two weeks before the fight Howley was in the pink. Windy tapered off on his training. He didn't want his man to go stale.

"What do you think of him?" Jenkins asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Windy. "He's in perfect shape. If he goes in there and fights to win—he'll maybe win. But I still think he's yellow. Best we can hope for, I believe, is the decision."

A week before the bout several sports writers were the recipients of puzzling letters. The letters were from Bull Pierce. They were told that he had some sensational news to impart. That two days before the fight date at Camp Calamity he would give out the news.

The scribes knew about Pierce's grudge against Howley. But they knew he had been working for weeks to uncover something of Howley's past. Two days before the fight, a dozen scribes appeared at Camp Calamity. Pierce was not in sight.

The reporters assembled in the gymnasium to watch Howley in a light workout. Just as Howley was climbing through the ropes, Bull Pierce came in the door. He was grinning widely, an exultant look in his eyes. He walked over to the scribes and addressed Jenkins.

"I told you this Howley guy was a faker!" he hollered. Instantly the gathering grew silent. Pierce paused to look around in triumph, gloating over his moment of revenge.

* * *

"WHAT do you mean, Pierce?" demanded Jenkins heatedly.

"I mean your yellow boy's name ain't Howley at all!" shouted Pierce. "You want to know who he is? I'll tell you all right. Ever hear of Jack Phillips? Well, that's who he is!"

Several of the sports writers glanced at each other in sudden comprehension. Why hadn't they guessed it before?

Jack Phillips had been a middleweight sensation on the Pacific Coast. He had won fight after fight by one- and two-round knockouts. They had called him a second Ketchel. Then one evening he had fought Ferdie McCall. He had sent McCall down in the second round and McCall had never gotten up. He had died in the dressing room.

Doctors had exonerated Phillips of all blame for the death. They said McCall had died from heart failure. He had been advised to stay out of the fight.

But Phillips had been unable to bear up under the mental torture. Thoughtless fight crowds began yelling "Kill him, Phillips! Kill him!" when he fought. That cry shattered his nerves. He still blamed himself for the death of McCall. Ghosts of that fatal night would hold his arm when he tried to knock out an opponent. He lost fight after fight, presently dropping out of sight altogether.

Pierce thrust a newspaper clipping into Jenkins' hand. "Here's the proof," he snarled.

He was right. The clipping told about the fatal fight. Phillips' photo was at the top. All eyes turned on Phillips. He climbed slowly from the ring.

"Pierce is right," he said calmly. "I'm Jack Phillips. May I see you in your office, Mr. Jenkins?"

* * *

IN the office he poured out his heart. "I just couldn't stand it, Mr. Jenkins," he said evenly. "The doctors said I was not to blame. But I couldn't get that picture out of my mind. In a fight when I knocked my man down, I would see McCall lying there white and still. Those cruel cries they got to yelling at me were so unfair. They were agony to me. I got so I was afraid to hit a man hard. That's why I didn't knock Acine out. I'm sorry.

"I meant to quit fighting forever. I bummed around from place to place. Went hungry for days at a time. Finally I had to get back in the game to eat. I thought I would take a new name and maybe make good.

"I know now I was wrong. But I regret it for you more than myself. I'll do anything you say. If you want me to pack up and leave I'll do it. What shall I do?"

Jenkins was silent for a few moments. Then he placed his arm across Jack's shoulders. "It's your great chance, Jack," he said kindly. "It's going to be a battle. Tomorrow your story will be on the front pages of the nation. The wolves will be ready with that old, taunting cry. I'm glad you're fighting under your real name. What shall you do? Why, go right ahead and lick the stuffing out of the champion, that's what."

"But—but—I've been such a failure," mumbled Phillips.

"My boy, it isn't what you've been—it's what you do about it that counts," said Jenkins softly. "Now get back out there and face them. Knock out every sparring partner that faces you. It'll be the first shot in your coming battle."

* * *

OUTSIDE the door, he met Joyce Jenkins. They looked at each other for several moments. Then, without a word, they were in each other's arms. Jenkins opened the door, saw them, quietly closed the door. A pleased smile was on his lips.

The story that broke next day brought a demand for tickets that exceeded the supply. No better publicity stunt could have been devised. Sports writers wrote furiously. Nine out of ten predicted Phillips would be fighting two men in the ring—the champion and the ghost of McCall. The ghost would hold his arm when he started to hit, they said.

The story of the fatal McCall fight was dug up and reprinted. The champion did the square thing. He told the press he sympathized with Phillips, and hoped the

crowd would act fairly and not torture him by hurling the old cry at him. And Jeff Bailey meant it. He was a real champion.

Joyce had a ringside seat. It made her furious to even think that the crowd would taunt Phillips with the old cry. But it made her more furious for anyone to even hint that his courage was questionable.

* * *

BOTH the champion and Phillips got receptions as they entered the ring. At the center, when they shook hands, the champion grinned in a friendly way. "Good luck, kid," he whispered. Bailey was getting along in years, being thirty-six. He knew some youngster would take his crown in course of time.

A hoarse roar went up as the bell sounded, and the fight was on. Even before Jack was clear of his corner, the shout went up: "Kill him, Phillips!" But a storm of hisses greeted the author.

That first round was nothing to excite any onlooker. It was a slow, appraising round. Both fighters were cautious. Each respected the other. Once Phillips clipped the champion with a solid right to the jaw. Bailey almost went down. It shook him all over. But he covered up and recovered. Near the closing moments of the round, Jack caught him with a fast-shooting hook that plowed his jaw. Two inches more and the fight would have been over. It was Phillips' round.

"Watch him," cautioned Windy between rounds. "He's foxy and sly. Fights as much with his head as he does his hands."

But the champion uncovered no planned style of attack in the second round. He was content to box at long range for the most part. He made Phillips do the leading. And as the round was about to end, Jack became a bit careless. The champion's listlessness fooled him. Stepping back out of a clinch, he took his eyes off Bailey. It was nearly fatal.

Like a flashing rapier, Bailey's famous right hook shot out to his chin. Had it landed squarely it would probably have finished Jack. But he managed to get his chin partly out of the way. As it was, the blow sent him down.

The crowd began roaring for a knockout. But Jack got up unhurt and easily kept out of further danger.

* * *

JOYCE JENKINS relaxed back in her seat. That blow had frightened her badly. "Never mind, honey," whispered Jenkins, patting her hand. "It was an accident."

Windy Matthews had been carefully studying the champion. And he thought he had the answer.

"He ain't his old self," he whispered to Jack between rounds. "He's either stale or slowed up. All of your blows are landing. Don't believe he can stand you off if you go out and slug it out with him. Wade into him this round. Don't let up a minute. And when the time comes—put him out."

Phillips obeyed instructions. He flashed out, feinted with his left and caught Bailey with a short, sharp hook that knocked him off balance. Like a flash, Jack was all over him, shooting in powerful punches with both hands.

The champion tried to clinch. A swishing uppercut caught his chin. His legs faltered and his face whitened. As portions of the crowd stood and howled madly, Jack shot across his right. Bailey sagged to the floor, resting on his elbows.

"Kill him, Phillips! Kill him!" came a chorus of cries.

Bailey came up at nine, plainly weak. As Jack rushed in for a punch to finish him, the champion dived into a clinch. They were pried apart. Jack pumped both fists to the body, landed a clean left to the heart.

* * *

"KILL him, Phillips!" screamed a lusty-lunged fellow near ringside. Jack heard the cries. He tried to tell himself he didn't mind them. But they brought agonizing memories. How white the champion looked. What if one of his blows should kill him, too? They'd try him for murder then. Even as the torturing thoughts raced through his head, he crashed in a right hook that sent the champion down again.

Jack watched him fearfully as he lay there, prone and weak. Why, that was exactly the way McCall had lain. He rubbed his glove across his eyes. Why, it even looked like McCall. But no, he was fighting the champion. Why didn't Bailey get up? He shouldn't have hit him so hard. He'd have to pull those punches some or they might prove fatal again.

Bailey came up at eight, afraid to wait longer. He was wobbly and nearly out. No doubt of that.

"Kill him, Phillips! You know how! Kill him!" The cries came from a group to the right.

Phillips heard. And who was that by his side? It wasn't the referee. It was somebody with a face as white as death. Well, they said a ghost would be in the ring against him. The ghost of McCall. What was that Jenkins had told him? Ah, he remembered now. He'd said it was his great chance. It was now or never.

Something wanted to hold his arms. Something that came from within. Something that was stronger than his will to finish his man. Why did he have so many enemies?

"Kill him, Phillips! Go ahead and kill him!"

Suddenly Jack knew it was the greatest test of his life. If he stepped back now he would never conquer the old fear. Those cruel cries were so unfair. But a fight crowd is thoughtless. Almost sobbing in his determination to go ahead and win, he stepped into the champion and put every ounce of power he had in his right to the chin.

Bailey dropped like a sack of flour, his back hitting the canvas. The fight was over. The crowd went into a bedlam. As the count of ten sounded and Bailey hadn't twitched a muscle, pandemonium took the house.

"Jonah" Jenkins had a champion at last!

* * *

AS they raised his hand as the new middleweight champion of the world, Jack Phillips wasn't thinking of his new glory. He wasn't basking in the new strength he enjoyed from killing the ghosts of the past. He was finding pity in his heart for Bailey. There he lay unconscious, defeated and shorn of his title. Unmindful of his former prestige, the crowd was busy cheering his successor.

Jack stood watching as they carried Bailey to his corner and began reviving him. Men came forward and grabbed his hand. Others surged to the ringside, acclaiming him. One excited girl even jumped in the ring and kissed him. But he had no eyes for her. He was gazing straight into a pair of wonderful brown eyes. The eyes of Joyce Jenkins.

"Brown," he muttered to himself, "is the prettiest color in the world for eyes."

"Non-Stoop" Mat Bout

(*Continued from page* 24)

of the best in the country, had bet wildly. As a sample of the insanity shown by the Stecher followers, it was even money Joe would get the first fall inside of twenty minutes! Then on top of that it was 2 to 1 it wouldn't go thirty minutes, 4 to 1 on forty minutes and "write your own ticket" beyond that. If you mentioned an hour you'd be laughed out of town.

WELL, the farmers lost a chunk and at the end of an hour, all of the bets having been decided by that time, or most of them, they remained merely to razz and roast. Sore at Stecher's failure after all of his brilliant victories, angry that it wasn't any sort of a match to look at, they started plenty of roughhouse. Cushions flew and plenty of empty pop bottles were among the offerings.

One bottle just missed my head and wound up with a whack on Lewis' broad back. He never flinched.

And Sandow never ceased his quiet coaching of "Steady, Ed, don't take a chance!" And Ed never did. I thought he might have beaten Stecher after that first hour but he didn't move in that direction, apparently afraid of the crowd.

As referee I tried to continue the match to the next day, with everybody in free, in the same ring. They wouldn't listen to that.

The articles of agreement gave me no leeway. They were terrible. One article read: "This match shall not be called a draw or can it be decided on a foul!"

Fine pickle for a referee to be in—really it was a rough-and-tumble fight if nothing could be called a foul!

Well, at the end of five hours I walked out of the ring and told the wrestlers they could follow me if they wished: Both were worn to a frazzle and needed no second invitation to quit.

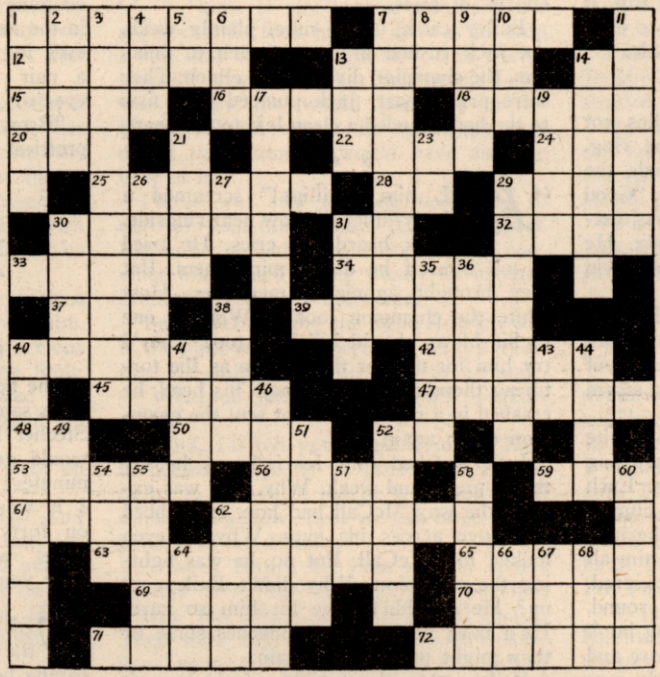
It was 9 o'clock, almost pitch dark excepting for a few lanterns, and that angry mob was still milling about, looking for some sort of satisfaction.

The few police there were totally inadequate and no reinforcements could be obtained. I didn't make any decision then, there was none I could render under the articles of agreement. I never did decide it—just let it go as it lay.

Now that I look back, it is a wonder to me that any of us directly concerned ever got back to the city alive!

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?



HORIZONTAL

1. Wrestler known as "Gentleman Jack."
7. A blouse.
12. Encircling.
13. Middleweight whose real name was Norman Selby.
14. Initials of a Boston Welterweight.
15. Elegant.
16. A sand bank.
18. Covered car.
20. Eastern Division of Natal (Abbr.).
22. What boxers use on their hands.
24. Royal League of Doctors (Abbr.).
25. Fixed.
28. Note of the scale.
29. The "Fighting Senegalese."
30. Georgia Light-heavyweight.
31. Within.
32. Set up on a mound.
33. Small animal.
34. Extended view.
37. Latin Edition of Laws (Abbr.).
39. Boxing class.
40. Clear.
42. Under an assumed name.
45. To sharpen.
47. He dethroned Jimmy Goodrich of the Lightweight crown.
48. Employed in.
50. Silk worm.
52. Note of the scale.
53. A topic.
56. One who utters falsehood.
59. A tree.
61. Language of Northern India.
62. He gained the Lightweight title from Rocky Kansas.
63. Jimmy Goodrich was born in ....., Penn.
65. Later in time. 69. Skins of Animals.
70. Head ornament.
71. Grand Rapids Lightweight.
72. He dethroned Ballerino of the Junior-Lightweight crown.

VERTICAL

1. Thin cake.
2. Dry.
3. Wrestler known as "Dynamite Gus".
4. Color.
5. Boston Nationals (Abbr.).
6. United Doctors of Surgery (Abbr.).
7. Present Welterweight champ.
8. Institute of Colorado (Abbr.).
9. Pertaining to medicine.
10. Tinge.
11. Fair.
13. The wrestling game.
14. He dethroned Flowers of the Middleweight title in 1926.
17. Stops.
19. South African weight measure.
21. Gigantic.
23. Father.
26. Present day featherweight from Cincinnati.
27. Royal Home (Abbr.).
29. A fighter needs this to go 15 rounds.
30. A vegetable.
31. Wrestlers first name.
35. To wager.
36. In Turkish fashion.
38. Jack Johnson won the title from Jeffries in this city.
40. Spreads.
41. African River.
43. Like.
44. To glide.
46. The "Bridgeport Sharpshooter."
49. Pertaining to thee.
51. Forges.
52. Tendency.
54. Entity.
55. Bustle.
58. Ancient Greek Philosopher.
60. Old time Lightweight.
62. Manufactured.
64. Edge. 66. A tree.
67. To tack.
68. Period of time.

Answers on page 46

Boxing in the U. S. Navy

(*Continued from page* 17)

IN the fall of the year, the Fleet Athletic Officers lay out their schedules for Navy eliminations. The program lasts for almost four months, and then the United States Fleet Athletic Officer designates a date for the All-Navy Finals. So great was the interest in the 1933 finals that more than five thousand fans failed to gain admission, while the fourteen thousand lucky ones were thrilled at the Navy Field in Long Beach, California. The Battle Force, which represents the West Coast Navy, seems to produce the better fighters, and appears to have the number of the Scouting Force, and the Atlantic Fleet.

Both these armadas have their own eliminations, and belts are awarded to the winners of respective Fleet Championships, but the real fireworks start when the Fleet champs meet for the All-Navy honors. Out in the China Station, they have their own title bouts. The Asiatic Station awards their own belts and the competition in the land of rice and tea is very strong.

Each ship has its boxing coach, usually an Ensign, but the bulk of the work falls upon the enlisted man, usually an ex-boxer himself. Barney McAllister looks after the boys on the U. S. S. *Vestal*, and he is regarded a very able mentor. Freddie Sharpe, on the *Arizona*, Harry Ussery, on the *Melville*, Earl Jones, of the *Indianapolis* and Pop Brinkley on the *New York*, have accomplished excellent results in developing Navy boxers. These coaches and the many others of the Navy are completely occupied during the boxing season.

All matches are held on board the ships, except the finals which are usually held in the Navy Fields of San Pedro, and Long Beach, California. The Navy Department awards the General Excellency Trophy, or "Iron Man" to the ship winning most points in all branches of Athletics, and the much coveted trophy is the topic of discussion by all the gobs during the athletic season.

Since every boxing bout count brings five points to the winner on a kayo, and three for a decision, the interest is keen at all times. The past few years have found Navy boxing under the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union. In Navy competition, all events are six two-minute rounds.

A decision must be rendered at the end of the sixth round, and a draw is not legal. Should any of the Navy boys participate in a professional bout, he immediately becomes ineligible and forfeits his right to box for the Navy belts. This arrangement has caused much concern among Navy men, for they feel, that while such a rule exists, it will be impossible to bring out any more Johnny Buffs, Jack Sharkeys or Eddie Huffmans.

* * *

JAKE SHUGRUE—no relation to the immortal Joe—boxing coach of the *Tennessee*, feels that his sterling middleweight, Frankie Remus, who recently put up a fine go with Gorilla Jones in Seattle could lick any middleweight in the Navy, but Remus's pro bouts prohibit his appearance with the Navy Simon-pures. And Spud Murphy, famous boxing instructor of the *Pennsylvania*, thinks that Jimmy Walsh, his hard hitter, would stamp out the competition in his class, despite his defeats at the hands of Remus. Murphy by the way, holds a referee's license in seven states, including Illinois and New York.

With the Fleet on the Atlantic Coast this year, the boxing eliminations will very likely be held in eastern waters. This will give fans of New York and Norfolk an opportunity to witness Navy boys in action.

If the same rules prevail as in the past, most of the ships will open the smokers and boxing exhibitions to the general public. If you can find time, visit the battleships and cruisers of Uncle Sam's Navy and see these boys in action.

The sports writers of San Francisco are still talking about the Navy boxing show held at the Auditorium last year. The fourteen thousand spectators went into theoretical nose spins and nearly tore the roof off. Tom Laird, leading sports writer of the Bay City, said that 'Frisco saw the greatest fistic show since the twenty-round days.

Some of the Navy boxers who have made a name in civilian rings, are Tom Sharkey, Jack Sharkey, Sailor Petroskey, Charlie Grande, Tommy Teague, Phil Schlossberg, Fred Fritts, Johnny Buff, Eddie Shevlin, Larry Pendergast, Eddie Huffman, Ritchie King, Harry Gordon, Honey Boy Finnegan, Jimmy Hackley, Harold Henderson, Sailor Freedman and Jack Silver.

Baer's Rise

(*Continued from page* 15)

Willard at Toledo and, under a temperature of 110 degrees, Baer dropped the verdict. For several days both the fighters were blinded from sunstroke.

Following that mill, Baer took into camp Jose Santa, Les Kennedy, Walter Cobb, Paul Swiderski, Arthur De Kuh, King Levinsky, Tuffy Griffiths and Schaaf. He gave Ernie such a severe beating in Chicago that Schaaf was unconscious for several days after the bout and, when he died later following his contest with Primo Carnera, his death was generally attributed to the damage inflicted by Baer, not Carnera.

The smiling, curly-haired Californian has speed, courage, tremendous hitting power, the greatest of any man in the ring today. The deaths of Campbell and Schaaf testify to his powerful punch.

Win or lose, Baer will give the fans a run for their money. He'll be in the big money and in the good graces of the ladies even if he fails to win the title. He can make as much in the movies, in which he clicks, as he can in fighting.

* * *

IN the list of old-time Jewish fighters, no name is greater than that of Joe Choynski. He was never a champion, but he measured up to championship calibre and there are many students of the game who maintain that Choynski rightfully belongs to any selection of the world's best ten heavyweights. There never was a more likeable chap in the sport and he was a model in physique. He fought in a day when boys of Jewish extraction had to contend against bitter racial feeling and prejudices, but Joe was popular from coast to coast.

He was born in 'Frisco in 1868 and is still around, occasionally doing a bit of refereeing *a la* Jack Dempsey in the Middle West and acting as a boxing instructor, but not getting Jack's fancy fee, which is a pity, for Choynski in his time was a great 'un and would have given the Manassa Mauler a real fight. What the result of that meeting would have been with each man at top form is a matter of vain speculation. Comparing old-timers with moderns is difficult, but, fight for fight, Choynski's record, when you consider the class and quality of his opposition, appears more impressive than Dempsey's.

Choynski fought the greatest battlers of the age and invariably men far heavier than himself. Never wanting in skill, punch or nerve, he presents an example of the ideal type of ringman. He was always a square shooter and strictly honest.

Joe was born of Hebrew parentage in San Francisco in November, 1868, and in 1884 entered the ring as a professional when he was defeated by Jim Corbett in one round. Five years later, in less than two months, he fought Corbett three times. The police stopped the first contest in four rounds, and Corbett won the other two in twenty-eight and four rounds, respectively.

* * *

JOE GODDARD twice whipped Choynski in Australia in four-round bouts in 1891, after which Joe won a number of important battles prior to his encounter with Bob Fitzsimmons in the Boston Theater on June 18, 1894. Choynski came within an ace of scoring a knockout soon after the beginning of the mill, but old Fitz rallied and was punching the Coast Hebrew all over the ring when the fifth and last round ended.

After boxing a six-round draw with Dan Creedon of Australia in Chicago, Choynski knocked out Jim Hall, another Antipodean, in thirteen rounds at the famous Empire Athletic Club of Maspeth, N. Y., in 1896. But before the end of that year Choynski was put to sleep by Tom Sharkey in four rounds, and by Peter Maher in six, the latter affair taking place at the old Broadway Athletic Club in the presence of the late Theodore Roosevelt, then police commissioner.

Choynski, nothing daunted, fought a twenty-round draw with Jeffries at San Francisco in 1897, and also drew with Sharkey, Goddard and Ruhlin in short bouts in 1898.

He was beaten by Kid McCoy in twenty rounds the following year, but he whipped Jack McCormick, Mexican Pete Everett, Australian Jim Ryan, Jim Hall, Dick Moore and Steve O'Donnell, all during the campaign of 1899.

Choynski sustained knock-outs at the hands of McCoy, Joe Walcott and Sharkey in 1900. His fight with McCoy occurred at the Broadway Athletic Club and caused a near-riot when Joe was flattened after the gong had ended the fourth round. Walcott, eight inches shorter and thirty pounds lighter, put him away in seven rounds, while Sharkey turned the trick in two.

It was in February, 1901, that Choynski stopped Jack Johnson, then a greenhorn, in the third round at Galveston, Tex. Joe was near the end of his career at the time, and three years later he quit the ring, after receiving painful beatings from Kid Carter, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Peter Maher, Nick Burley and Marvin Hart.

Jack Johnson, who has a roadhouse at the Teterboro Airport and is promoter of fights for the Teterboro A. C. in New Jersey, is a frequent visitor to THE RING office, and he has often testified to Choynski's skill. Joe, or any of the other old-timers, he declares, would wade through the present crop of heavyweights with ease and dexterity. He says Choynski gave him his hardest fight and that Max Baer will knock out Carnera within eight rounds.

Quite the most interesting character around Baer's camp at Asbury Park was his father, Jacob. Not only was he the most interested, but the proudest person in the camp as he watched his sons train.

Pa Baer says that the Max of today is a far different fellow from the Max who started his fistic career four years ago.

"At least he takes things seriously," says his pa. "I've always tried to impress on his mind the folly of following the fight game if you are not after the championship.

"He realizes now that by this time he should have stored away a little fortune from what he has earned in the ring. He hasn't a cent to show for thousands of dollars he has collected and that's why he is taking his work seriously now. He has come to see the folly of his ways and that's why I know I have in my son, the next world's heavyweight champion."

Calif. Champs

(*Continued from page* 8)

into unconsciousness as though smitten by lightning, and counted out.

In 1901, Jeffries defeated Hank Griffin, the colored heavyweight, in four rounds, kayoed Joe Kennedy in two, and stopped Gus Ruhlin in five frames. The following year he gave Bob Fitzsimmons a return match and they met in San Francisco on July 25. Like Corbett, the lanky Australian was so sure that he could whip Jeff that he went into the ring fit to make the fight of his life. And, as a matter of fact, Jim Jeffries had never been so close to being stopped as when, in the eighth round, he landed the body punch and combination jolt to the jaw that put Bob away.

Up to that fateful moment, Fitzsimmons had served out such bitter punishment to Jeffries that the latter presented a ghastly and gory sight. The Cornishman's trenchant punches had cut Jeff over and under both eyes, over the left one a torn eyebrow flapped, both cheekbones gaped in crimson slits, his nose was almost flattened and underlip cut through to the teeth.

Had the fight lasted one more round, it is quite possible that Jeffries might have been obliged to quit, through sheer inability to see his opponent. A minute after the knockout blow left Fitz gasping on the floor, Jeffries was practically blind and Delaney had to guide him to his dressing-room.

* * *

A SECOND bout with Jim Corbett on August 14 resulted in a comparatively easy victory for Jeffries in ten rounds. Corbett was knocked out after an exhibition in which he displayed his usual gameness, but none of the skill that enabled him to hold Jeff on more than even terms in their first encounter. During the same year, while on a tour, Jeffries failed to knock out Jack Munroe at Butte, Montana, in four rounds, with the result that Munroe's backers challenged for the title and a match was arranged to take place in San Francisco, August 26, 1904. This affair turned out to be something of a fizzle. Munroe was apparently scared half to death when he faced the champion, made no attempt to fight back, and was knocked out in the early part of the second round.

Jeffries' retirement, his return to the ring in 1910 to meet Jack Johnson and his ignominious defeat by the colored man at Reno in fifteen rounds, furnished an anti-climax to the career of a great fighter that does not make pleasant reading. That he was physically unfit for the ordeal, and should never have accepted the assignment, goes without saying. But against that one blot on his escutcheon can be placed a record of victories that entitles him to rank with the great champions of history.

Max Baer has come out of the West, even as did Jeffries in the past. Max's first Eastern debut, when he lost to Schaaf and Loughran, was something of a failure. So was that of Jeffries, when he failed to impress the critics. Baer redeemed himself when he beat Schmeling, and it was the knockout of the German that gained for the Livermore Larruper the titular shot with Primo Carnera.

Chuck Conners

(Continued from page 37)

"Dis yaller beaut I bought after I made a hamburger out of dat galoot over in Doyle's in Hoboken," he'd continue until he told the history of each of the ten victories and the ten flaming, fancy shirts. Some friendly Chinaman presented him with a very fine green silk shirt, which he prized greatly and only wore on St. Patrick's day—provided it wasn't snowing or raining, so very careful was he of the gorgeous green silk shirt.

Mike Leonard, a flashy, plucky lightweight of Brooklyn, who was also quite a popular favorite in the old days, induced Chuck to double up with him in a vaudeville sketch, and after considerable rehearsing, they secured an engagement at Coster and Bials' old variety theater on West 14th Street near Sixth Avenue.

Mike who was always a very swell dresser was booked to play the part of "Beau Brummel," while Chuck assumed a tough Bowery boy rôle. Leonard pranced up and down before the footlights like a howling lord in the most ostentatious manner, while the gruff German stage manager fairly pushed the rather confused Chuck out of the wings. When he reached the center of the stage he stood aghast, wildly staring at Leonard's pompous display, but he seemed so amazed he couldn't utter a word.

"Say something! Say Something!" begged Leonard in an audible stage whisper to Chuck, while the enraged stage manager yelled in the wings, "Come off, Conners! Come off! You're queering the show!"

With a look of disgust, Chuck finally said quite loudly, "Mike, you're rotten," and walked off the stage. What a furious laugh Chuck's opinion of Leonard's performance caused, especially among the gallery gods, who cheered and roared:

"Come on, Chuck! Come on! You're great!" But Chuck quickly beat it out of the stage door and almost ran all the way back to Chinatown.

But this unsatisfactory experience didn't discourage Chuck's theatrical ventures. It rather increased his interest for the stage for he appeared in several minor parts in various Bowery show houses with more or less success, and finally went on a long tour through the country in *The Bowery After Dark*, as one of the principal attractions. But while trouping on the road he was always restless, homesick, and anxious to get back to his favorite rookery in Chinatown.

"Hully gee, when we landed in Texas dey had the yaller fever scare. De doctors grabbed us and squirted dope into our arms and den locked us up in a bum shack for nearly a month—quarantined—don't yer call it? De shack was full of snakes, bugs, scorpions, and odder divilish t'ings. I t'ought I was gittin' de jimjams. Nix on dose foreign dumps. Chinky Chinatown is good enough for old Chuck."

Chinatown surely lost its most picturesque and attractive character when Chuck Conners passed away some years ago. But all the old characters, it seems, are gone: Jim Levelle, Paddy Mullins, Ed Price who was a great heavyweight fighter and finally became the leading lawyer for the Chinese, Johnny White, "Nigger Mike" Saltus, and many others who played leading parts in New York's strange and mysterious Oriental slum district.

Am I Colossal!

(Continued from page 39)

use to frighten children and haunt houses.

So I smile and say, I am a born comic. I am stupendous, tremendous, the biggest thing seen since Chaplin. Doesn't a moving picture guy tell me after I pull that funny entry into the ring in the Garden last night? I know all along that I am cut out for something better than fightin' for twelve C's in Youngstown.

Well, Louie the Lug throws a fit. I tell him about this here Baer bird, which makes a hit in the movies, and has all the dolls by the ears.

I tell him about the colossal, tremendous opportunity we have to get into the paint cards. Fightin' is outta style and the mugs won't pay to see it any more, especially the matches the promoters put on now. The movies are the thing to tie up with. I holler at Louie the Lug until I think I am bustin' those big ears of his. Only I cannot get this into his noggin' and he dashes outta the room hollering. The guy thinks he is Durante. He is nuts.

Well, the movie bird shows up with the contract, which says I get one grand a week. I go out and buy myself some rare scenery, and call up Horty for a dinner date. She laughs like hell, as no doubt she is tickled to have Joe Hotler, the new movie sensation, give her a play. Am I going over, or am I going over?

SUNDAY

HERE I am, in some hotel room or other, with a hell of a headache, and if anybody can tell me about dames, I will tell him he is a cockeyed liar as they ain't anybody in the world which knows anything about them.

I take this Horty doll to dinner and say, Kid, take a gander at the guy which drives Durante outta the movies.

She says, you are nuts. I say, I have signed a contract with the Mastodon Pictures and am quitting the nasty old ring, as I do not believe fightin' is a good game for a clean, able guy like me.

She hollers, you in the movies? You quit fightin'? Why, pre— well, she says I am wrong. A bird with ears like yours in the movies? Why, they'll make a pansy outta you and the next thing you know you won't be anything. Don't be a damned fool, she says.

So I says, I have ideas for betterin' myself. Fightin' is for lugs and mugs. She says, fightin' is for he-men and you seem to have lost out. Well, I get sore like, and she says, do I want to associate with moving picture guys I can go to dinner with Gary Hooper or Ping Hossby. I get a thrill outta associatin' with fightin' guys.

Well, anyways, here I am, signed for the movies, with a terrible headache, and that Louie the Lug callin' me over the phone every ten minutes—and the doll says she ain't interested in moving picture stars! Am I crazy, or am I nuts?

(To be continued in an early issue)

Hardly a Circus Freak

(Continued from page 5)

ever drew as many people into his gymnasium, Stillman avers.

When he left the gymnasium, crowds followed him on the street. The presence of Carnera was sufficient to gather a crowd at any given spot at any hour of the day or night.

When Carnera moved about the country on his setup tour he probably had more persons in his company than were in that carnival troupe in France. No fighter in history has had as many "piece men" as Primo.

On this tour the ballyhoo centered around Carnera's "terrible" punch, his size and the amount of food he consumed at one sitting. "For breakfast," read one communique, "Primo has a quart of orange juice, two quarts of milk, nineteen pieces of toast, fourteen eggs, a loaf of bread and half a pound of Virginia ham."

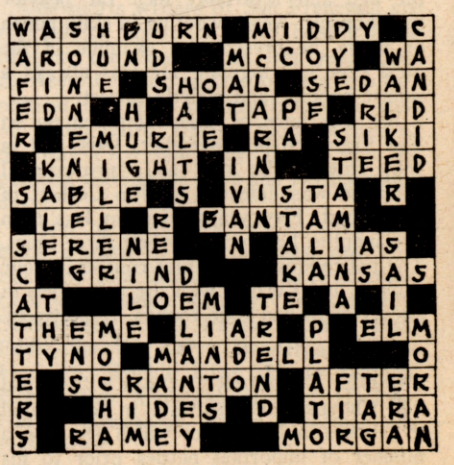
There was another stock press release, as follows: "Carnera wears a nineteen and a half collar, carries a walking stick weighing nine pounds, his shoes are size 21 and weigh 7½ pounds each and he is six feet seven inches tall in his bare feet."

These statements, of course, were exaggerations. I recall that See made a terrific row when the New York Boxing Commission insisted that Carnera's height be measured and he be forced to remove his shoes. It was discovered that the correct size of his shoes was 15 and that his height was 6 feet 5½ inches.

Billy Taub, the famous New York tailor, who made several suits for Carnera, said he had to use three times the amount of material required to manufacture a suit for an ordinary man. Pictures were taken with four tailors taking Primo's measurements, one of them standing on a ladder. Billy, who caters to New York's sportsmen, looks like a pigmy beside the giant Carnera. Taub told reporters that he used as much material for the legs of the trousers of Carnera, as he used for an entire suit for Jimmy McLarnin or Benny Leonard.

And so it went, until every one in the country knew all about Primo Carnera; or thought they did. We don't know all about him even yet, but we should know after his fight with Baer.

Answer to Puzzle on Page 44



Feet and the Boxer

(*Continued from page* 16)

how punch-drunk he may be, he'll never believe it if you tell him he's punch-drunk.

"Just the same, I remarked to 'Boo Boo' Hoff what my friends were telling me. 'There may be something to it,' he remarked. 'Why don't you run up to Germantown and see Dr. Van Ronk?' I did, and took Harry Serody with me. Both of us went through the worst tortures, but I can say now that I'm in better shape than I've been in for years, even though I lost my return match with Locatelli."

Whereupon Benny got up to his toes and began to shadow box all over the place. "See how I move?" he asked, swaying in the meantime to duck imaginary fists and digging his upraised left into a phantom jaw. In truth, he was showing more than his customary speed and agility. "That's what boxing on my toes has done for me," said Bass when observers remarked about his speed and hitting power. "I don't have to swing a mile to reach the other guy's chin, because my reach is longer, and I hit better from the toes than the heels."

So, if you ever hear that Ty Cobb or Jack Dempsey or Charley Paddock broke down because their legs went back on them, don't believe it, counsels Dr. Van Ronk; it's not the legs, but the feet.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(*Continued from page* 19)

sport in Australian boxing circles.

* * *

THE reorganization of Madison Square Garden is under way. Although ordinarily such an item is not of news value to the average public, in the case of the Garden, it is. Madison Square Garden is New York's greatest sports center. At least it should be. Since the world depression got under way, the Garden, like other gigantic business ventures, has been suffering from lack of patronage. To what extent the collapse of the House that Tex Built can be attributed to the general mismanagement is something I cannot say.

While many of the staunchest friends of the Garden in its years of prosperity place the blame on the matchmaking department and also on the attitude of the high officials towards the fight game, the fact remains that the Garden has flopped terribly in the last two years and that new blood in the directorate and in other departments may be the means for placing this center of amusement back on the high pedestal it once occupied.

So far as I can see, I doubt that anyone could have done much better than have Kilpatrick and Johnston during the past lean year. There were times when poor judgment was used and bouts that belonged in a minor club were staged, but, on a whole, many excellent cards were billed that didn't draw a tumble from Johnny Public. The reason? Well, the depression for one, and the lack of newspaper publicity was responsible for the other.

A contest staged under the jurisdiction of Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund can command reams and reams of publicity, because of the high calibre of all shows arranged by her Christmas Fund and Milk Fund committees, and naturally, with the vast amount of space allotted for those benefit performances, the success of her shows is assured from the very start. Not so, however, with the Garden's best attractions.

At best, the organization has received scant publicity because of the antagonism of newspapermen towards certain officials and to that I attribute the failure of the Garden. Perhaps the advent of Colonel Hammond, a well-liked fellow who knows sports from A to Z, may alter things. At least for the interests of the sport of boxing and wrestling, I hope so. The Garden can use a little prosperity, and so can all those who are dependent on boxing for a livelihood, including yours truly.

* * *

COLONEL HAMMOND has taken the helm of a new directorate which includes among its names men high in the field of sports and business. He has announced that his intentions are to build the place up where it belongs and we feel confident that he will succeed just as he did in building up hockey in New York.

The Hammonds were and are quite a clan. For several generations the family controlled the Crown Point Iron Mines in northern New York, on Lake Champlain. The Colonel saw something of the iron business, as a boy, so his present association with the steel blades business is not out of line with family tradition.

His family also had a fighting tradition. He has carried that on, too. He did his bit in the World War, and he has stayed put in the Garden, adding a dignity and distinction to his department (and also prosperity) that is not amiss at that rather harried institution in these days.

It was a round-about course that led Hammond into the sports business here. A picturesque career embracing college and army life, military attache-ing in South America, a fling at international banking and the oil game, lay behind the Colonel when he signed with the Garden. He has come to love the business he is in now. He gets a great thrill out of hockey and he is deeply wrapped up in his Rangers and the Garden's future.

Hammond first met Tex in 1911 in Argentina, Tex being down to buy some cattle land, and seeking out Hammond to ask if he knew anything about Patagonia. Tex passed up Patagonia at Hammond's advice and the two became quite pally and went into northern Argentina on a camping trip and Hammond says that what he best remembers of the Rickard of those days was Tex's uncanny sense of direction.

"You couldn't lose Tex out in the open. He always knew where he was and where he was going and how to get there, characteristics I later was to observe in him in connection with other matters."

* * *

IT was Hammond's regret that he never got overseas in the war. He was such a valuable teacher in his specialty of field artillery work that he was kept at instructing young officers on this side. He was commandant of artillery at the first and second camps at Plattsburg and later he was made a colonel and sent to Camp McClellan at Anniston, Ala., where he trained six artillery brigades and had forty thousand men under him.

After the Armistice he resigned from the service and went to Bolivia as representative for a New York brokerage house and helped float a twelve-million-dollar bond issue, returned to the States to have the concern cave in on him, throwing him out of a job. He returned again to South America and assisted a railroad contractor to get a concession from the Peruvian government; rambled around on his own hook a bit and acquired "about a million acres of land," some of which was found to contain oil.

When the Colonel returned to the States in 1922, he had a get-together meeting with Rickard. They exchanged dreams about the future by the more or less limpid waters of the swimming pool in the old Garden. Tex was all for building a new and bigger pleasure palace, but he couldn't go ahead until he was certain the old Garden would be razed and not remain as a possible home for some sport competitor.

Hammond's hope was to find a place where pro hockey could be brought into New York profitably, and Tex's dream palace, that eventually materialized on Eighth Avenue, proved just the spot for the sport, and a lucky day it was for the Garden corporation that it got behind Hammond's hockey hopes and put them over, for hockey has been a life saver in the recent lean boxing period.

Today the Colonel is back on the job, handling the home that his pal built.

Forty Years in Sports

(*Continued from page* 25)

Zbyszkos and Mahmout. There's a list that comprises five million dollars' worth of grapplers. And in more recent years, Strangler Lewis, Jim Londos, Szabo, Steele, McMillen, Malcewicz, Shikat, Don George, Browning and Stein among others, —as fine a lot as ever graced a mat.

"Wrestling today exceeds boxing in popularity with the public. The fans like the tactics employed by the modern grapplers and we promoters, to be a success, must cater to the fans' whims and wishes.

"My big chance in sports promotion came to me through the friendship of George Siler. It was he who gave me my start and who helped me to gain a knowledge of the finer points in sports promotion. He took me to the Fitzsimmons-Corbett and Fitzsimmons-Maher fights where I got my first great thrills and I've been getting them ever since.

"Sports have gained a firm hold in the life of every American and we on the promotorial end, must aim to please those who pay the freight. The average American knows his sports and that's why we must always be on the alert to give him what he wants for his money. The newspapers and the boxing commission have done their share towards popularizing wrestling and boxing and to both, sports owes a vote of thanks."

Up the Ladder with Baer

(*Continued from page* 13)

Jack Dempsey, a consistent Baer booster from the beginning of the latter's career, did not lose faith, even when Max dropped decisions later to Risko and Paulino, the first in ten, the second in twenty rounds. A speedy, sledge-hammer puncher was ever Dempsey's ideal. He knew Baer could hit. The Paulino affair convinced him that the Californian was a glutton to stand punishment, and when Max went on his way scoring kayoes as of old, Dempsey laughed at his detractors. The Manassa Mauler finally promoted a Reno battle in which Baer again proved his ability to travel a distance by beating the widely touted King Levinsky in 20 rounds.

Max took revenge for an early defeat by whipping Schaaf in 10 frames, the latter collapsing in his corner after the final bell, and wound up the 1932 season by stopping Tuffy Griffiths in seven rounds. Dempsey, now closely associated with Baer's fortunes, was more than ever convinced that the latter was a champion in the making, and negotiations by the former title-holder resulted in the battle between the Californian and Max Schmeling in New York, June 8, 1933.

That victory, scored in ten rounds of hurricane fighting, was the event which made Baer's feathers plume like a peacock's. No longer could there be any doubt as to who was the legitimate choice of an opponent for Primo Carnera. When the tough, game German, universally recognized as the leading heavyweight title contender, reeled helplessly under Baer's cyclonic attack, and a canny referee intervened, lest worse things happen, assembled thousands cheered the dynamic winner frantically and greeted him hoarsely as the "next world's champion!"

Max was reared on the sunny Pacific slopes, even if he first saw the light in Omaha, Nebraska, February 11, 1909. Hence Californians list him as a Native Son.

Scaling the Heights with Carnera

(*Continued from page* 12)

for him, and was quite unaware of the manner in which he was exploited.

In the same year, Carnera fought George Godfrey, the then formidable colored scrapper, in Philadelphia, and won on a foul in the fifth round. The Godfrey battle came in for a lot of hostile criticism on the grounds that the Negro deliberately fouled and lost when he had the fight well in hand. However that may have been, one fact emerged from the ruck of charges and counter charges—that the big fellow could not only take it, but was beginning to handle himself expertly.

Godfrey was undeniably one of the most powerful punchers in the business. In the opening rounds he punished Carnera severely in the body, but the giant never flinched, but kept advancing and boring steadily in. At any rate, there could be no question as to his gameness, and from then on, the sport writers began to treat him with more respect.

The late Willy Stribling, who fought Carnera twice abroad, losing and winning on a foul, prior to the big fellow's first visit here, always maintained in the face of contrary opinions that Primo was the hardest man on earth to hurt, and prophesied that he would some day be heavyweight champion. As time went on it was fast becoming evident that Carnera was shaping into a tough proposition to beat. After the Godfrey affair, he never engaged in a bout on which the faintest shadow of suspicion rested. He scored numerous knockouts, dropped a couple of close decisions, but on the whole, improved immensely.

Primo lost a fifteen round decision to Jack Sharkey in 1931. The ex-gob was in rare fettle then, and once toppled the giant over with a right to the jaw. It was a punch that would have finished most men, but Carnera weathered the storm and was fighting back doggedly, though badly battered, at the close.

In 1932 Carnera won many battles both here and abroad. On February 10, 1933, occurred his contest with Ernie Schaff which resulted in the latter's death, after being knocked out in round 13. Sneering at Carnera was no longer in fashion, and he was liberally backed when he fought and knocked out Jack Sharkey for the world's title in New York, June 29, 1933.

In that event, Carnera demonstrated satisfactorily that the uppercut which laid Sharkey low was not the only formidable weapon in his possession. For this enormous chap had developed as fine and effective a left jab as one could wish to see, every whit as workmanlike as the straight lefts that made Gene Tunney and Tommy Loughran famous. When Primo defeated Loughran in defense of his title at Miami not long ago, the surprised experts were obliged to admit that he even outboxed the master-boxer at times. Acquired cleverness backed by ponderous brawn and muscle—those were the physical handicaps under which Max Baer had to labor when he faced Carnera for the world's title battle in the Madison Square Garden Bowl in Astoria, Long Island.

Colossal Carnera and Belting Baer

(*Continued from page* 3)

ring, he already has demonstrated that he is far from a poor hitter; far from a slow mover; far from a sluggish boxer.

As for Baer, his career will be watched from the Carnera match on—watched more than keenly, for Max has gone about capitalizing on his Schmeling in a strange way. For a time it seemed as if Baer never would fight again, and that he would devote his time to the movies, and the more leisurely and effete environment of platinum blondiana.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

BUCK EVERETT, formerly of Gary, Ind., but now from Miami, Fla., has taken the South by storm with his ever-pleasing, aggressive style. He has defeated some of the country's best fighters. He has stopped Frankie Edgren, one-time sparring partner of Primo Carnera; Dewey Kimrey, ex-Southern champion; Biff Bennett; Tony Myszuka and Johnny Saunders. He has also whipped Eddie Houghton, sparring partner of Tommy Loughran; Dick Daniels, popular Boston youth; Tony Cancela, sparring partner of Kingfish Levinsky; Charles Belanger, light-heavyweight champion of Canada; Steve Trojack, heavyweight titleholder of Canada; Babe Hunt; Tait Littman; Al Friedman; Johnny Freeman; Tiger Jack Fox; Larry Udell; Jack Roper and Buck Easterling.

Your scribe likes to give credit where credit is due and hence a little space on Ed. "Hardrock" Harden of North Carolina. Harden is Carolina's most impressing and pleasing fighter and is rapidly forging ahead. Watch this lad. He's a comer.

Pat Flaherty, popular Savannah, Ga., welterweight, who has held his own with the country's best welters and middleweights, has re-entered the game. Pat, who is managed by your writer, has sailed through such figures as Rambling Rufus Miles, Babe Kiser, Joe Lipps, Wilbur Stokes, Baby Stribling, Jimmie Griffin, Jackie Ausborn and a host of others.

That glamorous ex-world's titleholder, Jess Willard, who was sent down in defeat by the maulers of Jack Dempsey, has re-entered the game but this time as the third man in the ring. Jess started his refereeing tour in Texas and will wind up in the East. Although not as popular as Dempsey, Willard is drawing gates worth talking about. Promoters and matchmakers wishing to use this "gate puller" should get in touch with me, as I am doing his booking from Florida to Washington, D. C. Pictures, together with other matter, will be sent out regarding Willard's tour.

THEY TOOK PLACE LAST MONTH—At Macon, Ray Kiser scored over Lope Tenorio . . . . At Miami, Buck Everett bested Dewey Kimrey . . . . At Charleston, Carl Knowles and LeRoy Brown fought a draw . . . . At Atlanta, Jack Denning knocked out Jackie McCoy . . . . At Savannah, Jackie Gibbs scored over Billy Shell . . . . Tony Marriclo k.o.ed Billy Thomas at New Orleans . . . . While Adam Cook sent Jack Sexton to the cleaners also as did Jimmie Beeson to K. O. Baer . . . . At Jacksonville, Chino Alvarez k.o.ed Gene Tillman . . . . At Augusta, Jack Denning knocked out Chick Hill . . . . And at Ware Shoals he shellacked Wilbur Stokes . . . . At Dallas, Wilson Dunn won from Clyde Chastain . . . . Horace Burkell decisioned Terry Hogarth at Jacksonville . . . . At Hollywood, Bob Godwin disposed of Benny Miller . . . . At Cincinnati, Rough House Glover won from Alabama Kid . . . . Jimmie Wade knocked out Bob Johnson at Augusta . . . . In the semi-windup, Jimmy Lundy decisioned Pete Sumter . . . . Abe Liggett decisioned Billy Hood at Columbus, while in the other ten-rounder Charles "Kid" Baisden defeated Ernesto Sauges . . . . At Memphis, Eddie "Kid" Wolfe and Harry Dublinsky battled to a draw . . . . Charles "Kid" Baisden defeated Dunny Nix at Columbus.

Your scribe is still in the market for good fighters. I have made connections for Frankie Bojarski, Eric Lawson, Charley Belenger, George Annarino, Jack Denning, George Neron and many others. I can do likewise for you.

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IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Vic, Hawaii

Q.—Would Baer in his present condition have whipped Gene Tunney at his best?

A.—No. Baer will have to go a long way to be as good as was the Tunney who whipped Dempsey at Philadelphia.

Q.—How old are Jimmy McLarnin, Young Peter Jackson, Ceferino Garcia?

A.—Born December 17, 1905. Born Los Angeles, 1913. Born in Philippines, 1912. You will find all of these and many other complete records and dates of birth in "Tcm Andrews' Record Book."

Q.—Has Hans Steinke ever met Sammy Stein?

A.—Yes.

George Hoyle, Brooklyn

Q.—Has Steinke met McMillen, Garibaldi, Browning, and Don George?

A.—Yes, yes, no, no. He beat Steele, McMillen, Garibaldi, and lost to Steele and McMillen in build-up bouts.

Q.—Why don't you run the ratings of wrestlers as you do those of the fighters?

A.—Because the wrestlers don't deserve it. Almost every match among the topnotchers is a fixed affair. The winner can always be selected in advance. The present-day wrestling championship matches, with the exception of that between Browning and Londos which will soon be decided, are merely excellent exhibitions. Every contest in which Browning has participated since he won the title has been one in which he was scheduled to win and he did. That's why ratings of wrestlers means nothing. You cannot say the same of fights. They are all or ninety-nine per cent on the level.

H. Von Roemer, Valley Stream, N. Y.

Q.—Was Hans Steinke ever a wrestling champion?

A.—He was recognized as world heavyweight champion by the New York State Athletic Commission about six years ago.

Q.—What were the weight, size, neck, forearm, biceps, and chest measurement of George Hackenschmidt?

A.—Was about five feet ten inches. Neck 19 inches; chest, 51 expanded and 46½ normal; forearms, 15; weight 214.

Harvey Jones, Tampa, Florida

Q.—Who in your opinion is the greatest or was the greatest of the Irish born fighters of the last fifteen years?

A.—I don't think any one would argue about Jimmy McLarnin holding that distinction. In my opinion, McLarnin is the greatest hitter, weight for weight, of any man in the ring since the world war. More McLarnins and the boxing world would be back to the prosperity era of the predepression days.

Michael Jablonski, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—I note in some papers where the writers claim that Barney Ross is as clever a fighter as was Benny Leonard in his prime? Do you think so?

A.—There is much similarity between the boxing of Leonard and Ross, but Barney will have to go a long way to equal the marvelous record for cleverness set by my pal, Benny. Unfortunately, we hear too often the remark made: "He's a second Benny Leonard or a second Joe Gans."

It is too bad that writers make such comparisons. A Gans or a Nelson are not easily located and a fighter should not be given such recognition unless he shows he possesses it. Ross is a great fighter. In my opinion, he is the best lightweight since the days of Leonard. He is by far the cleverest but does not hit as hard as Canzoneri. Leonard was both a terrific hitter and an exceptionally great boxer.

Harry Stark

Q.—I am 19 years old and very strong. I'm 131 pounds and 5 feet 6 inches tall. Will I grow taller? I want to be a wrestler and want to weigh 180 pounds.

A.—Yes, you'll grow and become heavier. But I doubt that at muturity you'll be 180.

Thomas Arguella, Porto Rico

Q.—Was there ever a Porto Rican champion of the world in any division of boxing?

A.—No.

Martin Bronson, Indianapolis, Ind.

Q.—We have a club here and since the fellows are of various sizes and weights, we are anxious to obtain the measurements of several star fighters. Hence will you kindly tell us what were the measurements of the fighters in the following contents:

Campolo vs. Carnera; Baer vs. Schmeling; Kid Chocolate vs. Al Singer; Mickey Walker vs. Tommy Loughran in their championship mill; Kid Chocolate vs. Tony Canzoneri and how did Fred Fulton compare physically with other heavyweights and what were his measurements?

A.—Whew, Martin, have a heart! I'm only a small chap and hate to lose weight in these hot days. Do you realize what you are asking me to do? Well, since I have received several other queries along this line, for this one time, I'll oblige but seldom again. I do not like to dig into measurements. It takes up half an hour or an hour of my time to look such queries up. Here's the answer:

KID CHOCOLATE		AL SINGER
22 yrs.	*Age*	22 yrs.
123½ lbs.	*Weight*	130 lbs.
5 ft. 7 in.	*Height*	5 ft. 5½ in.
68 in.	*Reach*	68 in.
11¾ in.	*Biceps*	11½ in.
11 in.	*Forearm*	10 in.
11 in.	*Fist*	10½ in.
6½ in.	*Wrist*	6½ in.
15 in.	*Neck*	14½ in.
36 in.	*Chest Normal*	32¾ in.
37¾ in.	*Chest (expanded)*	35½ in.
27¾ in.	*Waist*	28 in.
34 in.	*Hips*	34½ in.
19½ in.	*Thigh*	19 in.
14 in.	*Calf*	14½ in.
8½ in.	*Ankle*	8¾ in.

WALKER		LOUGHRAN
26 yrs.	*Age*	26 yrs.
5 ft. 8 in.	*Height*	5 ft. 11½ in.
166 lbs.	*Weight*	175 lbs.
15½ in.	*Neck*	16 in.
42 in.	*Chest Expanded*	43 in.
36 in.	*Chest Normal*	38 in.
70 in.	*Reach*	73 in.
15 in.	*Biceps*	16 in.
24½ in.	*Thigh*	22 in.
14 in.	*Forearm*	13½ in.
33 in.	*Waist*	31 in.
11½ in.	*Calf*	15 in.
9 in.	*Ankle*	8½ in.

CAMPOLO		CARNERA
27 yrs.	*Age*	24 yrs.
5 ft. 7 in.	*Height*	6 ft. 6 in.
222 lbs.	*Weight*	265 lbs.
82 in.	*Reach*	84 in.
12½ in.	*Biceps*	18 in.
39¾ in.	*Chest*	48 in.
43¾ in.	*Chest (expanded)*	54 in.
34 in.	*Waist*	38 in.
25 in.	*Thigh*	30 in.
15½ in.	*Calf*	20 in.
9½ in.	*Ankle*	11½ in.
12¼ in.	*Forearm*	16 in.
16¾ in.	*Neck*	20 in.
8 in.	*Wrist*	9½ in.
12¾ in.	*Fist*	14¾ in.

CANZONERI		CHOCOLATE
23 yrs.	*Age*	23 yrs.
5 ft. 5 in.	*Height*	5 ft. 6½ in.
132 lbs.	*Weight*	130 lbs.
65 in.	*Reach*	68 in.
7 in.	*Ankle*	8½ in.
13 in.	*Calf*	14 in.
20¼ in.	*Thigh*	19½ in.
28 in.	*Waist*	27¾ in.
36 in.	*Chest*	36 in.
38¼ in.	*Chest (expanded)*	37¾ in.
15½ in.	*Neck*	15 in.
6½ in.	*Wrist*	6½ in.
12½ in.	*Forearm*	11 in.
13½ in.	*Biceps*	11¾ in.
11 in.	*Fist*	11 in.

BAER		SCHMELING
6 ft. 2½ in.	*Height*	6 ft. 1 in.
24 yrs.	*Age*	27 yrs.
203 lbs.	*Weight*	189¼ lbs.
80 in.	*Reach*	75 in.
13½ in.	*Forearm*	12¾ in.
8 in.	*Wrist*	7¾ in.
44½ in.	*Chest normal*	43 in.
48½ in.	*Chest expanded*	46¼ in.
22 in.	*Thigh*	23 in.
17½ in.	*Neck*	17½ in.
14¼ in.	*Biceps*	15¼ in.
33 in.	*Waist*	33 in.
16 in.	*Calf*	15 in.
10½ in	*Ankle*	9½ in.

HOW HEAVYWEIGHTS COMPARE

WILLARD		FULTON
6 ft. 6½ in.	*Height*	6 ft. 5½ in.
83½ in.	*Reach*	83½ in.
45 in.	*Chest (normal)*	42 in.
49½ in.	*Chest (expanded)*	48 in.
17½ in.	*Neck*	18¼ in.
40 in.	*Waist*	35 in.
17 in.	*Calf*	15½ in.
11 in.	*Ankle*	12 in.
16¼ in.	*Biceps*	14 in.
10 in.	*Wrist*	8½ in.

COMPARED IN HEIGHT AND WEIGHT WITH PREVIOUS CHAMPIONS

Name	*Height*	*Weight*
Willard	6 ft. 6½ in.	242 pounds
Fulton	6 ft. 5½ in.	225 pounds
Jeffries	6 ft. 1½ in.	220 pounds
Corbett	6 ft. 1 in.	185 pounds
Johnson	6 ft. ½ in.	234 pounds
Fitzsimmons	5 ft. 11½ in.	170 pounds
Sullivan	5 ft. 9 in.	190 pounds

D. N. Raden, Anniston, Ala.

Q.—I received your books today—"Training for Boxers," "How to Box," and "How to Second and How to Manage a Boxer."

I have several books on the same subject but must say that your books far surpass any I have.

I am a machinist on hosiery machines—light work—no exercise at all. My hours are 6 a.m. to 2 p.m.

I would consider it a special favor and be very grateful if you would take my hours under consideration and send me a program for training after 2 p.m.

I want to fight some amateur bouts this summer, and I am already on the card to fight May 15th, and I want to be in as good shape as possible. I have had the gloves on a few times with friends.

My height is 5 feet, 10½ inches, weigh 135 lbs. I am underweight. So give me a weight-gaining diet along with the training program.

A.—I would suggest that you don't do any exercises in the morning other than the light calisthenic drills suggested in my boxing course, "Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course," and that you start intensive work about two hours after you leave your machine.

About three o'clock, start with exercises—bending, breathing, then rope skipping, shadow boxing, and wind up with three rounds of boxing.

After two hours of general rest, during which you might relax by walking, reading, or attending a movie, go out on the road for a mile to three-mile run, walk, and jog. During that run, take a course that has some hills and that will strengthen your wind. Climb trees where possible and occasionally hang off a limb for stretching exercises and chinning. Leap over fences where possible.

I would also advise that if possible you chop wood and spade the ground twice a week.

You are underweight. Eat cereals. Drink plenty of milk. Eat whole wheat bread and butter it. Eggs, chops, steak, and fresh vegetables will help. Read my chapter on "How to Gain Weight" in "Training for Boxers."

Franklin Hodgson, Birmingham, Ala.

Q.—In an argument here at our club, I maintained that the referee, George Blake, had no right to stop the fight between Young Stribling and Max Schmeling with only so short a time for the bout to end. What do you think?

A.—I disagree with you. I was a ringside spectator and I think Blake was perfectly justified. I am among those who think that when an official sees one of the contestants floundering helplessly about the ring as was the case with Stribling, it is an act of mercy, a humanitarian act, to halt the fight. The fans do not come to see a slaughter match. They pay their fee to see a scientific boxing match or a good fight. When they are treated to that they leave satisfied. But when they are asked to remain through a bloody, one-sided mill with nary a chance for the victim to emerge the victor, they are more content when a halt is made of such brutal proceedings. Would you rather have a great prospect like Ernie Schaaf sent to any early grave, a Campbell killed, or a Frankie Jerome killed? I'm sure you don't want to see that, because it is not sport. A referee should always watch his men and when he sees that a fighter is outclassed, he should never hesitate in the interests of the sport, to halt a bout.

Edward Ferns, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—Would you regard Peter Maher as among the first ten heavyweights of his period, at the time he was in his prime?

A.—Yes. He would be recognized as one of the topnotchers, among the first ten of his time. Peter was a great fighter, a tremendous hitter and had plenty of ability as a scrapper.

Martha Lewisohn, Newark, N. J.

Q.—What are Shikat's chest measurement, his forearm, and calf?

A.—Chest, normal, 44½; expanded, 48½. Forearm, 14. Calf, 15.

John Jonas, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—What are the correct names of the following: Johnny Dundee, Al Singer, Benny Leonard, Johnny Risko, Jack Sharkey, Jack Dempsey, John L. Sullivan, Jimmy McLarnin, Tommy Loughran.

A.—Joseph Carrora, Al Singer, Benjamin Leiner, Johnny Risko, John Cuckoshay, William Harrison Dempsey, John Lawrence Sullivan, Jimmy McLarnin, Thomas Patrick Loughran.

Martin Brown, Nome, Alaska

Q.—Did Tex Rickard ever own a fight club in this city? What was its name?

A.—No. He owned a gambling house in Nome but never a fight club.

Martin Eberle, Memphis, Tenn.

Q.—I have considerable fat around the stomach. How can I remove it?

A.—Take bending exercises. Chop, spade, row and roll—all will help.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

WITH the summer fight season in full swing, the fistic market has taken an upward turn, primarily because of the keen interest in the Ross-McLarnin and Baer-Carnera fights. Action last month was not confined to the two divisions in which the above-named gladiators were the king pins, but was equally divided in all divisions. In the heavyweight ranks, Walter Neusel received further consideration when he received the verdict over Tommy Loughran. Maxey Rosenbloom was beaten again in an overweight match, this time by Mickey Walker. Marcel Thil retained his middleweight crown against the attack of Gustave Roth, while Vince Dundee emerged triumphant over Al Diamond in a fifteen-round match for the American middleweight crown in New Jersey. Darkie Blandon, Australian bantam, advanced highly through his victory over Star Frisco in Kangarooland, while Pete Sanstol has been removed from the bantamweights because of idleness. Ginger Foran and Mickey McGuire, two erstwhile prominent English flyweights, have outgrown the 112-pound division.

Starting in the heavyweight division, Neusel's victory over Loughran earns precedence over the performances of other fighters. Patsy Perroni scored over Unknown Winston and kayoed Johnny Rousseau in two rounds. Red Barry whipped Tony Cancela and Buck Everett, but was beaten by Bob Tow. Tow was whipped by Natie Brown while Everett scored over Dewey Kimrey. Max Schmeling and Paulino Uzcudun battled to a draw in Spain. Vincent Hower was beaten by Larry Gains and knocked out by Isadoro Gastanaga in four rounds. Charley Retzlaff kayoed Ace Williams in two rounds. Abie Feldman whipped Artie Sykes. Al Ettore drew with Arthur Huttick. Roy Lazer scored over Freddy Fiducia. Buddy McArthur won from Frankie Wine. K. O. Christner defeated Roy Clements. Bob Moody whipped Humberto Arce and Frank Wotanski defeated Al Borros.

Rosenbloom, leader of the light-heavyweight brigade, in addition to losing to Mickey Walker, was held to a draw by Al Gainer. Gainer also scored over Lew Scozza. Tony Shucco defeated Joe Knight. Bob Godwin disposed of Benny Miller in four rounds. Lou Brouillard won from Norman Conrad. Ambrose Palmer defeated Roy Williams in Australia. Clyde Chastain won from Al Stillman, kayoed Ed Dunaway in two rounds, but was beaten by Wilson Dunn. Jimmy Slattery disposed of Walter Kugel in four heats. Tait Littman won from Frank Battaglia. Al Rodriques scored over Buck Tracey. Joe Banovic whipped Joe Jordan. Billy Ketchell defeated Pete Latzo. Johnny Miler kayoed Billy Thomas in three rounds.

The middleweights in action were headed by Marcel Thil in his successful defense of the title against Gustave Roth. Dundee scored over Al Diamond. Teddy Yarosz whipped Freddy Heinz. Young Terry was kayoed by Young Corbett in three rounds, but won over Vearl Whitehead. Ben Jeby scored over Anson Green. Jock McAvoy, British middleweight champion, whipped Ernie Simmons. Kid Leonard won over Sammy Slaughter. Tommy Freeman disposed of Johnny Farrell in four rounds. Roughouse Glover defeated Alabama Kid. Paul Pirrone won from Ken Overlin. Henry Firpo scored over Roscoe Manning. Angel Cliville defeated Connie Josenio. Swede Berglund whipped Solly Krieger. Rene De Vos drew with Bassin in Paris. Tony Brescia scored over Joe Rodriquez.

Bep Van Klaveren heads the active welterweights with a draw against Joe Rossi and a seven-round kayo over Eddie Shapiro. Harry Dublinsky drew with Eddie Kid Wolfe and whipped Dominic Mancini. Mickey Serrian won over Harry Emonds and kayoed Tom Jones in ten rounds. Steve Haliako defeated Lew Ambers. Werther Arcelli scored a knockout over Darcy White. Tony Falco whipped Pete Nebo, Joe Rossi, and drew with Billy McMahon. Jackie Davis scored over Honey Mellody. Tommy Romano disposed of Sam Bruce in eight rounds and whipped Carmen Knapp. Johnny Lucas scored over Al Rowe but was beaten by Cocoa Kid. Frankie Misko whipped Meyer Grace. Ray Napolitano stopped Murray Brandt in four rounds. Morrie Sherman won from Tony Rock. Vittorio Venturi whipped Gustave Eder in Italy. Billy Hogan drew with Teddy Loder. Stanislaus Loayza won over Eddie Durino. Joe Glick was beaten by Pat Igo and Johnny Hanlon.

Young Peter Jackson, Negro lightweight menace from the Coast, drew with Eddie Frisco and trounced Tony Herrera. Cleto Locatelli scored over Benny Bass. Lew Ambers stopped Jackie Davis in four rounds and Billy Lynch in nine. Wesley Ramey scored over Bobby Delaney in Australia. Harry Serody kayoed Buster Brown in three rounds and won from Lew Feldman. Feldman defeated Petey Sarron. Kid Chocolate defeated Pete Nebo and drew with Bobby Gray. Bobby Pacho kayoed Eddie Martin in one round. Harry Mizler scored over Joe Kerr. Eddie Zivic defeated Davey Abad. Leonard Del Genio won from Johnny Mauro and Joe Leone. Toots Bashara won over Young Firpo.

Leading the featherweights is Freddy Miller with a six-round kayo over Paul Dazzo. Seaman Watson scored over Aine Gyde, Jimmy Walsh and kayoed Jim Cowie in six rounds. Petey Hayes triumphed over Johnny Farr but was beaten by Mike Belloise. Baby Arizmendi whipped Al Roth. Frankie Wallace won over Johnny Pena. Tommy Paul and Joey Ponce were ejected from the ring in six rounds. Leo Rodak scored over Eddie Shea and Sammy Levine. Shea was also beaten by Roger Bernard. Charley Von Reeden won from Andy Martin. Vernon Cormier defeated Johnny Hinds. Mose Butch drew with Frankie Wolfram. Bucky Burton scored over Russ Gonzales. Pete De Grasse and Abe Wasserman split two decisions. Bushy Graham whipped Mickey Genaro. Jerry Mazza won over Mike Reyes. Phil Zwick kayoed Eddie Yocson in five rounds. Luigi Quadrini won from Nick Bensa in Europe. Pinto De Sa won from Jack Nigre and Gabriel Pena in South America.

Al Brown, leading the bantams, was disqualified for rough tactics in the sixth round with Gustave Humery in Paris. Darkie Blandon scored over Star Frisco and Speedy Dado. Little Pancho whipped Augie Ruggiere. Pablo Dano kayoed Ruggiere in six rounds and defeated Lew Farber. Sixto Escobar disposed of Bobby Leitham in seven rounds and won over Joey Archibald. Julie Katz whipped Al Gillette but was beaten by Louis Salica. Nipper Hampston kayoed Ginger Foran in seven rounds and drew with Fred Morris. Young Perez won on a foul from Blazy in two rounds. Dick Corbett won over Jim Cowie. Johnny King scored over Stan Davis and finished Marcel Sartos in eight rounds.

Midget Wolgast, head of the flyweights, was held to a draw by Louis Salica. Jackie Brown defeated Aurel Toma. Valentin Anglemann disposed of Mickey McGuire in ten rounds. Herbie Hill whipped Kid Smith, Fred Tennant, and scored over Tut Whalley on a foul in five rounds. Bert Kirby whipped Peter Miller and kayoed Charley Hazel in ten rounds. Joe Mendiola defeated Maurice Filhol in Paris.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Juan Morales, Cuba.
Bantamweight—Nipper Hampston, England.
Featherweight—Jackie Foster, Columbus, Ohio.
Lightweight—Richard Cabello, New York City.
Welterweight—Billy Miller, Milwaukee, Wisc.
Middleweight—Clem White, Irvington, N. J.
Light-Heavyweight—Mickey Dugan, Cleveland, Ohio.
Heavyweight—Bob Tow, Alexandria, Va.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES

By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

YOUNG CORBETT, former welterweight champion, established himself as an outstanding challenger for the middleweight title when he knocked out Young Terry of Trenton in the third round of their scheduled ten-round bout.

The Fresco left-hander smashed in a terrific left to Terry's body and the latter crumpled to the canvas while referee Toby Irwin tolled off the count.

One week later Terry traveled to Hollywood, and regained some prestige when he beat Vearl Whitehead of Santa Monica in a ten-round bout. Terry was dropped in the first round for no-count, but from the second round on, it was all Terry.

Word from the West Coast is to the effect that Terry will soon be heading for home, as he has a number of bouts lined up around these parts.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

These are my ratings for the month ending May 22:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Primo Carnera	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Max Baer	Mickey Walker	Vince Dundee	Bep Van Klaveren
2—Steve Hamas	Tony Shucco	Teddy Yarosz	Eddie Kid Wolfe
3—Walter Neusel	Bob Godwin	Young Corbett	Harry Dublinsky
4—Tommy Loughran	Joe Knight	Gorilla Jones	Tony Herrera
5—King Levinsky	Al Gainer	Johnny Indrisano	Baby Joe Gans
6—Art Lasky	Len Harvey	Fred Henneberry	Cerefino Garcia
7—Lee Ramage	John Henry Lewis	Young Terry	Mickey Serrian
8—Patsy Perroni	Lou Brouillard	Jimmy Smith	Steve Haliako
9—Natie Brown	Ambrose Palmer	Ben Jeby	Werther Arcelli
10—Charley Massare	Wilson Dunn	Jock McAvoy	Tony Falco

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Barney Ross	Title Vacant	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Freddy Miller	Young Casanova	Midget Wolgast
2—Frankie Klick	Seaman Watson	Darkie Blandon	Jackie Brown
3—Young Peter Jackson	Mike Belloise	Young Tommy	Valentin Anglemann
4—Cleto Locatelli	Petey Hayes	Star Frisco	Tommy Pardoe
5—Sammy Fuller	Baby Arizmendi	Little Pancho	Maurice Huguenin
6—Benny Bass	George Hansford	Pablo Dano	Praxille Gyde
7—Lew Ambers	Jackie Wilson	Sixto Escobar	Percy Dexter
8—Jack Portney	Frankie Wallace	Joe Tei Ken	Ellis Ashurst
9—Wesley Ramey	Tommy Paul	Lew Farber	Herbie Hill
10—Eddie Cool	Leo Rodak	Louis Salica	Bert Kirby

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

ART BUTTERFIELD, matchmaker for the Industrial Mutual Association in Flint, put on the outstanding show of the month, so far as Michigan is concerned. Roger Bernard, Flint's favorite fighter, was featured, with Eddie Shea, veteran Chicago topnotcher, as his opponent. Shea seemed to have depreciated considerably since his last appearance in Flint, back in 1931, when he knocked out Harry Forbes, and Bernard won by a clear margin.

Baltimore Eddie Anderson, the rotund heavyweight who makes his headquarters in Detroit, returned to the ring in the semi-final to take the measure of Jimmy Barnes, an obviously inexperienced lad who hails from Arkansas.

Charley Bochio, Detroit welterweight, outpointed Jimmy Cholak of Detroit in another preliminary, and Ivan Harburn, Flint lightweight, stopped Silent Hartman, a fellow townsman.

Joe Nadeau of Detroit, who gained considerable prominence while boxing as an amateur, has turned professional. Joe, who won two Golden Glove titles, made his pro debut at the Detroit Arena Gardens, and outpointed Johnny Sucarde, a boy who has boxed such good uns as Pee Wee Gale, and Sammy Goldman. Nadeau repeated the performance on the Shea card in Flint.

Speaking of amateur graduates, Pete Loverix who took down the honors in the Detroit *Free Press* Golden Gloves tournament, while boxing in the novice welterweight class, has turned pro also. Loverix made his bow in Mt. Clemens, beating the seasoned Sylvestor Burgess, but lost to Charley Bochio on the next card there.

Mike Kolnick, Detroit featherweight, got the nod over Georgie Van der Heyden, Jimmy Brady's latest find, after a bang-up sixer. Frankie Pallo, Flint, hurt his arm in the first round of his bout with Tom Bauchie, and was unable to continue. U. S. Chocolate, rising Detroit featherweight, met a Cincinnati boy who was announced as "Kid Madden," and the Detroiter scored a technical kayo in the third round of the main preliminary.

Andy "Kid" Brown, who used to provide the fans with a lot of entertainment as a lightweight, is handling the affairs of Chocolate, who is a cousin of his. Andy is working for the best interests of his relative, and would like to get him in with a good Eastern manager who would handle him right. Plenty of fellows are after the twenty-year-old Chocolate, but Andy won't let any but a big-time manager have him. Chocolate has had about thirty-five fights in the two years he has been boxing, and has met Wilbur Chevalier, Johnny Mitchell, Juan Cruz, Foster Young, and Georgie Van der Heyden.

Mickey Misko, Saginaw 150-pounder, returned from Milwaukee, where he had several fights, and topped a Hazel Park show, beating Jimmy Caldwell, a colored lad from Florida. Mickey wasn't overly impressive, and Caldwell gave him a close fight.

Cecil Lothery, Romeo Negro welter, who has been doing well lately, gave Harold Anthony of Detroit a pasting in the semi-final. Speedy Johnson, the Pontiac flash, opened a bad gash over Harry Tyler's eye in the first round, and Referee Frank Dailey stopped it. Joe Misko, Saginaw, whipped Bill Brice, Detroit, in six, and Bynum Moss shaded Jimmy Kozak, Saginaw, in the opener.

In the outstanding Hazel Park fight of the month, U. S. Chocolate and Foster Young went ten bristling rounds, with honors even. It was the third match between the two, and though he was rocked several times, Young might have had an edge. They were rematched.

Jack Avalon, veteran Detroit middleweight, decisively defeated Lin Harvey, of Lansing, a stablemate of Foster Young, in the semi-windup.

Jimmy Crawford, colored featherweight, fought an uphill battle, and finally stopped Jew Boy Turniak in the sixth and final round. Mickey Jurecki, Detroit, stiffened Jack Willard, Wyandotte, in the first of a scheduled four-rounder.

Archie Maynard and Norman Gignac, both Lansing lightweights from Jack Rosenbaum's stable, boxed a four-round exhibition when Holman Williams, who was supposed to box Maynard, weighed too much.

Mickey Barron, the Eastern featherweight, outpointed Orville Drouillard in a return match in Detroit. Barron had apparently been out of shape in the first encounter, for he certainly gave a much better account of himself.

Georgie Van der Heyden was down for a nine count in the first round of his bout with U. S. Chocolate, but came back to outscore the colored boy. K.O. Morgan the southpaw from Toledo, who clowns his way through all of his fights, made a monkey out of Andy Knox, of Hamtramck. In four rounders, Frank Kapanowski, hard-hitting middleweight, outscored Dave Rivvet, Flint, and Cliff McWherter, featherweight, from London, Ont., made his Detroit debut, in shading Jackie Light.

Willie Kittrell, the New York colored featherweight, is in Detroit now and ready for engagements. Kittrell is undefeated in his last twenty-four starts, beating among others Johnny Fitzpatrick and Steve Smith.

George Sutka, rugged Wyandotte middleweight, beat the most experienced boy he has been called upon to face when he outpointed Neil Kilbane, veteran Kalamazoo 160-pounder, who has boxed Vince Dundee and Marty Sampson. Sutka won with surprising ease.

Len Hendrickson, drew with Mike Kolnick in the semi-final. Hendrickson appeared to be the best of the four Kalamazoo boys. Chick Watson tried hard but was stopped by Holman Williams in the third round. The Hershey Kid was the only down stater to win, beating Otto Worth, Detroit, in a four-rounder. Cecil Lothery took a one-sided bout from Kid Burns of Windsor in the first six.

At Alpena, Jack Dempsey refereed the bout between George "Kid" Stevens, the Alpena welterweight favorite, and Ade Lemmer, former amateur star from Kalamazoo. Stevens won handily. Dempsey came to the rescue of Fud Getz, Kalamazoo, in the sixth and last round of his semi-final with Joe Schlagyi of Detroit. Getz had been felled five times. Jimmy Spens drew with Putty Stoppa in another bout on the same card.

Boxing shows are still being run weekly at the Arena A.C. in Mt. Clemens. The outstanding show during May saw Harry Robertson, the colored flash from Port Huron, take the decision over Jimmy Caldwell. Cecil Lothery stopped K.O. Morgan, Mt. Clemens, in the third round. Stevens of Mt. Clemens beat Billy Duke, Detroit, in four rounds.

You can get complete lists of promoters, either boxing or wrestling, from me at 25 cents apiece. Every boxing or wrestling promoter in the state. Address Mickey McIntire, Deckerville, Mich.

A lot of Michigan boys are campaigning in outside rings. Here is what some of them are doing: Frankie Misko, Saginaw middleweight, whipped Mickey O'Shea, and Meyer Grace in Milwaukee, and lost to Billy Miller at the same place; Buddy McArthur, Saginaw, defeated Frankie Wine at Wheeling, W. Va.; Phil McGraw beat Al King in New York and was stopped by Mickey Solem in Paterson. Johnny Miler scored a three-round kayo over Billy Thomas in New Orleans. Roger Bernard boxed a draw with Al Roth in Montreal. Georgie Riley boxed a draw with Al Dunbar in Brooklyn. Iowa Joe Rivers scored over Eddie Ran at Eau Claire.

Here are some of the results from Hazel Park, Mt. Clemens, Dearborn, and Wyandotte: Jack Avalon beat Harold Anthony and Lin Harvey. Anthony drew and lost to Cecil Lothery, drew with K.O. Morgan and stopped him, and whipped Milton Albrecht and Kid Burns. Charley Long beat Leon Nichols. George Sutka stopped Jimmy Crosby and Fred Gough. Frankie Pallo stopped Bob Runyon twice, stopped Red Lemanske and was thrown in a wrestling match by Eddie "Swede" Anderson. Billy Brice beat Otto Worth and lost to Joe Misko and Joe Schlagyi. Billy Cooper beat Cliff Chick and Shake Lepoirs, and won on a foul to Red Casson, who lost by the same route to Harry Tyler. Tyler beat Walt Pasiuk and was stopped by Speedy Johnson. Pasiuk beat Mike Kolnick, and Sammy Chivas knocked out Bucky Duane.

Len Darcy took a disputed decision over Eddie Anderson in a Hazel Park bout.

About the best prospect in this section of the country, is Orville Drouillard of Windsor. Orville is managed by his Uncle Patsy, who will be remembered as a former lightweight champion of Canada, and who boxed among others, Johnny Dundee, Freddy Welsh, and Rocky Kansas. Orville has had about fifty bouts, and included in his record are the names of Ernie Mauer, Frankie Wolfram, Mickey Barron, Ray Cook, Pee Wee Gale, Wilbur Chevalier, Juan Cruz, Ken Offet, Bobby Thomas, and Georgie Van der Heyden.

Earl Folk, a Wisconsin lad who has boxed Bud Saltis, Kunte Dane, and Andy Sollomon, is now making his headquarters in Muskegon. Folk is a twenty-three-year-old heavyweight. The Casino Club Gym in Muskegon is now open under new management, and several of Muskegon's leading boxers train there.

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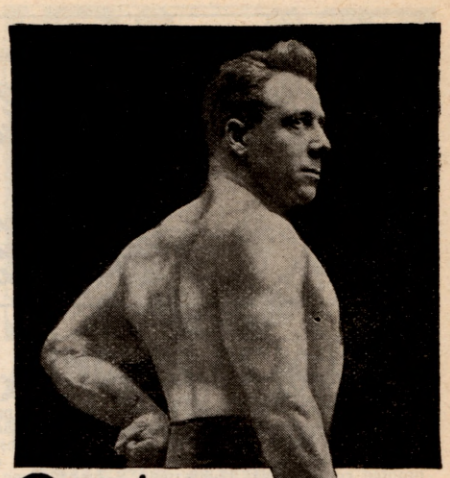

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BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

NOT since the fighting days of Dempsey and Leonard was the Metropolitan area of New York City so fight conscious as last month. Barney Ross and Jimmy McLarnin were the contributing factors. Their match for the world's welterweight championship aroused the fight fans in this vicinity and all over the country more so than any contest in recent months. It was a well organized, well planned and publicized affair and the Milk Fund profited considerably. Following that match came Carnera and Baer, and it was a remarkable achievement and a wonderful comeback for boxing to see the turnouts that these two matches attracted. Contests of such an order will revive boxing quicker than any decree issued by any boxing commission and the more often they are staged, the larger the comeback for the good old sport.

The Garden was active during May with two shows. Tommy Loughran and Walter Neusel headlined the first program, with Petey Hayes and Mike Belloise participating in the other. Neusel got his second lucky break in that many starts in the Garden and both of them rendered by the same referee, Arthur Donovan. Loughran won six rounds out of the ten and showed his superiority in decided fashion, but the judges disagreed and the question was left for Donovan to decide, and that he did.

Both Levinsky and Loughran whipped Neusel in the eyes of many fair-minded persons. We may be wrong, but my score card showed Loughran the winner, and so did that of other good boxing critics.

Arthur Huttick and Al Ettore battled to a draw in the semi-final of six rounds. It was a nip and tuck affair all the way. Abie Feldman turned in a fine performance in defeating Artie Sykes. Lew Poster and Eddie Houghton went to a draw in their sixer. Frank Wotanski whipped Al Borros while Ed Karolak disposed of George Marshall in one round. The show gathered together about twenty thousand dollars in receipts, which was sufficient to give the Garden some profit.

The featherweights had their inning immediately following the Neusel-Loughran affair, but the show failed to attract enough cash customers to make any profit—about eight thousand dollars. Mike Belloise put on a hairline finish to defeat Petey Hayes in the feature ten. Hayes fought an eternally aggressive battle and forced the fighting all the way, and there were plenty of patrons who disagreed with the official verdict. Belloise fought a smart, careful fight and took very few chances, but opened the heavy artillery from the eighth round to the finish and his impressiveness and mastery evidently influenced the officials. It was a swell scrap and really unfortunate that Hayes had to lose after making such a plucky fight. A return go would not go amiss, considering the fact that Hayes won the plaudits at the end of the scrap.

Baby Arizmendi, making his initial appearance in the East, started off by winning a ten-round decision over Al Roth. It was a corking battle and Arizmendi impressed favorably with his two-fisted style. He is a club fighter par excellence, and he was pitted against a willing worker in Roth, who fought the best fight of his life, but to no avail. Roth took a terrific thumping around the face and body but stood up manfully and was fighting Arizmendi, punch for punch, at the finish. Lew Feldman outboxed Petey Sarron in eight rounds. Julie Katz was beaten by Louis Salica in the first eight-rounder. Katz was leading at the sixth round but was dropped in the seventh and tired sufficiently in the closing session to lose the verdict. Joey Izzy whipped Mickey Barron in the opening six.

Schmeling received an unfortunate break in having his bout with Paulino declared a draw. It was the beginning of a comeback campaign and the official decision would have aided his cause considerably. Although the draw was unearned by Paulino, the boxing world easily forgets the injustice of rank decisions and they are only guided by what the officials decree—Al Brown suffered more injury from the spectators than he did from his opponent in Paris recently—Brown has been banned by every legalized boxing board in the universe with the exception of France, and following the latest mishap, it is unlikely that Brown will find favor with the French colony—Brown deserted his recognized manager, Dave Lumiansky, who has a legal contract with him, and also left a string of debts which Lumiansky made good to protect the gladiator—Which brings us back to what we said last month about gratitude.

Bep Van Klaveren ran into an unpleasant surprise when he tackled Joe Rossi in a ten-round affair and the bout was called a draw. It did not enhance Van Klaveren's prestige at this time with the possibility of a McLarnin match in view—Tommy Walsh scored over Julius Veigh—Al Ragone disposed of Jack Thomas in two rounds—Caspar La Rosa drew with Tommy Ando, while Lew Harcastle whipped Joe Doraizio.

The featherweight tourney started by the State Athletic Commission took place at the Lenox Sports Club and the financial returns were pathetic—They drew the sum of $280, and the best of the entries was ruled ineligible by the commission when they decided that Jackie Wilson was troubled with cardiac ailment and could not compete—Charley Von Reeden scored over Andy Martin, while Vernon Cormier won over Johnny Hinds—It is doubtful whether the tournament will be continued unless the commission begin promoting their own shows.

The addition of Colonel John S. Hammond to the staff of Garden directors has not affected the boxing department. The Colonel, who is strictly a "hockey man," expects to confine his activities in that direction for the time being. Various rumors have floated through town that changes will be made that will affect the matchmaking staff, but the Colonel denies giving that any thought and there is a possibility that Jimmy Johnston and his staff of assistants will remain in their capacity until after the summer months. Naturally theories have been advanced as to who will occupy Johnston's place, and the leading candidates for the job are: Jack Dempsey, George Blake, Jimmy Bronson, Tom McArdle, with four contenders ranking in the second division: Nate Lewis, Lew Raymond, Al Weill and Scotty Monteith.

Tony Falco engaged in two bouts during the month at the St. Nicholas Rink, winning from Joe Rossi and drawing with Billy McMahon. Falco has been fighting regularly around New York since getting a decision over Jackie Kid Berg at the Broadway Arena and the only loss that was registered against him locally was with Van Klaveren. Tony is a pleasing performer and is never short of work—Johnny Erickson is doing excellently on the comeback trail and turned in a fine piece of work when he scored over Jimmy Martin, his best performance to date—Leonard Del Genio is another Harlemite who is advancing in leaps and bounds. He scored impressively in winning from Johnny Mauro—Petey Hayes had a workout against Johnny Farr, prior to the Belloise bout, at the St, Nicks, but Farr was durable and was there fighting back when the last round ended.

Young Peter Jackson gave further evidence of his ability and hitting powers when he scored four knockdowns in winning from Tony Herrera. Jackson is a Coast product and has never shown his wares in the East, but Western critics laud him as the best fighter on the Coast, regardless of weight—Marcel Thil defended his middleweight crown successfully against Gustave Roth, while Vince Dundee held the American honors in a fifteen-round battle with Al Diamond—Dundee, Yarosz and Corbett are about the three most formidable 160-pounders in this country and either one is capable of giving Mr. Thil an entertaining evening—Jerry Sachs has opened his training camp for the summer at Geneva, Ohio, and would like to hear from prominent boys who require outdoor training—Maxey Rosenbloom was again beaten in an overweight match, this time to Mickey Walker—Rosenbloom makes it a habit of training carelessly for bouts where his title is not affected, but Slapsy is a tough man to whip when his title is at stake.

Tony Palazolo, with Johnny Sylvester, has taken over the Dreamland Auditorium in San Francisco, where he will conduct his shows in the future—Palazolo made a good connection when he struck Frisco and has given the fans the best in matchmaking skill and has drawn some swell houses to back up his judgment. He came East for the Ross-McLarnin affair—Several years ago Lew Brix handled Frankie Jerome to the heights in the bantamweight ranks and made him one of the busiest boys in his division. Now comes Lew with Sixto Escobar, a rugged Porto Rican bantamweight, and in his first test under the Brix banner, scored a seven-round knock-out over Bobby Leitham in Holyoke—It was quite a victory for him and puts him in the running for bantamweight honors—If Escobar is no flash in the pan and shows the form in the future that he did in the Leitham bout, then we will have a new contender for bantamweight honors.

Contractual obligations, verbally or otherwise, have always been a code honorable enough to follow in this country, but evidently to aliens it has no meaning whatever—Cleto Locatelli and his manager, Al Francis, came here legally and morally tied to Charley Johnston, who brought them to this country—Locatelli started his American campaign with a meritorious battle against Tony Canzoneri, though losing the decision—He returned in the feature event at the Garden against Jackie Berg and, while winning easily, made a dismal showing—He was brought back with Canzoneri and redeemed himself, though being dropped twice—All this was accomplished through the efforts of Charley Johnston.

Locatelli was given a bout in Philly with Bass, and though Charley wanted to take a percentage of the gate receipts, Francis insisted on a guarantee and received a flat sum of $1,000—The house was completely sold out and Phil Glassman, who promoted the show, gave Locatelli an extra $1,000 over his contract, something which was unnecessary but showed the spirit of the promoter—He returned against Cool and looked good in winning—Everything went along smoothly until the return match with Bass—This show was promoted by Muggsy Taylor and Bob Gunnis and Locatelli received twenty-five per cent of the receipts—Locatelli did not have any trouble with Bass and won the decision and also received a purse amounting to $3,800—Johnston also made this match but, without warning, Francis informed the promoters that he wanted to collect the purse himself and that Charley Johnston had nothing to do with Locatelli—Either Francis' mind was poisoned or he figured that Charley had outlived his usefulness in making matches for Locatelli, feeling that Cleto was good enough to stand on his own feet without further assistance—It was very poor sportsmanship on Francis' part and, before he is finished with his American tour, he will find that the road will not be so smooth in the future.

Harry Wallach, former Olympic featherweight champion, who enjoyed quite a successful reign with the money makers, has opened The Wonder Bar Restaurant and Grill in Brooklyn, and for his opening was host to various celebrities—Among them were Georgie Raft, Mack "Killer" Gray, Lester Collins and "Eppy" the shoe man—Gray, who was a boyhood chum of Wallach's, was responsible for Raft's appearance and he created a furore in the neighborhood where he originated—Gray is a big figure in the moving picture industry and on various occasions has been classified as Raft's secretary, shadow, bodyguard and double—It was a gala event for Brooklyn and top honors went to Gray—Elmer Bezani, welterweight, who is making his home in Portland, Maine, is anxious to get started in New York and show the fans just what he is capable of—Simon Waxman is sponsoring his cause and, for the sake of seeing a new face who can really register, we hope he makes good.

Consternation reigned in fistic circles around the Victoria Hotel when it was discovered that Eddie Walker had cancelled his European trip with Midget Wolgast one day before sailing—Wolgast showed a temperament worthy of the greatest opera star and refused to sail after all financial arrangements had been straightened out—It was anything but wisdom on the Midget's part, because there isn't one flyweight in the country that he could draw any money with and the European countries are crowded with formidable flyweights who would be eager to try conclusions with him—Goldie Ahearn had the distinction of being the first promoter to open boxing in Washington, D. C., after the new bill was signed. Several licenses were granted, but Goldie came through with the first fistic venture and indications point to a renewal of boxing interest in the capital.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

LIGHTWEIGHTS and bantams are the likely drawing cards for the shows to be staged during the summer here, says Jules Racicot. Armand Vincent also is looking ahead for a big season in Montreal's promotorial field.

Bobby Leitham jaunted light-heartedly down to Holyoke, Mass., for a battle with a Porto Rican dusky, Sixto Escobar, and to Bobby's surprise Escobar scored a technical K.O. in seven heats, Leitham sported a deep gash under and alongside the left eye, sustained in the sixth heat in a collision of heads.

Leitham did not return so jauntily and it looked as if all hope of a Casanova battle for the title in Montreal is off at least temporarily until Leitham can avenge his defeat.

Jules Racicot staged his third card at the Mount Royal Arena on a small scale and did better financially than his first two ventures. He carded six six-rounders and the action provided was quite entertaining, though one of the bouts failed to go through when Leo Paul's scheduled opponent, one Jerry Dulude, failed to show up and was duly suspended by the Commission.

Nick Elacqua, colorful ex-amateur lightweight, made an impressive debut in the opening bout, slugging his way to a three-round knockout victory over Bert Lavoie. Art Primrose is keen to get a match with Elacqua—and it would be a "honey" if made.

Harry Gerson, classy local bantam and favorite of the Jewish faction, punched his way to a smart, though close victory over Young Burns, veteran Quebec southpaw. Gerson took an early lead that he retained despite Burns' rousing rally in the final stanza. Wilf Carufel earned a close, hard-fought verdict over the veteran Joe Marciente, a former featherweight star, in a bout that ebbed and tided from one to the other in rapidly changing succession.

Charlie Leonardo and Henri Auger, Gene Brosseau's ex-amateur middleweight stars, both scored handily. Leonardo floored Hec Masson, rugged and experienced Cornwall battler, with his first punch, flattened him twice more in the initial heat and once again in the second, but had to stave off Masson's courageous finish in the last two heats. Auger took advantage of Joe "Bang" Lemieux's middle name to bang him unmercifully from the start until a blood-smeared towel stopped it in the fourth chapter, while brother "Biff" looked on sadly.

Eddie Carroll, promising young Ottawa lightweight, surprised Toronto experts when he extended Tommy Bland, Canadian title claimant, in a ten-rounder at Ottawa, billed as a title bout. Bland was credited with six rounds, Carroll with three, and the other even. The match drew a crowd of more than three thousand.

Amateur boxers are in the midst of big doings. The boxing trials for the Canadian team to compete in the British Empire Games at London, England, in August, will be held at the Montreal Forum on July 11 and 12. The Forum is the new mecca for amateur bouts now. The Empire team as a classy crop of battlers comprise the ranks this year.

Each province can have two representatives in each class in the trials, the Provincial champions automatically taking the No. 1 berths. Competition is so keen in Montreal that elimination bouts are in effect to decide the No. 2 occupants. The champs crowned in the Provincial meet are:—100, Ben Silverberg; 108, Max Rubin; 112, Max Berger; 118, being trained by Kimmerfreed; Eddie Heathfield; 126, Harold "Babe" McLeod; 135, Joe Marsh; 147, Tony Mancini; 160, Louis "Balbo" Nickilo; 175, Tommy Osborne; Heavy, Steve Neri. A good bunch of boys.

STRAY SHOTS—Ernie Garon doing a good job announcing at mike at amateur fights in the Forum . . . . Dennis White, Provincial Supervisor of amateur boxing, was appointed coach for Canada's Empire Games ring squad . . . . okay, eh?

CANADIAN MARITIME NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

ALBERT "Butcher Boy" MACDONALD, the Maritime Bantam Champion, was held to a draw by Johnny Corbett of New Waterford C. B. N. S.

Claude McKinnon is training at the Sports Graphic Gym in preparation for his battle with Johnny Nemis for the Maritime Middle Title.

"Tiger" Murray Lunenburg is leaving for Moncton to be under the writer's care again for his summer campaign in these parts.

Stevie "Kid" MacDonald will make Moncton his home this summer and expects to win back his lightweight crown from Bobby Allen. He is the best boy in the Maritimes outside of the present holder.

Jimmie Silver of Oak Hill, N.S., will make his home in Moncton.

Things fistically are picking up in these parts with the advent of the new Sports Graphic Gymnasium in Moncton, N. B. We hope the Golden Age of Boxing is on its way.

The last amateur card staged in New Waterford C.B.N.S. was a great success and it looks as though the game is picking up. They are angling for the services of "Kid" Hart for June.

The Sports Graphic Gymnasium in Moncton is attracting a lot of attention these days and is providing needful exercises and clean recreation for boys.

Read the RING regularly and Nat Fleischer's books upon boxing as they are the real thing for the boy who wishes advancement in the game. Any boy wishing a manager and a mentor who knows the game, please get in touch with the writer at the *Maritime Sports Graphic*, Moncton, N.B.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

MAXIE ROSENBLOOM, world's light-heavyweight champion, will probably be seen in action here during July against Young Herrera, local champion, at the Cristal Stadium.

No bouts of importance were witnessed during the month, with the exception of Sixtico Morales winning a ten-round decision over Johnny Govantes.

Miramar Gardens is preparing for a busy season, and probably some good foreign boxers will be signed to meet the cream of the local boys.

Mario Kid Sanchez, bantamweight champion of Cuba, is preparing for some big bouts.

Joe Coego, sterling local welterweight, is scheduled to meet Relampago Saguero, the Cuban champion, in a titular contest at the Cristal Stadium some time in July.

Baby La Paz will also try for a chance at the welterweight title. He is a good performer—with plenty of color.

IN HAWAII
By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

THE heavyweight and light-heavyweight championship crown of the Hawaiian Department was won by "Iron Man" Rogers, of Kam. over Frank, of the 21st Inf. and Szlemko, of the 3rd Eng., respectively. Both were four-round affairs.

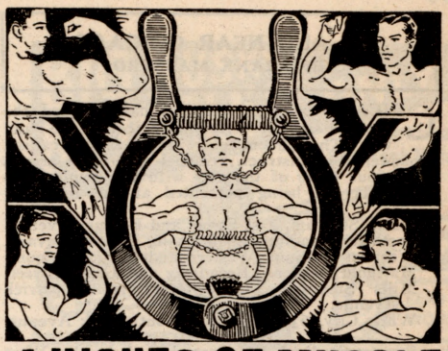
OTHER CHAMPIONSHIP RESULTS: Bantam—Joe Connell, 27th Inf., K O'ed Fredette, of Kam. in first. Feather—Roberts, of Shafter, lost to Welch, 35th Inf. —Lightweight—Paul Graf won by forfeit. Junior Lightweight—Santo, of Kam, won from McGuire, 21st Inf. Junior Welterweight—Strappel, of Honolulu, beat Vastano, of 19th Inf. Welterweight—Charlie Fair, of 21st Inf., won from Carmack, of Shafter. Middleweight —Johnston, of Honolulu, was knocked out in fourth by Shaw, of 21st Inf.

Pro boxing is on top again at the Civic Auditorium.

Paul Graf, lightweight champion of the Hawaiian Department, won decisively from Anson Rego, leading lightweight scrapper in Honolulu. Graf sent Rego twice to the canvas for a count of nine.

In the semi-windup, Joe "Tiger" Connell, Bantam champion of the service, put the sleeper on Freddy Solomon with a right to the midriff in the second round. Charlie (Packy) Fair, service fighter, proved too clever for Lefty Carreira, knocking out his foe in the fifth . . . . Kid Aiea fought a draw with David Carreira. This proved to be a hugging match . . . . Young Tony, scored a knockout in the second round over Ben Saujares . . . . John Cortez, knocked out Marine Fleming in the third frame with two hard lefts to the head . . . . Jackie Carreira beat Theodoro Dumigui in the opener.

MAUI FIGHT RESULTS—Young Gildo, a Filipino fighter from Manila, won a ten-round decision from Joe "Tiger" Connell, service champion in the main event. Other results . . . . Henry Callejo won from Kayo Pagan . . . . Satogi Hotta knocked out P. Raquidan . . . . Battling Abuan lost a technical knockout to Fukushima . . . . Hitoshi Tanaka put the sleeper on Fighting Richard and Manuel Telles sent Clever Jack to slumberland.



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IN AND NEAR CHICAGO

By FRANK MAESTRO

CHICAGO boxing promoters have opened the outdoor season with much confidence and vim. The advent of warm weather caused promoters to construct, remodel and lease arenas in various parts of the city with the result open-air cards are being presented at the following arenas:

Sparta Stadium, 21st Street and Kostner Avenue.
Northwest Stadium, 4848 Irving Park Boulevard.
Western Stadium, Western and Devon Avenues.
Marigold Gardens, Broadway and Grace Street.
Mills Stadium, Lake Street and Kilpatrick Avenue.
White City, 63d Street and South Park Avenue.

Sparta Stadium has been leased to the West Side Boxing Club, of which Harry Weiss is matchmaker. Promoter Sammy Abruscato opened the season at Western Stadium, with Henry Rothier and Laddie Tonelli in the eight-round wind-up. Grant Kromenaker is the promoter at Northwest, and Billy Cepak is offering programs at Mills. Maurice Rivkin is directing the shows at Marigold.

A fight manager's license in Pennsylvania costs $40.50 and a second's, $10.50 . . . . No fee is charged managers and seconds in Illinois . . . . King Levinsky, wild-swinging Chicago fighter, never has been knocked down by a heavyweight . . . . The Catholic Youth organization professional boxing department is growing . . . . Leo Rodak, Jimmy Christy, George Haberski, Gene Higgins, Henry Fuscaldo and Nestor Bruggman are among the boxers who have placed their professional careers in the hands of the Most Rev. Bernard J. Sheil, auxiliary bishop of Chicago, who is national director of the C. Y. O.

Bishop Sheil has evolved a plan whereby a third of a boxer's purse, which usually goes to a manager, is put aside until his retirement . . . . Then he is to be given the total amount in a lump sum . . . . Pat Kenneally, trainer for Packey McFarland when the Illinois Athletic Commissioner was a topnotch lightweight, handles the professional C. Y. O. department.

The first twelve wrestling shows at Rainbo Fronton attracted approximately twenty-five thousand fans . . . . Mickey O'Shea, North Side professional boxer, who has been sparring with the Polish amateur champions, says that every member of the team is a natural fighter and hard hitter . . . . O'Shea, whose right name is Emil Scibior, is of Polish extraction.

Tommy Barry, National A. A. U. flyweight champion and intercity Golden Gloves bantamweight titleholder, is a slate picker in a Springfield, Ill., coal mine. Sammy Wolff, Chicago promoter, conducted a special train to New York for fans who wished to attend the Carnera-Baer heavyweight title bout in June . . . . Donald Day, foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*, who accompanied the amateur champions of Poland to Chicago for the fourth annual international Golden Gloves bouts, is a son of John Day, sports editor of the old *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

The death of County Treasurer Joseph B. McDonough recalled the many philanthropies of the veteran politician, some of which were expressed by his pal, Sammy Wolff.

Wolff revealed that McDonough was responsible for his decision to arrange the Jack Sharkey-King Levinsky bout last September at White Sox park. The promoter was hesitant about signing it, fearing there would be nothing left after Sharkey was given a twenty-five-thousand-dollar guarantee. The contest was closed when McDonough advised Wolff that he would pay for any loss.

La Crosse, Wis.—I find your columns in the *Chicago Tribune* and THE RING very interesting. Kindly inform me of the first name and address of Buck Sarginson, manager of Kid Leonard, middleweight.—MARSHALL MERRELL.

Ans.—Leonard's manager's full name is George Buck Sarginson. His address is 250 15th Avenue, East Moline, Ill.

Pinkie Mitchell, who became the first junior welterweight champion in 1922, is a licensed referee in Wisconsin . . . . Fred Kohler promoted a wrestling show in which Jack Brown threw Julius (Mephisto) Woronick at Rainbo Fronton, April 25, and then he signed to wrestle Brown in an added attraction on a boxing card at Marigold Gardens five days later . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin, Sioux Falls, S. D., promoter, signed to manage Everett (Young) Rightmeier, Sioux City, Ia., featherweight . . . . O'Loughlin also represents Sherald Kennard, Johnny Stanton and Babe Daniels.

Billy Petrolle, who announced his retirement after being beaten by Barney Ross at New York, January 24, is interested in an iron foundry which bears his name at West Duluth, Minn. . . . . This and the Ringside Smoke Shop at Duluth, which he owns with his former manager, Jack Hurley, take up most of Petrolle's time . . . . Sam Pian, co-manager with Art Winch of Champion Ross, couldn't seem to convince the various eastern news distributors that Madison Square Garden had nothing to do with the McLarnin-Ross contest outside of renting its bowl on Long Island for presentation of the fight.

Soldier Mickey Farr assisted George Ross, member of the Democratic Party's patronage committee, in running a special train to New York for the Ross-McLarnin welterweight title conflict.

Harry Dublinsky, welterweight, and Leo Rodak, junior lightweight, are the only topnotch boxers of Polish antecedents . . . . Tommy Ford, fight manager, now is a dealer in cars and trucks.

Gene Tunney and Bob Godwin celebrated birthdays in May . . . . Tunney was thirty-six on May 25, and Godwin twenty-three on May 5 . . . . Any legitimate news is solicited for use in this and our column in the *Chicago Tribune* . . . . Joey Kaufman, New York veteran boxer, can attest to the punching power in the right hand of the promising Frank Sigilio of Cicero . . . . Kaufman started as if he was going to give his young opponent a pasting, but this changed after two minutes of the first round . . . . Then Sigilio landed on the New York lightweight's jaw with powerful rights three times in succession and on each occasion Kaufman was floored . . . . The scrap was halted by Referee Tommy Thomas at the start of the second round, when Kaufman came out for action displaying a severe cut over his left eye . . . . It was Sigilio's sixteenth triumph in as many professional appearances, the last five of which were scored by knockouts . . . . Sigilio's right name is Frank Sicilia.

Harold Smith, former bantamweight star, is employed three days a week by a West Side department store . . . . Georgie Corbett, whose promising ring career was ended when Bud Taylor broke his jaw on the South Side ten years ago, is called Fatty by his political associates at the City Hall . . . . Jimmy Gardner, who claimed the welterweight title in 1910, is forty-nine years old . . . . Bob La Monte, former amateur champion, was forced to delay his professional debut when he was arrested by mistake while en route to Marigold Gardens and was locked up for the night.

Billy Cepak, Cicero promoter, has subleased a large printing shop at Noble and Milwaukee Avenues for the publication of his series of weekly newspapers . . . . Danny Spunt, who has blossomed out into a middleweight, returned to his former role of fighter on a minute's notice at the Covenant Club to thoroughly whip Tommy Habel . . . . Spunt, a promising bantamweight ten years ago, substituted for Farmer Lons, who became suddenly ill. Mrs. Clair Kelly, wife of the *Chicago Evening American* boxing writer, is suffering from a heart ailment.

Special Notice to Contributors

Plagiarism is a literary theft and is punishable by imprisonment or a heavy fine. This evil, among a certain, unscrupulous class of writers eager to see their name in print, has become so widespread that we take this special means of informing such unscrupulous persons that we will prosecute, to the fullest extent of the law, any person found guilty of such practice.

This magazine endeavors at all times to present to its readers only such material as is original. Articles and stories submitted to us, come through the United States mail with the distinct understanding of this publication that such article or manuscript is an original composition of the person who submits it. We pay our contributors for such articles or manuscripts by check, which also goes through the United States mail, and when such check is endorsed by the contributor, he acknowledges by his signature, the originality of his contribution.

Despite the safeguards set by us, there still are a few unscrupulous persons who lack literary ability and steal the works of others and submit the ı as their own. Those persons are guilty of a crime and will be prosecuted by us to the limit of the law.

Our readers' cooperation is invited.

Fred Irvin, former Chicago promoter, is seeking bouts here for Rosey Crier, a Cleveland featherweight, whom he manages . . . . It will be hard to replace Marty Doherty as superintendent at the Chicago Stadium . . . . George Barton, Minneapolis sports editor and referee, and Tommy Thomas, state boxing commission referee, engaged in a bitter battle at St. Paul in 1904.

Tommy Walsh, partner with Nate Lewis in the management of some of the world's greatest boxers, is getting that way again after being without a fighter for a year and a half.

Eddie Flynn, former Olympic welterweight champion, is a student of dentistry at Loyola University at New Orleans, La. . . . . Fear of incurring a nasal injury is said to be the reason Flynn has not made more progress since turning professional . . . . Howard Fox, head of the cigar concessions at A Century of Progress, is the new owner of White City.

Tuffy Griffith, heavyweight, is being treated for eye trouble by Dr. Jean B. Claverie of Chicago . . . . Tuffy, who now is employed by his father-in-law, John J. Hayes, as a hat salesman, says his eyesight has improved.

J. L. McGrail, Chicago Stadium Operating Company auditor, is a member of Commodore Barry Country Club of Twin Lakes, Wis. . . . . Mike Murphy, former boxing promoter, now is promoting at Mount Carmel High School, where he serves as athletic director . . . . Murphy started the presentation of amateur boxing in Chicago burlesque houses.

Kid Howard Carr, who retired as a gymnasium proprietor after twenty-five years, is employed in a tavern at Clark and Madison Streets . . . . The winner of the Midget Wolgast-Jackie Brown bout at Manchester, England, June 11 has a full claim to the flyweight championship . . . . It is the first time since Fidel La Barba retired undefeated in 1927 that a definite champion in that division has been established . . . . Wolgast was recognized as champion by several athletic commissions in this country and Brown received the same recognition from the National Boxing Association and the International Federation.

Ingholf Peterson, a Chicago jeweler, bought the first ticket to the initial legalized boxing show at White Sox park in 1926, when Sammy Mandell dethroned Rocky Kansas as lightweight champion . . . . Sol Katz, who sold Peterson his ticket at Trafton's gymnasium, formerly Mullen's, had the honor of seeing his machine record the first million taken in in the state automobile license bureau.

Mike Carrozzo, head of a Chicago labor union, refused to attend the Barney Ross-Jimmy McLarnin title match unless he got seats in the first row . . . . Sergt. Harry O'Connell of the Chicago detective force, is Barney Ross' bodyguard before major fights . . . . O'Connell served in that capacity for Max Factor, alleged swindler . . . . George Ross refereed the Otto Von Porat-Big Boy Peterson tussle at Minneapolis, Minn., in 1926.

Regina, Sask.—Was John L. Sullivan ever defeated after winning the championship before Jim Corbett beat him?—H. A. ATKINSON.

Ans.—Corbett was the first man to whip Sullivan after John L. won the title by trimming Paddy Ryan in nine rounds at Mississippi City, Miss., February 7, 1882.

Tillie (Kid) Herman, classy Mexican middleweight, who boxed around Chicago before boxing was legal, is appearing in four-round preliminaries in California . . . . In a year of professional boxing, Leo Rodak, three times Golden Gloves champion, increased his purses from twenty-five dollars a bout to a thousand dollars.

Chicago—Kindly give me the address of Joey Mandell, brother of Sammy Mandell, former lightweight champion. He is handling Bobby Ross, Watertown, Wis., junior welterweight, who is being sought by his mother.—JAMES DUFFY.

Ans.—Joey Mandell may be located at 1239 Holland Street, Rockford, Ill.

FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE RING—Jim O'Connor, who stepped out of the boxing game when Providence Terry Martin retired, signed to manage Umberto Torriani, amateur heavyweight champion of Italy . . . . Phil Scott is back in this country seeking a match with Max Schmeling . . . . Hughie Gartland, taking a leaf from Leo P. Flynn's book of experience, is keeping Bud Gorman busy fighting in the small towns as well as in the big cities.

Young Willie Stribling was appointed a second lieutenant in the Air Corps reserves by the War Department at Washington, D. C. . . . . Ruby Goldstein, Ghetto welterweight, knocked out Billy Drako of Germany in two rounds in the wind-up bout of a show sponsored by the Rockaway Playland Arena . . . . Fans were stunned at the quick demise of Joe Dundee after he lost his welterweight crown to Jackie Fields at Detroit . . . . Tom O'Rourke, who has been directing Con O'Kelly, is grooming Dr. Ludwig Haymann, German champion, for bouts with topnotch heavyweights.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

CLEVELAND has been very quiet in the pro boxing game. We have not had a show here in some time, but the amateur boys are going almost every night at the different gymnasiums and lodge rooms. The Downs brothers, Ollie and Johnny, stage regular affairs at the Moose Hall, while Charley O'Connell is running at the Ring Side on St. Clair Avenue and East 79th. The Simon-pures are very popular here.

Columbus, Akron, and Youngstown have opened their summer season with outdoor shows, but Toledo is going right along at the Armory.

The Cleveland Stadium will run pro shows. Local sportsmen are trying hard to interest Tommy McGinty there, as they think he is the only promoter around here in whom the public has confidence. If Tommy decides to run, he will probably engage Eddie Meade to make his matches.

Eddie Simms and Buck Everett are favorites here.

McPherson and Taylor are promoting all the wrestling shows in this locality. Steve has the Public Auditorium and Stadium, and Taylor stages affairs at the Equestrium. Taylor is also planning to promote at the Stadium, starting next month.

"Si" Marsh, the live-wire Akron manager, is very busy around the Middle West with his stable of boxers. Marsh claims Lee Sheppard won't box his boy, Scrutchins, at the Equestrium, but so far as I know, Sheppard bars nobody in the state at 135 pounds. Sheppard is a good fighter and a willing one.

Both Sheppard and Babe Dunning are two local colored boxers who have shown in many fights around the state and always made good. They are a credit to the game, because they always give the fans a real fight and do no stalling. Here is a good match for Ohio promoters.

Eddie Davis has turned promoter and, with his old friend, Mike McKinney, is making the matches for the Goodrich Tire and Rubber Company plant shows at Akron, Ohio. They have been putting on some great scraps in the Rubber City and selling out every show.

Gunner Gungle, Akron's wonderful little amateur fighter, has turned out so good around there that his manager, Si Marsh, has planned to turn him pro. Johnny Griffiths, the old-time lightweight, claims he is the best-looking kid that has been turned out there in years.

Ad Thacher, the ex-mayor from Toledo, says he will furnish the money for any wide-awake promoter who will give the city some real fights.

Buck Everett is anxious to box Steve Hamas or Charley Harvey's other heavyweight, J. Cornelius Griffin. Buck fought the latter twice, each boy winning on a technical kayo in three rounds and his rounds, respectively. Here is a good fight for New York. Everett has been doing some fine fighting around Florida.

Al Corbett is promoting amateur shows in East Cleveland. He has a dandy club and is drawing banner crowds.

Bryan Downey has opened a health gymnasium on Huron Avenue. He is also going to teach boxing.

Joe Tuma is still running the gym on Superior Avenue. He has a large stable of fighters. His big ace, Roger Shea, has returned from the Coast, and Joe is anxious to hear from some of the Ohio promoters. He can be reached at 722 Superior Avenue.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

WARM weather, the hottest Cincinnati territory has seen in some years for May, forced Herman and Maxwell Katz, Parkway Club promoters, to shift their activities outdoors early.

Frank Stoker, Columbus manager, bulletins the writer that lightweight champion, Jackie Hoster, is ready to defend his title against the best 135-pounder in the Ohio realms. Hoster has clear sailing on the state crown, having met such boys as Tiger Walker, Tiger Rosy Grier, Lou Bloom, Frankie Minerva and Eddie Zivic.

Jess Calhoun, Cincinnati's play boy, is the main Cincinnati contender for the state crown and their lightweight championship match will probably be staged at the Parkway Punch Bowl within the next few weeks.

A welterweight who is receiving little or no attention around here and who should be the best bet in that class is Simon Nebloski, the Jewish Assassin from Avondale. Si had a couple of scorchers with Lope Tenorio down Florida way and since his return, he tagged Kid Wright in nine rounds at Dayton, Ohio. Bill Powers, ace of publicity punchers, is handling Nebloski. Powers also is aiding Jeff Clark, southern sportsman, in the interests of Glover, the Jacksonville negro.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Bill Saffin, Mount Washington's veteran promoter announced that he will return to the boxing fold the middle of June with weekly shows at his Beechmont arena after three years of idleness . . . . Joie Palmo, the sensational bantamweight, who is being held back because of his youthfulness, might soon appear at the Parkway arena . . . . Bob Bonner predicts the young Italian will some day wear the featherweight bonnet . . . . G. C. Williams, former fight manager, is busy as a bee these days . . . . G. C. is handling the campaign of the Hon. Martin L. Davey, Democratic candidate for Governor in southern Ohio, and doing an ace job of it . . . . Davey is a sport enthusiast, especially boxing and wrestling . . . . Pete Milano, young Italian lightweight and former Friar Club amateur, died during the month of May at the Speers Hospital . . . . For the many responses of writers, Naylor Stone is sport editor, *Post*, Nixson Denton, sport editor *Times-Star* and Bob Saxton, sport editor *Enquirer* . . . . Joe Smith, manager of Tommy Loughran, writes that he is anxious to get Eddie Houghton, his heavyweight, started in Cincinnati . . . . Freddie Miller, world's 126-pound champion, is again off for the coast . . . . Freddie will meet George Hansford in L. A. and Baby Arizmendi in Mexico City . . . . Freddie kaoyed Paul Dazzo of Chicago in six rounds on the Derby Card at Louisville . . . . Wishy Jones, Louisville's coming lightweight, added Emory Helms to his fast increasing list of wins, while Ted Graham, Cincinnati's negro heavy aspirant, trimmed the veteran Harry Williams in another eight . . . . Louisville has some comers in Nick Davis, a heavy; Joe Palmer, 158; Jimmy Buckler, 126, and Sonny Brentz, a bantam.

Harry Geisman, long connected in theatrical circles throughout the country, made his debut as a wrestling promoter at the Parkway arena in Cincinnati. The personnel of the club are Meyer "Blackie" Lantz, President, Samuel Piates, Vice President (Piates recently announced his resignation as President of the American Federation of Wrestling), Noah Schechtor, Business Manager and Jimmie Amann, Publicity Director. The new association is billed the Belmont Sporting Club.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

STEVE HALAIKO scored a surprise victory over Lew Amber in a six-round bout at the Arena that had the fans on edge from start to finish. The bout was one of the best ever staged in this city, and the fans will be raving over the scrap for days to come. The decision was not a popular one. Many thought Amber entitled to a draw. Halaiko, however, was in splendid form and never looked better. His educated left kept Lew off balance, but the Herkimer comer managed to slip through and drive powerful blows to Steve's head and body.

In a fast six-round semi-final, Tony Tozza of Buffalo, younger brother of Rocky Kansas, won from Babe Amos. Other bouts—Frankie Eagan, Buffalo and Sammy Baker, Scranton, drew (6); Eddie (Babe) Risko, Syracuse, defeated Jackie Flowers, Clinton (6); Freddie Mitchell, Utica, whipped Johnny Hoffman, Syracuse, (6); Sam Matrone, Syracuse, knocked out Joey Stelmach, Auburn (1).

Eddie (Babe) Risko, formerly known as "Sailor Pulaski" who compiled quite a record in the Navy, has been undefeated since joining the pro ranks. Risko battered out a convincing six-round victory over Bucky Lawless, Auburn's fighting Irish Terrier. Joey Brown, local feather, decisively whipped Tommy Howells in the feature scrap.

Other results—Eugene (Bad Boy) Emanuel, Syracuse, outslugged Frankie Stevens, Ogdensburg (6); Baby Joe Thompson, California, beat Freddie Mitchell, Utica (6); Red Finnegan, Utica, trounced Kid Sullivan, Watertown (4); Sam Matrone, Syracuse, drew with Dickie Carr, Liverpool (4).

Red Herring is running weekly shows at Convention Hall, Utica. Joey Kolba beat Lou Alpert in a sizzling six-round windup and Herring followed through with another bang-up card featuring Bushy Graham and Mickey Genaro. Graham won easily.

The world's leading wrestlers show here on Wednesday nights and John Contos is the promoter. Contos has had: Londos, Browning, Savoldi, McLain, Sonnenberg and all the other big timers strut their stuff in the Arena ring.

Paul Swiderski, the sad-eyed Pole, is taking things easy in Paris. We had a nice complimentary letter from Paulie that made our chest swell. Paul is residing at 14 Avenue Charles Floquet, VII, Paris, France, if you care to write.

The old-timers are keeping busy in this neck of the woods. Nick Michaels is running a cafe . . . . Ralph Brady is in partnership with his brother, Jackie, in the operation of a gym for boxers . . . . Chuck (Young) Fisher is working for the city . . . . Mixer Mitchell is a boatman on the Great Lakes . . . . Matty Haley is employed at the Sanderson Steel Mill . . . . Mike (Young) Rogers is a building inspector . . . . Jess Docter trucks beer . . . . Joe LaManna is a bartender . . . . Battling Johnson is operating a restaurant . . . . Joe McDermott manages fighters . . . . Patsy Johnson is a boxing instructor . . . .

Billy Browne is considered one of the best referees Syracuse has ever had. Brownie worked the inter-collegiates, and handles all the amateur wrestling and boxing shows in this section. Efforts are being made to have Billy turn pro.

We received more than one hundred letters from fighters and managers following the publication of our address in the May issue of THE RING. Which goes to prove this column is read by quite a few. Will gladly answer anything pertaining to boxing in this section and will send names and addresses of promoters for a stamp. We still reside at 1009 Cadillac St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Binghamton opened with an all-star wrestling show headed by Strangler Lewis and Frank Brunowicz. Lewis won. Boxing will return to the Parlor City, June 1. The writer is arranging the card.

SHORT STUFF—Syracuse fans want Big Names . . . . The bigger the "rep" the bigger the turnout . . . . Joe Netro is booking the shows for the Disabled Veterans' Arena shows . . . . Mickey Serrian outpointed Harry Emonds at Providence, R. I. and made a hit . . . . Joe Moran has been taking a rest from boxing and is now employed at Niagara Falls . . . . Bob Moody whaled Humberto Arce at Utica . . . . Billy Munico, Auburn welterweight, is doing well on the Coast according to reports . . . . Al Salbano's friends are anxious to see him fight here again . . . . Al is in Houston, Texas, with Jack Laken . . . . Amateur wrestling flopped at Auburn. We tried to arrange a bout between Irish Eddie Dolan of Waterbury and Steve Halaiko at Auburn, but Steve's manager turned thumbs down on the match . . . . "No southpaws," was Vince's declining answer . . . . The scrap would have jammed them in in the Prison City, for Dolan recently belted out Tommy Bland, Canuck champ who had previously given Halaiko a hard fight at Auburn . . . .

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JEFF DICKSON scored another winner when he featured Len Harvey, Empire heavyweight champion, against Jimmy Tarante, the colored American, at the Royal Albert Hall, London, before a packed house. The bout was scheduled for twelve rounds and the Empire champion looked all over a winner when, in the fifth round, Tarante was sent to his corner by the referee, Jim Kenrick, and disqualified for a low blow.

In the supporting card, Eddie Phillips (Bow) appeared against Ben Foord the good-looking South African heavyweight. In the last minute of the eighth round, Foord caught Phillips with a good right to the jaw and down went the Bow cruiserweight, to be counted out.

Another thriller was the bout between Andre Lenglet, the former French heavyweight champion, and Alf Robinson (Manchester). The bout was declared a draw. The big hit of Jeff Dickson's show was the appearance of Georges Carpentier, who boxed a couple of rounds with a French sparring partner and also skipped the rope for five minutes and pleased the crowd.

An invasion of England by German and other continental boxers during the open-air season will eventuate if the dog tracks like White City, Clapton, Wandsworth and Edmonton are opened.

Jack "Kid" Berg did not waste much time in getting to business. Within a week of landing in England, he started training and sparring with Fred Mitchell, the Dartmouth lightweight.

Ginger Foran, the Liverpool bantam, met Jimmy Knowles at the Liverpool Stadium and won in the twelfth, when the referee intervened in the one-sided bout, but in his next bout, with the fast improving youngster, Nipper Hampson, at Leeds, Hampson proved his worth by finishing the bout with a right hook to the Liverpool lad's chin, and Foran went down, to be counted out.

George Morgan (Newport) showed good form in holding Tommy Dowlais (Tredegar) to a draw over fifteen at Bargood.

Jack Strongbow, the West Hartlepool cruiserweight, had an easy journey when he met Teddy Joyce, West Stanley, at Newcastle, and won on points.

Herbie Hill, the Welsh flyweight champion, beat Willie Smith, Margate, at Merthyr over fifteen rounds.

George Willis, the Newcastle welterweight, scored a K.O. over Les D'arcy, Jarnow, in three rounds at Ashington.

The fans at Birkenhead had a surprise served up when the local Bob Nelson defeated Ernie Roderick, Liverpool, on points in ten rounds.

Dick Corbett, the Empire bantamweight champion, defeated Jim Cowie, the Scottish featherweight champion, over twelve rounds at the Adelphi Sports Club, Glasgow.

Seaman Tom Watson, the British featherweight champion, gave a boxing lesson to Aine Gyde, France, in twelve rounds at the Lime Grove Baths, London.

At the Palais De Danse, West Bromwich, Harry Gregory, Walsall, scored an impressive victory over Jackie Moody, West Bromwich.

Charlie Baxter, Birmingham, gained a convincing points victory over Tommy Marren, Burnley, in fifteen rounds at Walsall.

Sonny Lee, Leeds, beat Bert Cantor, Birmingham, in twelve rounds at Leeds.

At the Corn Hall, Norwich, Les Ward, Woking, won on points over Red Pullen, Wales. Tom Curran, Walton, scored a good points victory over Jack Forster, and Young Connolly, Stepney, defeated Jimmy Jarvis, Norwich, on points.

Valentin Angelman, the smart French flyweight, scored a T.K.O. over Micky McGuire, Newcastle, in ten rounds when McGuire's seconds skied the towel with the Newcastle lad on the canvas.

Jackie Brown, Manchester's flyweight champion, defeated the flyweight champion of Rumania, Aurel Toma, on points in twelve rounds. The match was made at two pounds over the limit.

Al Burke, Shepherds Bush, defeated Glen Moody, Wales, on points over twelve rounds at the Mile End Arena. The bout was full of thrills.

Kid Farlo, Stepney, was extremely unlucky when the referee gave him a split verdict against Bobby Turnbull, Scotland, at the end of fifteen rounds at the Beumont Hall, Stepney.

Billy Nash, the young Clerkenwell flyweight, boxed with sparkling skill to outpoint Fred Tennant, Scotland, at the Chalton Ring over twelve rounds.

George Bunter, the young Hartlepool lightweight, showed further improvement at West Hartlepool, when he outpointed Little Minor, Leeds, in twelve rounds. More will be heard of this lad, George Bunter, within the next twelve months.

Birt Kirby, the former flyweight champion, scored a creditable win over Charlie Hazzel, Wales, to whom he gave the order of the K.O. in the tenth.

Norman Baines, the young Liverpool heavyweight, made his first appearance in his home town when he met Italo Collonello, Italy, in twelve rounds at the Liverpool Stadium.

Dave Crowley, Clerkenwell, made short work of his bout with the tough Belgian, Albert Roothooft, at the Ring, London. The bout ended in the seventh round with the Belgian quitting.

"Nipper" Fred Morris, St. George's, met a determined opponent in Young Siki, Stepney, at the Stadium Club, Holborn, and the St. George's lad was a worthy winner on points.

Larry Gains, ex-Empire heavyweight champion, shows improving form since he lost the title to Len Harvey. Gains met Vincenz Hower, the German heavyweight champion, and the colored boxer, who is a big favorite in and around Leicester, won on points.

Reggie Meen, Leicester, goes from bad to worse. He again suffered the pain of disqualification. This time his opponent was Archie Norman.

Lauri Raiteri, Stratford, was unlucky to have to retire with a badly cut eye at the end of the ninth round against Ted Mason, Maidstone.

Steve Merritt, Silvertown, who is a tough baby, received the shock of his life when he met a newcomer, "Ginger" Ross, Euston, in an eight-round bout at Ilford. Merritt, who has never been on the canvas, was put down three times by this hard-hitting Ross and K.O.d with a perfect right to the chin. Watch this Ross fellow, folks.

Johnny King, ex-bantamweight champion of the British Empire, boxed in his old form when he stopped Stan Davies, Rotherham, in the tenth round.

Albert Holding, Barnsley, defeated Little Minor, Leeds, on points at Barnsley Stadium.

Fred Shaw, Shipley, who holds a decision over Marcel Thil, made a comeback at the Leeds N.S.C. when he beat Dave Sullivan, Oldham.

Jimmy Cox, Wigan, still keeps on fighting and he put up a game show against a younger lad in Johnny Melia, Bradford, at Morecambe, before losing on points.

A strange verdict was given at the Stadium Club, Holborn, when Curley Merritt, Silvertown, received the decision over Fred Mitchell, Dartmouth. What with this and the other decisions that have been given lately, there is a movement afoot for the B.B.B.C. to recall all referee licenses and give them out only to capable men who can pass tests.

Mog Mason, Gilfoch Loch, scored a fine victory over Billy McCanley, Glasgow, whom he beat into submission in eight rounds.

Charlie McDonald, Sunderland, lost a close one to the Irish middleweight champion, Jack O'Brien, at Newcastle.

Ernie Simmonds, Dublin, received the decision over Steve McCall, Aberdeen, at the Adelphi Sports Club, Glasgow.

George Bunter, Hartlepool, scored a victory over Jack Flynn, Belfast.

Jack Casey, Sunderland, had to fight hard to beat Tommy Farr, Wales, at Newcastle.

Chris Lovell and Arthur Davis, both Bedford boys, met to decide who was the champion of Bedfordshire and, after a terrific bout, the referee, Jack Hart, decided that Lovell was in front.

Dave Finn, the young Stepney featherweight, defeated Joe Horridge, Liverpool, in ten rounds.

Seaman Joe Wakeling, Chatham, won two bouts in four days when he outpointed Eddie Manning, Wales, at the Ilford Rink over fifteen rounds, and stopped Jack Haynes, Birmingham, in four rounds at the Mile End Arena.

Leo Lee, the young flyweight from Canning Town, chalked up another win at the expense of Johnny Buckley, Bermondsey, in ten rounds at the Osborne Social Club.

Harry Mizler, British lightweight champion, scored a points victory over Joe Kerr, Glasgow, at the Adelphi Club, Glasgow.

Moe Moss, Stepney, stepped into his own when he knocked out Sandie McKenzie, Scottish middleweight champion, in the sixth round at Glasgow.

Freddie Baxter, Bethnal Green, and Jim Maharg, Glasgow, went eight rounds to a draw on the same card.

Pat Butler, Leicester, gained a decisive victory over Harry Gregory, Walsall, at West Bromwich.

Jimmy Knowles, Aberdeen, won the bantamweight championship of Scotland from Jim O'Niel, Glasgow, at Dundee.

Sonny Lee, the Leeds featherweight, came a cropper when he met George Reynolds at the Liverpool Stadium. Towards the end of the second round, Reynolds caught Lee a low punch just as the bell rang, and the referee took no action.

Albert Roothooft, Belgium, gained a well deserved points victory over Bert Taylor, Birmingham, at Walsall.

Frank McCall, Aberdeen, younger brother of Steve McCall, won the right to meet Willie Hamilton for the welterweight championship of Scotland when he scored a T.K.O. over Willie Dow, Blantyre, in seven rounds at Edinburgh.

Jim Campbell, Scottish flyweight champion, received a surprise when the decision was given against him in his bout with Jim Brady at Dundee.

Gilbert Johnstone, Dundee, won easily on points over Arby Hollingsworth, Sheffield, at Dundee.

Ken Barrett, Cardiff, defeated Johnny McCoy, Argoed, at Bargoed, on points.

Boyo Rees, Abercumbor, is steadily climbing the championship ladder. His latest win was at the expense of Harry Brown, Northampton.

Harry Mason, ex-lightweight champion, qualified to meet Len "Tiger" Smith for the welterweight championship of Great Britain by cleverly outpointing Danny Evans, Ammanford, at Swansea.

Cuthbert Taylor, Merthyr, won narrowly on points over Evan John, Tylorstown, at Trelaw.

Billy Quinlan, Welsh lightweight champion, lost to the Liverpool lightweight, Frankie Brown, on points.

Harry Brooks, St. George's, boxed excellently to outpoint Douglas Parker, Sunderland, at Newcastle.

Steve Golfring, Portsmouth, came in as a substitute at Stadium Club and boxed Jack Delaney, Greenwich, a hard twelve-round draw.

Jock McAvoy, middleweight champion of Great Britain, encountered a stiff obstacle when he outpointed Ernie Simmons, Birmingham, at Belle Vue, Manchester.

Johnny King, former Empire bantam champion, stopped a tough Belgian, in Marcel Sartos, in the eighth.

Al Burke, Shepherds Bush, and Archie Sexton, Bethnal Green, met at the Stadium Club, London, for the southern area middleweight championship over fifteen rounds. Sexton could not connect with his haymakers on the fast-moving ex-Australian, who gained a narrow points win.

"Kid" Berg, the Whitechapel Whirlwind, won from Jack Flynn, Irish lightweight, at The Ring, London.

Teddy Berg, brother of the "Kid," was K.O.d in the eighth round by Arthur Crane.

Albert O'Brien, Hoxton, scored a K.O. over the ex-territorial champion, Arthur Novell, in the second.

"Kid" Farlo, Stepney, scored an impressive win on points over tough Jimmy Ashley, Stepney, at the Beumont Hall, Stepney.

Jimmy Walsh, Chester, gave Champion Tommy Watson a close call at Liverpool in an overweight match.

George "Panther" Purchase, South Africa, and Pat Haley, Hanley, fought a tough draw.

Jack Hyams, the Stepney taxi driver, acting as a substitute against Jim Winters, Glasgow, at the Adelphi Sports Club, Glasgow, threw a bombshell in the cruiserweight ranks when he scored a T.K.O. over Winters in the sixth round.

Archie Sexton, Bethnal Green, gave Bob Simpkins, Bridlington, a boxing lesson before scoring a K.O. in the eighth round at the Brunswick Stadium, Leeds.

Len Beynon, Swansea, defeated Billy Jones, Wembley.

Francois Machtens, Belgium, outpointed the local champion, Cliff Peregrine, at Ammanford.

Dave Crowley, Clerkenwell, outpointed Tommy Rogers, Willenhall, holder of the Southern area featherweight championship, for the latter's title, at the Embassy Ring, Sparkbrook, Birmingham. In the chief supporting bout, Moe Moss, Mile End, K.O.'d Harry Gregory, Walsall, in the third.

Tommy Watson, champion of Great Britain, journeyed to Edinburgh to K.O. Jim Cowie, Scottish champion, in the sixth round.

Charlie Belanger, Canada's cruiserweight champion, had little trouble in defeating Tommy Farr, Welsh champion, at Newcastle.

Benny Caplan, St. George's, fought the battle of his career when he outpointed Johnny McGrory, Glasgow, at the Stadium Club, London.

Fred Tennant, Scotland, and Fred Siki boxed a brisk eight rounds to a draw.

Robert Disch, the lightweight champion of Holland, caused a surprise at the Ring, London, when he scored a T.K.O. over Douglas Parker, Sunderland, in the last round.

Archie Sexton, Bethnal Green, outclassed Ocky Davies, Milford Haven, challenger for the Welsh middleweight championship. Davies could do little against the clever and hard-hitting Londoner and was knocked out in the ninth round.

Eddie Pierce, South Africa, was unlucky in not getting the full honors, after fifteen moderate rounds, with Al Burke of Shepherds Bush, at the Mile End Arena.

Johnny Rust, South Africa, scored a creditable K.O. victory over Allen Perry, Liverpool, in the ninth.

Sandy McKenzie, Glasgow, defeated Chuck Parker, Barnesly, over twelve rounds at Glasgow.

Nipper Len Hampston, Leeds, who has been carrying all before him, was held to a draw at the Leeds Brunswick Stadium by the clever Londoner, Fred Morris.

A sensation was in store for the Liverpool Stadium fans when Jimmy Stewart met Jules Steyaert, Belgium. No sooner had the gong sounded when Stewart walked over to the center of the ring and landed a right to the Belgian's chin, who went down like a log, to be counted out.

BOXING MANAGERS—Send me your fighters' pictures for publication in The Ring, also notes about your fighters, to 3 Edward St., London, E.1, before the ninth of each month. Nat Fleischer's books are being asked for throughout the British Isles. Readers in this territory can buy them by writing to the above address. I act as an agent for him here. That's all for this month.

ROCHESTER, N.Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

WITH no pro. boxing in the city for the past two months, the local boxers were kept busy in out-of-town rings.

Matchmaker Sol Schwartz of the Acme Sport Club will open his office at 105 Ward Bldg. Sol is expecting to run his first outdoor show in the second week of June.

Al Traino has just returned to the city after three weeks of training on his farm.

At Utica, Johnny Burba, of Rochester, stopped Al Jervis in one round; Vince Giambrone lost to Kid Mohican in six rounds; Lefty Thomas fought a four-round draw with Paul Roach. Tony Storace of Rome is running weekly amateur shows and he is packing them in.

The Pioneer Gym has closed its doors for the summer months but will be open in the fall.

The writer is sending a team of amateur boxers to the Middle West.

The following city champs will make the trip West, Joe Siconlfi; H.W.; Jim Flood, M.W.; Joe DeCarlo, W.; Norm Roth, L.; Angie Atta, L.; Don Piano, B.; Micky Carderella, Fly.

Get your Ring at Rickles Newstand at Clinton and Main St., where all the fighters get their papers.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

THAT dazzling Chinaman, Ralph Chong, New Orleans, again demonstrated why he holds the mythical Southern middleweight crown as well as being the Chinese world's middleweight champion, in his most recent tilt at Houston, Texas. Billy Thomas, Louisville, Kentucky, his opponent, was dropped five times for various counts during the ten rounds. Chong won as he pleased.

Jimmy Beeson, New Orleans middleweight, from whom much is expected, won two by the kayo business when he stopped K.O. Baer in two rounds and Tommy Burke, Brooklyn, N. Y., in four stanzas at New Orleans.

Although he evidently possesses superior knowledge of boxing and accuracy in punching, Augie Camaratta, young 132-pound New Orleanian, had not had enough action the past several months, so lack of stamina caused him to drop a close ten-rounder to George Clausen, Mobile, at New Orleans. A week before Clausen outpointed Paul Quartararo, New Orleans.

After being knocked down by a terrific right hook, Johnny Miler, Detroit light-heavyweight, used his weight advantage to tire Billy Thomas, Kentucky middleweight, and then knock him out. The preliminaries were spotty. Santos Hugo, Filipino bantam, repeated his previous victory over Angelo Musso, as did George Holmes, 126, over Adam Cook. Al Morales, lightweight, beat Johnny Franks, Memphis, Tennessee. Neo Robertson drew with Young Jess Willard, Ohio lightweight.

A mighty little atom and a left hand that socks as hard as a welterweight's has been uncovered in Joe Fryou, young Gretna, Louisiana, bantamweight. The youngster has supplanted Jimmy Perrin in popular fancy in New Orleans. During the past month the blond southpaw stopped Tony Russell in four rounds and Nutzie Liuzza in one, both being scheduled ten rounders.

Battling Shaw, Laredo, Texas, Mexican and former junior welterweight champ, who has been trying valiantly to regain his lost following, dropped a ten-round newspaper decision to Johnny Blalak, Mobile, at Mobile.

Strangely, more veteran gladiators attempted comebacks during the month than are generally brought out during a whole year. Even Tony Marullo, the tough trial horse who has met nearly all the top-notch middleweights and light-heavyweights in this country in the past ten years, tried it. He stopped Bill Thomas in two rounds in New Orleans.

Returning from Texas after campaigning there for several months, Roy Calamari, slugging New Orleans lightweight, was sadly roughed and battered by Augie Vaglica of Italy in ten rounds.

The rugged lightweight, Jumbo Rovira, New Orleans, returned to the ring after a long layoff due to illness. In three scraps during the month he defeated California Joe Rivers, Long Beach, Calif., in ten stanzas, dropped an eight-round newspaper decision to Frankie Schottgen of Mobile at Mobile, and drew with the veteran Johnny Cook, New Orleans, in ten rounds.

Tommy Littleton, essaying a comeback after years of retirement, lasted only six rounds with Johnny Blalak, middleweight, at Mobile. In the semi-final Eddie Burl, Jacksonville, Florida, featherweight, easily decisioned Dewey Cannon, Mobile, in eight settos. Red Martin, Gilbertown, Ala., middleweight, battered Truman Sims, Birmingham, Ala., to win.

Snyder, Tex., Fan:—Battling Shaw and Johnny Chong are acclaimed the leading welterweights of Louisiana. Sorry I've never heard of Red McGinity.

The Lake Charles, La., favorite, Tony DiGiovanni, lightweight, won two at that place, beating Adam Cook and Dutch Kearney, both of New Orleans, over the ten-round route. Jack Dempsey refereed the Cook affair.

When Al Jerome injured his leg, Adam Cook, a fair preliminary boy, substituted on two hours' notice and subsequently knocked out Jack Sexton, Atlanta, Georgia, featherweight, in the seventh of a ten-rounder.

OUTCROPPINGS—Jess Willard, big and fat, refereed the Rovira-Cook match at New Orleans . . . . The mammoth ex-champion has been on a tour through Mississippi . . . . Mike McNulty left New Orleans with his protege Johnny Miler . . . . He said Promoter Burke failed to secure opponents for Miler whom he (Mike) selected . . . . Bat Brennan is boxing instructor of the Zelle A.C. . . . . Judges at fights in New Orleans are required to use indelible pencils in marking their cards . . . . Leo Heck is a manager who has yet to be in a losing corner . . . . He hasn't been in the game long . . . . Boxing news from points in Louisiana, Alabama, and Mississippi for inclusion in this column will be appreciated by the writer . . . . My address is 627 Ursuline, New Orlean.., La.

BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.
By JACK SAUNDERS

THE contest between Smiling Kid, our heavy and light-heavyweight ace, and Pedro Proenza, Cuba's hard-hitting light-heavyweight star, was staged at York Park Stadium.

Smiling Kid knocked out Proenza in the sixth round. The Cuban was knocked down twice in every round except the second round.

Baturitto, of Cuba, K.O.d Kid Stanford in the third round of their eight-round bout. Freddie Cook earned the decision over Jamaica Canera in six rounds. George Dixon won on decision from Steve Livermore in six rounds. Buzz Barton K.O.d Ed. Downer in the fourth.

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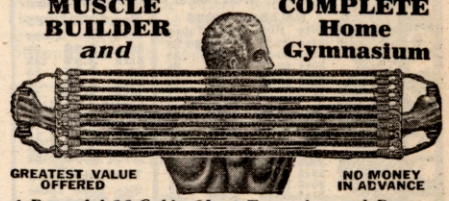

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29x4.75-20	2.50	.95	34x4	3.25	.85
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05	32x4½	3.25	1.15
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05	33x4½	3.45	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15	34x4½	3.45	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15	30x5	3.65	1.35
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15	33x5	3.75	1.45
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33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25	32x6	7.95	2.75
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35	36x6	8.95	3.95
			34x7	9.25	3.25
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AUSTRALIAN BOXING AND BOXERS

By JAMES J. MANNION

AMBROSE PALMER has been "'twixt the devil and the deep sea" during the greater part of 1934. Faced with a barren field in Australia, he has several times decided to go abroad on the earliest outward-bound tub, only to have Charley Lucas talk him back again. For a time it seemed that Charles' gift of gab had lost its charm, as Ambrose actually left Melbourne, bound for London, a few weeks ago. But at the last moment, the National Boxing Club dished up an offer that brought the whole Palmer entourage back across the country from Perth (W.A.) . . . . Palmer's contract was for three fights at $4,500 the lot. He fulfilled a third of it when he faced Marty Sampson (U.S.A.) at Rushcutters Bay and won in a canter. Roy Williams will most likely be his next opponent.

Quite a while has elapsed since my last column appeared in THE RING, but until recently there has been little of note to record. In the past few weeks, though, things have shown signs of healthy life. So with ordinary luck, Australia will soon be able to continue supplying a regular budget of fistic news . . . .

The biggest team of international boxers to visit this country for some time, arrived not so long ago, under the management of Harry Gordon and Jesus Cortez. The boys are: Roy Williams, Marty Samson, Wesley Ramey, Ralph Lenny, Speedy Dado, Varias Milling, Joe Ghnouly and Star Frisco. They are a pretty good lot, most of them, having high ranking in the U.S.A., and they have been doing well here.

Wesley Ramey is in a class above Australian lightweights. He faced champion Jimmy Kelso in his initial Sydney contest, but carried far too many guns for James. And now Wesley has scored another easy win over the hard-fighting Bobby Delaney. There are no other locals worth pitting against Ramey, unless he's prepared to tackle the welters. He certainly has tons of class.

Darkie Blandon (8.5½), bantam champion of Australia, is climbing rapidly. His latest performance gained him a host of new admirers, a meritorious victory over Speedy Dado.

Varias Milling is a disgruntled pug these days. When he fought Herb Bishop in Melbourne, the decision went to Bishop, but according to Milling, this was all wrong. So now he's throwing out one of those old brigade challenges—anywhere, anyhow, anytime.

Prior to his disastrous match with Ramey, Bobby Delaney, who is really a welterweight now, met Jackie O'Brien at Brisbane. It was rather a tame affair which ended in a draw.

Flyweight champion Wally Walker had his colors lowered in a non-title bout with Billy McAlister recently. There's life in the old McAlister yet.

Star Frisco opened his Aussie campaign with a victory at the expense of Ron Leonard, and is now getting ready for bigger fry.

South Australia's featherweight champion, Johnny Greig, is meeting with success in his Melbourne campaign. In his last start he belted out Dick O'Connor in eight rounds.

JABBAGES and SWINGS—Nothing short of a world's championship seems likely to satisfy Aussie fans in 1934. And now that hopes of seeing Rosenbloom tackle Palmer here are rapidly fading, the flags are waving and bands playing in an effort to attract the elongated Al Brown. Blandon's amazing performance against Dado has put his prospects in the clouds . . . . Welterweight champ, Jack Carroll, is following his usual occupation of doing nothing, so far as boxing is concerned . . . . And likewise Young Llew Edwards . . . . While Fred Henneberry is rapidly acquiring the same pernicious habit . . . . Bobby Delaney is learning to fly, and is alleged to be considering the purchase of an aeroplane . . . . It's Easter Monday here . . . . AND here's a dazzling finish—the result of tonight's fight in Sydney has just come over. Palmer met "Tiger" Roy Williams and gave him a magnificent licking in fifteen rounds. 'Twas no more or less than a calm walk. Who's next?

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS

By HERB McHUGH

IN one continuous slug-fest, Joe Ghnouly of St. Louis, U.S.A., came through with honors in his first Australian appearance at Sydney Stadium to take a points' decision over the home champion, Jimmy Kelso . . . . At 132¼ pounds, Ghnouly conceded Kelso 5¾ pounds.

Kelso held the advantage up to the fourth, but a whirlwind offensive by Ghnouly at the start of the fifth and carried through to the sixth, had Kelso temporarily nonplussed. But one thing can be said of Kelso—he's tough and game . . . . These are most important assets in the Australian's make-up and allow him to keep going when the average fighter would have his feet up in the air . . . .

Star Frisco made a gallant effort against "Darkie" (Merv) Blandon in Melbourne . . . . He had the Australian champion on the floor early in the piece, but he had to be satisfied with second place when the verdict was handed out . . . .

Latest news to hand is that Ghnouly and Kelso will meet in a return event . . . . Should be a money-spinner . . . . Some scribes are suggesting a Tod Morgan-Joe Ghnouly glove-up, but Morgan is too big—his weight is around 140 . . . .

The contest between Canadian Billy Townsend and Ralph Lenny of Jersey City, U.S.A., at Sydney Stadium ended sensationally . . . . Lying helpless on the bottom strand of rope, Lenny looked certain to be knocked out, but at the count of seven, his trainer, Harry Gordon, amazingly stepped through the ropes, instantly bringing disqualification upon his fighter.

It was bad luck for Townsend that on a mere technicality he should have been robbed of the chance of placing Lenny's name among his k.o. victims.

A new rule, however, has now been adopted, and, in future, where a trainer steps into the ring during the progress of a fight, he, alone, will be dealt with . . . . and the fight will continue . . . . Gordon's action brought forth a storm of criticism, as a disqualification comes under the interpretation of a foul; consequently all bets were declared off.

While betting officially does not exist at fights in Sydney, there is a good deal of it goes on, especially away from the Stadium.

Gordon claims that he mistook the count bell for the one denoting the end of the round . . . . His explanation was accepted by the National Boxing Club's manager, Charlie Lucas . . . .

Lenny had piled up a good lead on the points' ledger, his short-arm punches playing havoc with Townsend, who was rushing in and swinging wildly most of the time . . . . Sent out for the tenth round with instructions to hit all the way with Lenny, Townsend landed a dandy right-hand flush on Lenny's chin . . . . It was the start of the finish . . . .

Gamely trying to bluff his way out of trouble, Lenny could not shake Townsend off. The Canadian realized he had a "kill" and never let up and with a barrage of punches caused Lenny to crumple up and drop to the floor, the ropes breaking his fall.

Lenny's condition after the fight showed that he would not have avoided a knockout, regardless of the incident that brought about his disqualification . . . .

Marty Sampson, another American, made a miserable showing in his Australian debut against Ambrose Palmer . . . . Apparently Marty was more intent on seeing out the distance than making a fight of it, and try as he would, Palmer could not make Sampson snap out of it.

It went the full distance of fifteen rounds with Palmer an easy winner on points. It is questionable whether Sampson really won a round and the customers were mighty glad when the inglorious spectacle finished.

Perhaps Sampson was not aware of the fact that Palmer had an off night. So it can best be imagined what would have happened to Marty had the Australian champion been moving at his top . . . . Probably the fact of his facing Australia's top-line light-heavyweight may have upset Sampson a little, and from first round to last hung on like a leech . . . .

There seems to be nobody offering at the moment for Claude Varner . . . . Young Llew Edwards and Herb Bishop moving up to the lightweight division had left the matchmaker with a problem to solve . . . . Australia lacks class featherweights and maybe Varner will have to concede weight.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!

By CONRADO MATA

FIGHTING YABA, recently arrived from Japan, drew with Baby Johnson, in a bout billed for the featherweight championship of the Orient. Yaba had the best of the argument, but Ref. Paquito Villa saw it as an even go.

Macario "Bayan" Rivera is back from the good ol' U. S. A. with plenty good news from the mainland. He said that Jo Tei Ken, Little Pancho, Speedy Dado and a couple of others are willing to step aboard a boat for the Philippines. He added that Little Pancho is a hundred per cent better than the Pancho of old and thinks that Pancho Villa's kid brother will be the next bantamweight champion of the world.

It seems that Paquito Limjengco will no longer take a dip into the promotorial business judging from the indifference he has shown lately towards acquiring the Osmena Park for his fight site. Limjengco was the former promoter of the Olympic Stadium which was demolished by its owner to give way to a modern engineering college.

Bebeng Gutierrez, handsome but bald-headed eagle of the local fight world, is managing the Laloma Stadium. His opener was the Fighting Yaba-Baby Johnson set-to.

The Padilla brothers; Jose and Carlos, are back on the warpath. The fighting brothers have always been stumbling blocks for the Japanese mittslingers.

Young Santos, Cavite flyweight titleholder, knocked out Kid Nacionalista and drew with Fighting Yerro. Little Abayan gave Joe Brazil a neat drubbing in ten to retain his 112-pound diadem. Santos and Abayan has signed papers for a titular encounter.

Young Frisco, Vic Castro's welterweight kingpin, drove a stiff left hook to the face of Fighting Nelson to send him crashing to the canvas for keeps in the sixth stanza.

Dommy Reyes, is trying to get Little Abayan to place his crown on the auction block. Dommy has the distinction of having kayoed Cunning Nene, ex-bantamweight oriental ruler, when that thing was still a novelty.

OTHER FIGHT RESULTS: Angel Dano lost by a t.k.o. to Fighting Chua Lai in the fifth; Rush Binoy was decisioned by Young Tarley; Speed Sara bested Kid Samsam in eight; Mariano Adriano drubbed Ignacio Fernandez in ten.

Carl Hess, Sr., prominent American ol'timer, and a rabid patron of the local prize game, passed to the Great Beyond. The rise of Pancho Villa, Dencio Cabanela, and others, were in some other way due to him. May his soul rest in peace!

Arsenio Lacson, young millionaire, and Nene Santiago, another young chap of means, are always together at the ringside.

TID BITS: Young Modejar acted as the impromptu timekeeper for Naning Sangle's show . . . . Carlos Padilla, good-looking amateur welter holder, whipped Ben Oswald . . . . Paquito Lituco is doing well at the La Loma Stadium . . . .

Al Rivers sent the writer a letter, asking for some information about the sock business here . . . . Max Alper, of Montreal, Quebec, Canada, dropped another one . . . . N. Sarokin, of Pontica, Michigan, wants to come to the Islands, to try his luck as a sports cartoonist . . . .

MINNESOTA FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

THE State Boxing Commission has granted the following franchises for the promoting of boxing shows: Veterans of Foreign Wars at Marshall, Minn., Phil Terk, Duluth; J. S. McGrath, Bemidji; Veterans of Foreign Wars, at Kenyon; American Legion at North Mankato; Angus McDonal, East Grand Forks; American Legion of Rochester; Winona Boxing Club at Winona; the American Legion at St. Cloud; Johnny Salvator at St. Paul; Nick Kahler was granted amateur franchises in Minneapolis as well as in St. Paul. Mike Collins is back in the fight picture as matchmaker for the American Legion in Minneapolis.

Red Wing, Minn.—Earl Sathers knocked out Johnny Baker in 4; Wally Wohlwend decisioned Harry Chap in 4; Wally Hide drew with Mike Chipka in 4; Roy McPherson unpopularly decisioned Jimmy Hauser; Danny O'Shea beat Ray Ives; Tug Porkelson kayoed Hans Straub in ten seconds of the first round; Bobby O'Connor of Bell Creek kayoed Arnold Wilber.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Jackie Sharkey decisioned Sammy Levine; Young Rightmeier beat Jimmy Salvatore; Glen Mussellman lost to Johnny Stanton.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Sammy Levine stopped Artie Mitchell in five; Buster Page beat Bud Clover in 6. George Eckes won over Lee Savoldi in six.

St. Paul, Minn.—Frankie Battaglia, of Winnipeg, ended the long winning streak of Larry Udell, of Sioux City, by knocking out the youngster in five rounds.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Max Kalbrener of Moorhead, Minn., won over Al Curtis of Fort Dodge, Ia., in six rounds.

Duluth, Minn.—Frankie Knauer outpointed Iszy Levine in six; Sherald Kennard beat Jack Leibgott in six; My Sullivan knocked out Walter Cobb in the first round.

St. Paul, Minn.—Jackie Libgott lost a close fight to Johnny Stanton in six; My Sullivan kayoed Johnny Simpson in the sixth round; Babe Daniels was awarded a decision over Joey Kaufman in six; Louis Walker kayoed Mike Chipka in three; Max Kalbrener beat Bobby Reier; Pat Chillafone outpointed Sandy McPherson in a fast four; Saph McKenna was the third man for the show.

Henry Schaft, who is under the management of Jackie Conway, former welterweight boxer, is going good right now. Schaft, a lightweight, can punch, weather a heavy sock, and is heartily endowed with plenty of courage.

St. Paul, Minn.—Jackie Neitz won the decision over Louis Walker in six; Walker offered Neitz plenty of opposition before the latter was given the decision.

Winona, Minn.—Wally Wohlwend won a decision over Joe Goeders in six rounds. The decision was not so hot with the fans, who thought the bout should have been a draw; Herbie Schultz and Bobby Rieier fought to a draw in six; Frankie Kouba beat Everett Vinson; Jimmy Hauser beat Buck Jackson.

Winona, Minn.—Vern Trickle scored a T.K.O. over Harry Chapiewki; Ray Smaglik outpointed Forey Wampler.

St. Paul, Minn.—Something unusual in knockouts took place when six happened on the same card; My Sullivan knocked out Goldie Aheran in two; Jackie Libgott received the decision over Arnie Arnold in six; Lee Savoldi scored a T.K.O. over Billy Anderson in two; Steve Koran beat Eddie McFadden in four; Pat Chilifone beat Johnny Malone in four; Joe Wyfal scored a knockout over Larry Larson in three; Harold Solder scored a one-round kayo over Frankie Cowden. Jimmy Kannon kayoed Billy Tremajne in two; Stan Savoldi scored a knockout over Tommy Moody in three.

Duluth, Minn.—Frankie Knauer knocked out Mickey O'Shea in five; Billy O'Brien beat Jimmy Thompson in four; Jack Casper and Ted Reiter fought a draw; Dick Yorth beat Billy Bailey; Marty Teller stopped Joe App; Jock Morre scored a T.K.O. over Harry Greitch in the first round; Jackie Liegott lost a hair-line go to Henry Schaft.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—Mike Collins, the new matchmaker for the American Legion at Minneapolis, has been connected with the boxing game for the past twenty years. Collins managed such men as Mike Gibbons, Jimmy Delaney, "Farmer" Lodge, Johnny Noye and a score more fighters . . . . He started at Hudson, Wis. . . . Disgusted with the supervision of boxing in Minnesota, two of the oldest and most capable referees turned in their resignations, Mr. George A. Barton, and William B. Hoke . . . . Both men stated, "We are not in accord with the present Minnesota Athletic Commission and, until some effort is made to place the control in better hands, we no longer care to officiate" . . . . King Tut, the little bad man, has decided to enter the wrestling field . . . . Tut is the boy who made things so mean for Billy Petrolle . . . . Farmer Lodge, who boxed Firpo in South America, has also turned to wrestling . . . . Mike O'Dowd, former middleweight champ, is still located here . . . . Stewart McLean is working out on the Coast . . . . Any pro that is under twenty-one cannot box in this state without a written consent from his parents . . . . Mike Gibbons and Saph McKenna are state referees . . . . Jack Clifford, the former heavyweight, who knocked out the late "Big" Munn, is located here . . . . Tom McCarthy, who fought them all, including Tunney, Gun Boat Smith, Bob Martin, and many others of note, is still around . . . . Joe Swartz of Yonkers, New York, is bringing a group of high-class leather pushers to this section . . . . "Baby Face" Mickey Slater, coming featherweight of Sioux City, and Buddy Short, sensational Sioux City colored light-heavyweight, also wish to show their stuff here . . . . Tommy Gibbons, former heavyweight boxer, is making a run for sheriff . . . . News for this spot must be in my hands by the fourteenth of each month . . . . mail same to 746 South Smith Ave., St. Paul, Minn. . . . . Boys, don't forget to buy your RING every month . . . . and don't forget to look over the Ring Book Shop . . . . See you next month.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

AT Scottsbluff, Nebr.:—Billy Vaughn, Torrington, Wyo., lightweight scored a surprising victory over Hershey Wilson, lightweight champion of Colorado. The "Torrington Tornado" was awarded a technical kayo at the end of the seventh round, when the Eagle, Colo., boy was unable to continue. Wonder why the promoters of this section don't exploit this Vaughn boy more than they do? He's a fightin' fool if there ever was one. We could stand more of his type.

At Colorado Springs:—Billy Neiheisel, tough Boulder welterweight, won the state title in that division from Henry Rein of Denver. The battle was a very close one and a draw would probably have been a more popular verdict. It was a ten-rounder. Tommy Lopez, Rocky Mountain 126-pound amateur champion, made his professional debut by handing out a pasting to Rex Reese of Longmont in a six-round affair.

Ken Disch, Denver, pounded out a six-round decision over Billy Burch of Casper in a welterweight battle at Fort Warren, Wyo. In the other six-rounder, Joe Biell, Sydney, Nebr., bantamweight, got the decision over Steve Gallegos, Cheyenne, in a rip-snorting duel.

The latest sensation to flash over the horizon in Colorado is Emilio Martinez, a 165-pound Mexican lad. His latest victim was George Manley. Emilio beat him as he pleased in a ten-round go at Denver. Maybe Manley has slipped some, but even so, I don't know of any of the boys who have been spotting him ten pounds and then whaling the dickens out of him. A few months ago, Martinez kayoed Henry Firpo in six heats and, now that he has beaten Manley, it appears that the Mexican lad is ready for any and all of the boys that can be induced to meet him. Keep an eye on this kid, he's going places.

At Fort Morgan, Colo.:—The fistic aspirations of the three Klein brothers of Loveland, Colo., suffered a severe setback in a card sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Jake Baker, Fort Morgan, kayoed Hank Klein in the first heat of a scheduled ten-rounder. They fought at 165 pounds.

In the semi-windup, Freddie Shank put the skids under George Klein also in the opening round of a welterweight battle.

Then just to make the demise of the Klein brothers complete, Al Gallegos, Brush, flattened Rueben Klein in one canto. Also welters.

A rather bad night for the Kleins, we might add.

At Denver:—Hershey Wilson outpointed Buddy Jackson over the ten-round route. Wilson was a bit too smart and fast for the Denver southpaw slugger. Wilson weighed 137; Jackson, 144. On the same card, Carl Walker flattened Lowrey La Grange in three rounds of a drab affair. They are heavyweights.

At Fort Warren, Wyo.:—Billy Neiheisel, Boulder, and Faye Clark, Scottsbluff, Nebr., fought a savage ten-round draw. Neiheisel was down for an "eight" count in the second. Neiheisel weighed 150; Clark, 159. "Young" Griffo, Fort Warren soldier, defeated Rex Reese, Denver, in a six-round go. They are featherweights.

NOTICE—Tommy Corbett, Kansas and Nebraska boxer. Mr. Dewey Fragetta, 378 Pennsylvania Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., is anxious to hear from you.

At Antonito, Colo.:—In one of the greatest battles ever staged in southern Colorado, Henry Jackson, Fort Garland, Colorado, featherweight champ, and Tony Chavez of Albuquerque, N. Mex., 126-pounder, fought a furious ten-round draw.

On the same card, Pug Sutherland, Manassa, and Billy Yalotz, Pueblo, fought ten listless rounds, Sutherland winning an undeserved decision. They are welters.

Mickey Moran, terrific socking Walsenburg Irishman, met his Waterloo at the hands of Celestino Ruybal of Del Norte. The bout was stopped in the sixth after Moran was dropped for two "nine" counts. They are 130-pounders.

Anybody wanting any "dope" on the fight game in the Rocky Mountain region can get it by addressing the writer at P.O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado. But be sure to inclose reply postage. And remember, the writer would like to have all the fight results in this section of the country. But be sure to have them in not later than the fifteenth of each month.

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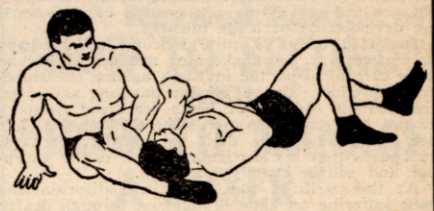

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA
By SKIPPY JOYCE

HERE'S a timely tip to members of the boxing fraternity:—Don't figure on playing California for a one-night stand. Not if you want the freight paid. A fighter who draws them in out here, must first stick around a spell and acquaint the gentry with the merit of his wares. There are a few exceptions, naturally, whose name over the marquee is enough said, but only a few.

Consider: Mr. Art Lasky took part in eight or nine mills before sharing in a sizable split and then it was in a match against Lee Ramage, a popular local boy. That fight established him and he is set. Set until someone comes along that can unseat him.

The club entrepreneur, counting over his gains after the Lasky-Ramage set-to, grinned broadly and let fancy flit along something like this: What would the pushing horde of paid seat occupiers do for a Mickey Walker-Maxie Rosenbloom match when they turn out for about nineteen grand for this melee.

The answer was simple and forceful. Mr. Public went down to the corner and saw two feature pictures, a newsreel and a Mickey Mouse for a quarter, leaving a goodly number of fight arena seats to the ghosts that inhabit such edifices.

Once a fighter establishes himself as having something to put out and, more to the point, willing to put out, the fans will line up to see him. Especially, if there is a local boy in the picture. Promoters are beginning to see the light but are not yet giving out enough effort toward the development of home towners.

Imported talent is quite welcome and perhaps even necessary, but makers of matches should be more careful to pit the invaders against the home-grown product. The paying fan has long and often signified his distrust of bouts featuring troupers in the customary manner. The club owner has not quite caught the drift as yet. Or, perhaps, he figures that his particular match is the exception and will be heavily consumed.

At this writing, the game in California has been suffering an ague brought on through drafty bouts. And this is too bad indeed as the fight business was developing into an extraordinary healthy animal. The public response had become almost habitual for matches featuring Young Corbett, Hansford, Klick, and a fistful of other more or less illustrious locals having-at the leads among the visitors.

Then lo! About half a dozen matches presented an entire cast of tourists. And they turned out to be character players or purveyors of bits. And the evenings developed into endurance contests with the reduced numbers of seat check holders enduring.

I don't mean to imply that the aforementioned fights were the old Punch and Judy routine. That I don't know. But the fact is evident that these matches are far from satisfactory and have hurt the business.

More hometowners are plainly indicated. Matchmakers could do much worse than to give local boys more than an even chance to develop themselves.

RAMBLINGS—John Sylvester's move from the Vets' enterprise in San Francisco to Dreamland was something of a surprise. There was no out-and-out disagreement. Sylvester believes he can do better with a free hand and it is understood he can boss things in his own way at the Steiner Street club.

The move brings Schuler back into the picture at the Civic Auditorium. Wad Wadhams, one-time matchmaker at the Olympic and at Vernon, is signing fights for the Sacramento Legion. The Babe Marino-Charley Hernandez fight was his opening show. The Pico Arena promoter, Dave Landeau, is in England. The Monday night shows continue at his club.

The burning question for a day or so was: "What's the Kingfish pulling?" And the answer: "It will do you more good if you figure it out for yourself."

Joe Williams is figuring on claiming the feather-weight title for George Hansford. Miller, Chocolate and Arizmendi are all giving George the run-around, according to Williams. "They all want to be champion," he says, "but they won't get into a ring with a twenty-year-old kid!" Hansford will try his luck in New York this summer.

Kid Chocolate came to L.A. alone and signed his own contract to meet Tommy Paul. Managerial difficulties, reported at the time, have been straightened out. The bout ended in a draw.

Art Lasky opened a petrol dispensary in L.A. The place could hardly be called a gas station in the face of the opening-ala-Hollywood premieresque.

Joe Tei Ken's stay in the country has been extended another six months.

King Tut has turned wrestler and won his first tussle with a roundhouse right to the button . . . . Joe Rivers may also join the wrestlers . . . . Young Corbett wants Vince Dundee for his next opponent.

Our thanks to Young Mr. Ralph Corbett III for coming through like the topnotcher he is. A few issues back we described the 1934 model Corbett in very glowing and uncertain superlatives, thereby lowering the guard for plenty of criticism. The prediction was that Young Corbett would come out fighting and display a new aggressiveness in first start. Young Corbett did just that against Mr. Buzz-Saw Terry.

Corbett rushed out at the bell, landed a left to Terry's chin, and from that point the issue was never in doubt. Corbett punished Terry's body and it was a left to the body that sent the Trenton boy to the canvas helpless in the third round.

Terry hopped down to Hollywood to take a decision from Vearl Whitehead. Terry crowded Vearl every minute of the way, concentrating on the body. Whitehead was a very tired boy at the end.

Young Peter Jackson won as he pleased from Tony Herrera at the Olympic. Peter took nine of the ten rounds, had Tony on the floor four times and was never in danger himself. Herrera staged a game stand and moxie and experience saved him from a k.o. Local followers of fights would back Jackson against Canzoneri AND Ross.

Eddie Zivic has been turning in some classy performances here and there. A knock-out win over the rugged Rito Martinez convinced Hollywood moguls that Eddie was ready for feature billing. Zivic fought Joey Ponce in what was to be his big chance—and came through with a seven-round knock-out. Eddie's next fight was back in the small clubs! The fact that the fight was slow up to the time of the finisher may be the reason. Still it appears that Zivic deserves another chance to show before a good-sized house.

The Tommy Paul-Joey Ponce bout was stopped in the sixth round because of an accidental butt delivered by Paul. The go was called "no contest" and the pair were to do it all over again. Later the ruling was reversed and the boys paid off. Paul's next appearance was against Chocolate at the Olympic.

Mickey Walker drew with Bob Godwin in San Francisco and won from Maxie Rosenbloom in L.A. . . . . Frankie Wallace and Johnny Pena were seen at Hollywood. Decision to Wallace . . . . Kid Chocolate won from Wallace and Pete Nebo in San Francisco. The Keed ran into something at San Jose in Bobby Gray. Gray had Chocolate on the floor. The bout was called a draw . . . . Ceferino Garcia knocked out Tommy Herman in two at San Luis Obispo . . . . Hank Hankison scored a t.k.o. in two over Wally Hunt at San Diego. Eddie Zivic took Davey Abad in a six-round bout . . . . Fritiz Zivic and Lloyd Smith drew. Fritiz scored over Phil Rios a week earlier . . . . Carmen Barth won over the tough Jack Ward . . . . Babe Marino won in ten over Charlie Herandez in Sacramento . . . . Swede Berglund knocked out Frank Wirty at San Diego . . . . Bobby Pacho knocked out Eddie Martin in a heat at Wilmington . . . . Pablo Dano scored a six-round t.k.o. over Augie Ruggierre at Watsonville . . . . Jimmie Prewitt won from Young Speedy.

IN HOLLYWOOD—Bing Crosby has bought an interest in Freddie Steel's contract and may take over a bit of promotional interest . . . . The Gilmore Stadium in Hollywood leased the fight rights to the Legion . . . . A June bout christened the bowl fistically . . . . Mushy the Newsboy (Morris Greenstein) is suing the Olympic, Lou Daro and Tom Gallery for ten thousand dollars. Mushy was chucked out of the house during the Walker-Rosenbloom fight . . . . Al Singer is in Hollywood and talking of a comeback . . . . Joe Williams and Georgie Hansford go in for deep sea fishing. Each week the pair troll the waters off Catalina Island. Fourteen families in the neighborhood are assured of Friday dinners . . . . Jack Kearns ran a walkathon near the Paramount studios and ran into plenty of grief. Some thoughtless customer discharged an automatic clip into the person of a hapless devotee of the art and science of marathoning, bringing about criticism from the less broadminded sources. The city fathers enacted emergency legislation against the sleepless sport . . . . Charley McDonald's trip to the Baer-Carnera doing was also for the purpose of picking up talent for an outdoor bout (coals to Newcastle?) . . . . Johnny Lamar is trekking up the comeback hill.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

RALPH SIKES, brilliant San Antonio welterweight, heads the honor list this month, turning in decisive victories over "Wild Bill" McDowell, Bobby Cox, Jack Kay and Chato Gonzales. Sikes, along with Tony Herrera and Clyde Chastian, seems to be about the best of the local crop.

Henry Moreno, another San Antonio lad, a bantam, showed the home folks that he really was class by thoroughly trouncing Henry Hook in ten rounds. Moreno, developed by Jimmy "Humpy" Mason, has been in the Middle West for several months, where he won consistently.

If we were picking the most likely looking boxer in the younger crop now throwing leather in this section, it would be Lou Beard, punching Ft. Worth lightweight. He hasn't lost a fight in almost a year and is a great crowd pleaser and has ambition to go places. During the month he again demonstrated that he was the superior of Lou Arriola, by winning from the clever Mexican for the second time.

Gus Campbell boosted his stock by taking decisions over Wildcat Monte, Bobby Garcia and Al Salbano.

"Wild Bill" McDowell is that rare combination of a clown fighter who can punch. Bill, a Dallas boy, has been somewhat of a sensation in San Antonio recently, knocking out "Red" Hughes twice, Al Lashner, Joe Murray, Jack Brits, decisioning Jack Kay, Young Sena, Dell Hawkins and dropping one to Cecil Lozada.

Howard Scott, West Texas' leading fighter, flattened Johnny Freeman and drew with Tony Chavez.

Tommy Freeman, former welter champ, beat Bill Thomas and kayoed Johnny Ferrell at Houston.

Bobby Garcia beat Jack Doss but was beaten by Chief Paris. Paris also beat "Cowboy" Eddie Anderson. Boy, that Indian is tough!

Don La Rue, pleasing Canadian middleweight, beat Babe Kiser, Johnny Kern, and drew with Johnny Ferrell. Mark this La Rue as a comer.

George (Perpetual Motion) Salvadore settled his feud with Pat Murphy in a very decisive fashion when he gave Pat an old-fashioned beating in Galveston.

Johnny Lacialle, Omaha lightweight, has made a hit here. Recently he has beaten Jeff Howen, Johnny Lindsay, Paul Dempsey, Bobby Cohen, and drew with Dave Shapiro. He lost one to Cecil Lozada.

Clyde Chastian and Wilson Dunn met in a return match and the Indian was returned the winner. They met recently and Chastian was given an unpopular decision. Clyde also stopped Ed Dunaway in two rounds.

Mike Pereira, Houston bantam, showed great form in flattening Pat Mason. Mike has a weaving style and a sweet punch. The fans go for him in a big way.

OTHER RESULTS OVER THE STATE—Joe Montana beat Kid Bruno Salazaar for the state featherweight title; Henry Hook k.o.'ed Jose Ortiz; Dave Barry, clever St. Louis bantam, beat Mike Martinez and Henry Hook; Kid Pancho beat Young Shea; Frankie Graham beat Mike Woolsey but lost to Cowboy Eddie Anderson; Anderson drew with Joe Marcus; Tommy Monroe beat Guy McKinney; Dick Ruble k.o.'ed Kid Boise; Joey Cason beat Billy Williamson and lost to El Cubanito; Popeye Huber beat Ted Tellow and stopped Bobby Driggers; Dutch Weimer k.o.'ed Bobby Brown; Joe Gonzales won from Phil Latone; Kid Pancho won over Santos Delgado; Jesse Villa beat Skeets Baker; Lee Broussard beat Johnny Kern; Kern was also beaten by Jack McKnight; Ad Meave kayoed Jeff Howen but lost to Pete Landry; Otis Fontenot drew with Foy Hopkins; Sammy Alfano stopped Fred Hodgkinson; Alex Haufpuir beat Roy Garza; Leroy Lognion won from Buster Gonzales on a foul; Puss Hardin drew with K. O. Wofford; Frankie Castillo beat Alex Jiminez; Marco Perez defeated Henry Galindo.

Odie Ludlow knocked out Young Gideon; Babe Kiser beat Paul Ladd; El Cubanito won over Frankie Escamillo; Chato (Bulldog) Gonzales knocked out his namesake, Chato Gonzales, in three rounds; Al Lopez beat Willie O'Brien; Frenchy Le Fevre k.o.'ed Chico Sanchez; Manuel Leva beat Chato Gonzales; Mike Delgado outpointed El Cubanito; Johnny Lindsay and Johnny Dominguez fought a draw; Al Elizondo beat Henry Galindo.

George Brown, Houston's promising contribution to the heavyweight ranks, was held to a draw by Bob Williams. Brown seemed to have won easily. Jackie Cruz beat Paul Dempsey; Sammy Alfano drew with Bobby Murray; Jack Kirk k.o.'ed J. D. Spann; Snow Flake drew with Homer (Kid) Roberts; J. B. Blackman kayoed George Jenkins; Bradis Flowers k.o.'ed Gaston Charles; Jack Kirkland stopped Bobby Cox and drew with Wildcat Monte; Jimmy Jones k.o.'ed Cotten Whittaker.

WANTED . . .

Have you any old-time fight or other sports pictures which were given away years ago with cigarettes? If so, get in touch with

NAT FLEISCHER, The "Ring" Editor
Madison Square Garden Arcade, N. Y. City

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

BEP VAN KLAVERN won a technical knock-out over Eddie Shapiro in seven rounds at Baltimore, Md. Van was entirely too good for the game New Yorker, who took one of the worst pastings seen there in many a day. Eddie Marks, another New Yorker, took a well-earned decision over Mike Sipio in eight fast rounds, while Buck Taylor and Angelo Meolia, Baltimore featherweights, fought a bang-up affair for eight rounds with Taylor a winner.

Bob Tow, Alexandria, Va., heavyweight, won a surprise victory over Red Barry in ten heats at Portner's Arena in Alexandria, Va. Barry appeared a winner, but nevertheless Tow took a split verdict, much to the surprise of the Washington fans. Ray Bowen, Washington's best welter, won over Carey Wright, also of Washington, in the eight-round semi-final that was full of action.

Natie Brown took the decision in ten rounds over Bob Tow at Alexandria, Va. Tow was out in front in the early rounds, but Brown's aggressive tactics won him the award. Leroy Dougan of Washington won on a technical knockout over Pete Galino of Baltimore in the fifth round. A cut eye halted Pete.

Charlie Von Reedon lost a close one to Frankie Covelli, of New York, in ten rounds at Portner's Arena. The Washington press was divided as to the winner and a draw would have done neither boy harm, but at that, the decision was unanimous. Leroy Dougan won over Young Nicco of New York in eight rounds.

Billy Landers of Norfolk and Leroy Dougan fought the hardest bout seen at the Portner Arena this season with Leroy taking the nod after ten heats. The bout was very close.

Bob Turner of Norfolk flattened Henry Irving of Washington in four rounds. Joe Green knocked out Lou Voda in three rounds and Mike Groves finished Natie Palmer in one.

PICKUPS—The District Commissioners made a ten strike when they appointed Major Harvey L. Miller secretary of the newly organized Boxing Commission for the District, as "Heinie" is the best-informed man on fistic affairs in Washington. During the past thirty years, Miller has been a professional boxer of note, referee of considerable importance and at one time Washington's outstanding promoter . . . . Mike Groves, younger brother of Harry "Kid" Groves, now working as trainer for Frankie Mann, is the best punching preliminary boy in Washington . . . . Joe Turner, Washington's premier wrestling promoter, will promote boxing at the American League ball park in Washington, with Frankie Mann assisting.

Goldie Ahearn, former A. E. F. featherweight champion, has leased a large indoor arena in Washington and will promote weekly shows the year around. Ahearn's arena is so ventilated that summer boxing is possible and for winter use it looks like the best spot in town. The Day Nursery Officials in Alexandria have no intention of closing because of professional boxing coming into Washington. They will promote open-air shows at the ball park there this summer with possibly Jimmy Erwin as their matchmaker. Virginia Beach, with Chris Dundee at the helm, will be under way before we go to press. Harry Littman will promote open-air shows at Carlin's Park in Baltimore. Littman has given Baltimore some very good shows in the past year and deserves a better fate. Ocean City, Md., will also get under way with their outdoor boxing with Freddie Barth of Baltimore as their matchmaker. With conditions better Ocean City should again be a good boxing spot.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.

By BABE ORLANDO

BOXING is gradually coming to the fore in and around Hudson County, after being on the downgrade for the past three or four years.

Henry Firpo outpointed Roscoe Manning in the feature ten-round of an all-star card at Laurel Gardens in Newark. Stanislaus Loayza beat Eddie Durino in the ten-round semi-final. Curley La Sasso lost to Eddie Dykes (five); Jackie Connor won from Nick Couzzi (four); while in the opener, Battling Nelson dropped the duke to Lew White.

Vince Dundee and Al Diamond clashed for the championship in a fifteen-rounder in Paterson, with Dundee winning all the way. In the eight-round semi-final, Roy Lazer won from Fred Fiducia, Mickey Salem stopped Phil McGraw (four); K. O. Burns drew Mickey Buttone (five); Frank Zammoris kayoed Victor Meadows (one); while in the opener, Walter De Palma drew Victor Carlos.

Jack Johnson opened his club at the Tetesboro Airdrome on May 24, with Lou Lombardi and Tommy Dell on top.

Steve Dudas scored another great performance at the Ridgewood in Brooklyn, when he easily outpointed Chester Matan in the star bout of the evening. Gus Lesnevitch of Grantwood stopped Sidney Cohen in the third round of a scheduled six-round semi-final. Tommy Martin, another of John Huber's boys, beat Tony Milano in a four-rounder.

Eddie Durino finished Harry "Kid" Wallace in the fourth of a scheduled ten-round main go at the Laurel Gardens in Newark. Herman Weiner stopped "Eight Ball" Taylor (three); Butch Lynch won over Tony Andrews (five); Charlie Wallace lost to Paul Cortlyn (five); Nick Rossi knocked out Joe Turko (three); while Young Battling Nelson polished off Gene Hudson (two).

Irish "Chuck" Connors and Tommy O'Leary, two scrappy youngsters, are training daily at the Pioneer Gym for several bouts that their manager has lined up for them.

Charlie Weinert is running weekly shows at the Laurel Gardens in Newark.

Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion of the world, is doing likewise at the Teterboro Airdrome.

Jack De Mave, former Hoboken Golden Glover, is working in a bank in New York.

At Laurel Gardens in Newark, Eddie Durino stopped Nick Rugiano in the second of a scheduled eight-round main go. Johnny Clark drew Frank Litt (six); Paul Cortlyn beat Jackie Cohen (five); Baby Dempsey won over Lenny Mezza (five); Jackie Connors knocked out Sammy Miller (two); while Red Rossi outpointed Bobby Dallas (four).

Allie Ridgeway has two smart looking prospects in Al Rowan, a lightweight, and Jack Stanley, a welterweight. Ridgeway keeps his boys pretty busy.

Bobby Eggloff, who was a sensation in the Diamond Belt Tournament, is making a big name for himself in New York, where he is kept very busy by his pilot, Jimmy Wilson.

Ralph Lenny, who just came back from Australia, is going on a boxing tour of the country which Pete Reilly, his mentor, is sponsoring for him.

Address all communications to the writer at 330 River St., Hoboken, N. J.

BURMA BOXING NEWS

By EDWARD TIN THEIN

AFTER being absent from the ring for six months, George Goudie won the lightweight title of Burma when he punched out a ten-round decision over Ko Ko Gyi, the Burmese lightweight champion.

Victor Brighte, the highly touted Indian bantam, was soundly beaten by George Sulzdorf and Pancho Aposto. In all styles of fighting he found the Burma lads superior to him.

Peter George, bantamweight of Africa, found the Burma boys too hot for his liking. During the month he was beaten by Kid D'Silva, George Sulzdorf and Young Goudie.

Kid Sammy, the Madras flyweight, is doing very well over here. He recently beat Young Boudville and Bruno Guibarra, but lost to Guibarra in a return encounter.

Steamboat, the Mauritius bantam, put up a great fight against Charlie (Paikkyu) Oliviero.

Al (Black Panther) Hutt, the speedy flyweight, boxed circles around Bison Pereira to get a well-earned decision over the local bantam. Hutt and Aposto stand out as the best of their weight.

Young Goudie, the champion bantam, continues to K.O. his opponents in quick time. The latest victims to taste his lethal wallops were Peter George and Robin Sarkar.

Kid D'Silva, the featherweight champ of India, is training hard to defend his crown against Joe Thunderface of America.

The latest batch of boxers imported by our local promoter are Percy Vengan, Eric Durnsford, Joe Diamond, Young Chocolate and Nicky Sullivan. They will be meeting our local boys very shortly.

Managers who are keen on coming to Burma are requested to communicate with either A. G. Pusey, c/o B.P.B.A., Rangoon, or Mr. H. Handy, King Carnival, Rangoon.

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

A BRAVE attempt by the Boston Garden on May 11 to get boxing really going again in the Hub flivvered so badly that the North Station institution has decided to give the sport another long rest in so far as it is concerned. On the foregoing night, Tony Shucco of the North End, New England light-heavyweight champion, and Joe Knight of Georgia, were given the chance to settle something in the Garden ring, the first show there in weeks. Though the men rate as close to the top in the "cruiser" division, put in two weeks of actual training, and the show was given most generous publicity, it attracted but 3300 customers and a net gate of $2700. The fight itself, which went the route of ten rounds, was won by Shucco, and that without much difficulty.

Knight started off like a killer in the opening round, throwing stiff lefts to Tony's head and ribs. The second was somewhat similar. It looked an early kayo in favor of the Georgian.

In the third, however, Shucco, warming up, put a left to jaw and a right to midriff, and Knight's feet seemingly chilled at once. In any event, he went to the defensive and remained there for the greater part of the distance.

As for Shucco, he contented himself with jabbing his man, now and then letting go a rather feeble right. Had he been less wary and more aggressive, the chances favor that the Bostonian would have registered a kayo. Time and again he had Knight feinted into position for a right-hand slam, not a very difficult feat, but refused to shoot it across.

Shucco can fight—knows the game—is personally a fine chap. His winning bouts here with Griffiths and Lee Ramage were really classy—his victory here over Brouillard months ago, not so bad. Seemingly, however, he is one of those fighters who will loaf along if the other chap will let him. As for Knight, he would not draw a corporal's guard were he to show here again.

The semi-final, Johnny Rossi of Worcester and Red Affinito of the New York University, a seven-rounder, was nearly as tame as the main bout. There was plenty of motion, with Affinito a big contributor. He weaved and bobbed, gritted his teeth and slung hooks with either hand, the majority missing Rossi by about a foot. Rossi received the decision—could hardly have missed it.

Werther Arcelli of Boston, who dropped his New England welter title to Harry Devine of Worcester in that city a few weeks ago, did a fine comeback at Salem, where he stopped Darcy White, New Bedford, in the third round of the feature bout. Both fought to the body in the first two stanzas. As White rushed to quarters in the third, Arcelli crossed a right to jaw and knocked him cold. Steve Salek of Lowell, a former amateur star, knocked out Jimmy Forte of Providence in the semi-final, an affair of one round.

Dave Deshler of Cambridge, in his day a first-class performer in the lightweight division, passed on to his fathers on May 10, at the Massachusetts General Hospital after an illness of three weeks. The funeral was held from his late home in Douglass Street, Cambridge, the following Sunday, with the burial at the Cambridge Cemetery. Deshler, a native of New Brunswick, N. J., started fighting back in 1903, when he was seventeen years old. In his prime he met such notables as Kid Goodman, Jimmy Briggs, Billy Glover (the latter now boxing instructor at West Point), Young Ernue, Maurice Sayers, Freddie Welsh, Young Corbett and many others. He was matched to fight Bat Nelson for the championship, but an injury forced him to withdraw.

Deshler encountered Packey McFarland of Chicago at the old Armory A. A., this city, March 30, 1909, a twelve-rounder in which he had the better of the going. When Jack Sheehan, the referee, ruled the bout a draw, Packey knocked the referee off his feet with a smack to the jaw. It was McFarland's last appearance in a Boston ring. Packey may recall the circumstances.

The Goodwin A. C., which is finding the promotional business tough, came to bat at the Boston Arena, and drew 1482 customers, who paid a net of $870 to see the fun. In the feature, Patsy Perroni of Cleveland, heavyweight, who is residing in Boston for the present, knocked out Johnny Rosseau of New York, Fall River and other places in a round and a half. There was nothing to it.

The semi-final was the real fight of the night. In this bout, a return affair, Al Roderigues of Quincy reversed the tables on Bucky Tracey of Everett, winning over the latter in ten rounds. It was a savage toe-to-toe fight all the way and worthy of a better patronage. In another good bout, Jackie Davis, an ex-Clevelander, residing in Dorchester, turned in a fine win over Honey Mellody (Joe Feranti) of Charlestown, in ten rounds. It marked the first defeat sustained by the latter in many weeks.

Charley Miller, the Maine guide, at whose camp at Moosehead Lake, near Greenville, Champion Carnera conditioned himself for several weeks, is a strong rooter for the Italian to come through over Max Baer. However, Miller thinks that a mistake was made in calling Primo back to New York for a week in that city—that he should have gone directly from the Maine woods to his training camp at Pompton Lakes.

The several boxing shows of the Sharkey A.A. staged here under the promotion of Dick Dunn, one-time manager at the Boston Garden, not having gone over very big, he has shifted to Quincy, Mass. His first show there saw Bud Mignault, Taunton, defeat Harry Allen, Brockton, a ten-rounder between light-heavies. The turnout of the fans was not very encouraging.

Seemingly, Boston, also Greater Boston fans, no longer care over-much for boxing. The amateurs have done fairly well here, while the regular weekly "pure" tourneys of the Irish-American A.A., staged in its own clubhouse in South Boston, a place seating about nine hundred, have gone over very big. The "pro" game in this immediate part of New England has hardly been worth the candle for weeks, and is no better now than it was despite the efforts of promoters and press to bring it back.

The history of wrestling here is just the opposite. For instance, the night of April 27, at the Boston Garden, more than seven thousand spectators turned out to see Ernie Dusek of Omaha, Neb., topple Henri DeGlane of France, the former world's champion, two falls out of the three scored. Dusek won the first fall in 23:34, lost the second in 9:59, and won the third in 4:56 when DeGlane, though he had on a full Nelson, fell over backward and was pinned for the fall and matched with a top body scissors.

Earlier, the same week, at Mechanics Building, Winn Robbins, holder of the U. S. W. A. light-heavy title, defeated Paul Adams of Georgia, two falls out of three, thus retaining his honors. The show attracted thirty-nine hundred cash customers.

At the Boston Arena, the following night, Al Mercier, N. E. heavyweight champion, defeated Dick Stahl of Germany, and George Myerson, A. W. A. middle champion, defeated Freddy Moran of Newport. The show drew more than four thousand fans. Thus three successive mat shows in one week attracted fully fourteen thousand cash customers.

The foregoing is but a sample copy—the same thing happens about every week. At the Arena, Gus Sonnenberg, who seemingly is on his way back for another try for the championship which he once held, had a savage melee with Bull Martin, the Jerseyman roughhouser, and, all to the great joy of about eight thousand customers, defeated the latter. It was more of a fight than a wrestling match with biffs, kicks, kneeing, hair-pulling and some biting in the ascendancy. After Gus had lost the first round in 18:33 to Martin, he came back for revenge, and got plenty.

Working Martin into a ring corner, Sonny butted him out onto the floor, a drop of about five feet to the concrete, five times in succession. After the fifth crash Martin, a wreck on the floor, was picked up and carried to his dressing room. He was a mess and looked it. After the usual recess with a five minutes extra, Martin attempted to stagger out to the ring and was prevented from doing so by the police. The fall and match was awarded to Sonnenberg. Some session!

The night ahead of this Sonnenberg-Martin battle, Ted Germaine, South Boston, and Pat Schaeffer of California, staged a somewhat similar brawl in the Mechanics Building, about five thousand turning out for the event. After each had scored a fall the muss developed into a biting contest and, if teeth marks had counted for points, Germaine would have been way out in front with a ratio about 7 to 1—that is, bites. Finally, when it seemed likely that Pat was in danger of being devoured, the referee sailed in and ruled Germaine out on a foul, the award going to Schaeffer.

In the semi-final, one "Zimbar," known as the "Gorilla Man," who sports a set of Man Mountain Dean whiskers, while engaged in a scrap with Jose Firpo of Argentine, took a violent dislike to Jack Lavigne, the referee. So, after mitting the official one to the jaw, "Zimbar" gave him the inside crotch and lift for a grand slam to the floor. While Lavigne was flopping about like a stranded fish on a sandbar, Bill Dolan, another referee, jumped into the ring. He disqualified "Gorilla Man" and, in turn, was attacked. It became a general fight which the police finally quelled.

As Boston fans like their wrestling rough, and are getting it—more action to the minute than any pair of rule-burdened ringsters can possibly offer, it is not surprising that the glove sport is not patronized to any extent. The boys of the ring, at least many of them, have tapped and slapped their way out of the Hub picture.

Inasmuch as the fighters are given to wrestling, and the wrestlers to fighting, a complete reverse of affairs, our recent suggestion to a local mat promoter that he equip his grapplers with gloves and turn 'em loose may be worked out here before many moons. How it may wind up is anybody's guess. It will be rugged while it lasts, that's sure.

Bat Silva, a former boxer, now promoting in Salem, Mass., recently uncovered a new one in Sanis Tzanalopolous, claimant of the middleweight title of Greece, who, according to the promoter, knows his stuff. S.T., for short, was given the chance to make his initial bow in this country in a feature in the Salem ring on April 30, against one Eddie Sharkey of Hartford. S. T. demolished his opponent in the first heat. He went over so big that he is to be given another tryout at an early date.

The N. E. A. A. A. U. is working on plans for an international amateur tourney here between the victors in the all-Europe boxing sessions held in April in Budapest, and an all-New England team, the same to be staged either the latter part of the present month or early in July. Two of the visiting principals are likely to be Pat Palmer and Dave McCleave, A.B.A. fly and welter champions, respectively, British performers who won honors in the April event. The tourney may go over, but shapes a big gamble as concerns boxing in Boston.

Novices, fighting under the sponsorship of the Boston Park Department, and trained by Eddie Shevlin, the former N.E. welter champion, and others, participated in fifty-five bouts on the night of May 9. The winners of the various classes were:—115, Ruddy Spell, East Boston; 125, Frank Zamagani, Roxbury; 135, Al Rosa, North End; 145, James McPhail, East Boston; 160, Ralph Curtis, Hyde Park.

One of the stand-out, good-looking new prospects on the recent card at the Boston Garden was Tony Bent of Cambridge, former N.E. amateur 135-pound champion, the boy who made such a good impression in the Nationals staged in St. Louis. Bent, opposed to Ralph Morgan of Roxbury, a former amateur champion, stopped his foe in two heats. It was Bent's third "pro" contest. He is fast, can box, punch and take it.

Sam Price, a promoter of boxing and wrestling in various spots about New England, has decided to settle down at Revere, Mass., for the summer, there to stage boxing and wrestling bi-weekly at the cycle park. The idea was tried out last season but failed to click over hot. However, Price contends he has Lou Brouillard signed up for his opener and figures that he can make a go of it. Nothing like being optimistic.

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

AFTER a lull during the winter months, the boxing game in Sioux City is now in full sway. The outdoor season was opened up with a bang at the Riverview Park Arena, where Harry Jones started another season as promoter. Jones' honest dealings with boxers and managers are above question, and his word is his bond. THE RING magazine wishes him continued success.

Sailor Burke, popular boxing manager, trainer and promoter, is one of the leading boosters for THE RING in this section. Burke wants to inform his many friends in the boxing game, that he has cleaned house in his large stable of boxers, and now has the following boys under his management: Tommy Paul, a young lightweight, with twelve straight knockouts; Tommy Walish, a coming welterweight, and Johnny Nelson, a colored light-heavyweight. Burke has severed connections with Speedy Clayton, local lightweight, who has been under his management many months.

The first outdoor card of the season saw Young Rightmeier win over Mickey Dodge of California in six. The second section of the Fargo Express, Sherald Kennard of Fargo, No. Dak., knocked out Jimmy Wooten, Omaha welter, in four; Cappy Wooten, Omaha lightweight, upset the dope, when he won over Mickey Slater, Sioux City, featherweight, in four; Jimmy Garafolo walked home to a win over Speedy Clayton in four; Joe Lucas won easily from Danny Flynn. Billy McLeod beat Jimmy Salvatore in six.

The second outdoor card of the month, which from this writer's point of view was the best staged around here in many a day, saw Bus Breese, Manhattan, Kan., lightweight, knock out Mickey Dodge of Stockton, Cal., in the fourth round of a billed sixer. The bout was halted when Dodge, hardly able to stand on his feet, was saved by the referee from further punishment. Joe Goeders shaded Brooks Robinson in six; Al Pahl won from Mickey Nolan in six; Jimmy Garafolo won from Freddy Penn in four; Speedy Clayton shaded Young Kid Chocolate in four; Kid Freeman beat Don Phillips in four.

Dunlap, Ia.—Young Haner beat Cyclone Miller; Happy Emge and Burt Woods fought a draw; Leslie Jacobsen knocked out Kid Tracy; Cappy Wooten knocked out Gordon McElwain.

Davenport, Ia.—Henry Rothier, Chicago welter, won over Young Kid Terry, of Davenport, in eight; Johnny Phagan stopped Eddie Gray in three; Louie Visconi kayoed Kid Fulton in two; Tommy Jordan flattened Mickey O'Dea in four.

Rolfe, Ia.—Lewis Wilden beat Dick Girres in six; Gus Joslyn knocked out Homer Hurley in three; Tuffy Hansell and Merlin Smith drew in four; Jimmy Denoul knocked out Bernard Sprogg in four.

Sheldon, Ia.—The Sheldon A. C. will hold boxing and wrestling shows every Friday night, with Billy Welch doing the matchmaking.

Fort Dodge, Ia.—Earl Mason beat Barney McLaughlin, Minneapolis middleweight, in six; Dick Daniels won on a T.K.O. over Bern Trickle in three; Freddy Tompkins beat Glenn Musselman in six; Jimmy Salvatore shaded Joey White; Goldie O'Hare drew with Dell Howard in the other six rounders; Joe Lucas won from Floren De Lante in the opener.

Mason City, Ia.—Freddy Tompkins knocked out Johnny Malone in two; Swede Hare whipped Ronald Malcolm; Vern Grickle beat Len Johnson; Kid Ripley shaded Arnie Arnold; Harry Lovick beat Vern Savoldi; Benny Salvatore beat Clarence Sawyer; Harry Woods defeated Floren De Lante; Billy Carpenter beat Tony Weitcel.

Manchester, Ia.—Babe Shaffer won over George Davidsaver in six; Pete Nyakos lost to Young Van Sickle; Ken Shaffer shaded Johnny Waitman; Kid Wheathorn beat Battling Johnson; Larry Mortenson and Kid Popeye drew; Young Lyons knocked out Kid De Keyser in the opener.

Nevada, Ia.—Tommy Lauri knocked out the Flying Dutchman in three; Jess Ackerman and Kid Lehr fought six to a draw; Kid Coin won over Battling Hagen in six.

Des Moines, Ia.—Results of the amateur bouts staged at the Des Moines Gym:
Jimmy Eells knocked out Archie Wood in two rounds. HEAVYWEIGHTS.
George Keener beat Frank Mitchell, three rounds. WELTERWEIGHTS.
Brono Seretti shaded Bob Hatchett, three rounds. FEATHERWEIGHTS.
Walen Heath stopped Levi McGuire, three rounds. MIDDLEWEIGHTS.
Paul Eastridge beat Jimmy Gaer, three rounds. WELTERWEIGHTS.
Le Roy Palmer beat Young Henry, three rounds. FLYWEIGHTS. In a special three rounder Vale Falegano and Bobby LaSalle drew.

Thor, Ia.—Ken Haviland won a decision over Sailor Hook in six; Merlin Smith beat Willie Keen; Wimpy Carter stopped Bill Boor; Billy Dean drew with Selmer Anderson.

Fargo, No. Dak.—Battling Nelson won on a foul from Sherald Kennard in four rounds; Young Rightmeier beat Freddie Penn in six; Al Pahl beat Billy Love in six.

Peterson, Ia.—In one of the best fight cards ever staged here, Mickey "Baby Face" Slater outpointed Kid Sweezy in six slashing rounds. Kid Hiscook lost to Kid Mickey in six; Dave Mac won over Alder Joines in five; Kid Wagner beat Bat Brown in five. Two fours opened the card which was promoted by T. A. Carter.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Judging from the amount of correspondence regarding the results of boxing shows, and future shows, I can honestly say that conditions in this section are on the pick-up . . . . New ports on the boxing map this month are Ulmer, Ia.; Thor, Ia; Beatrice, Nebr. and Emmetsburg, Ia. . . . . Fort Dodge, Ia., is holding outdoor shows and drawing good crowds . . . . Omaha, Nebr., is back on the job, and things are picking up there . . . . Rolfe, Ia., is also another newcomer to our page . . . . Davenport, Ia., with C. J. Henaghan as promoter, is also doing well . . . . The American Legion at Waverly, Ia., has closed down for the present, perhaps until the indoor season . . . . Roy Feltman, former manager of Tommy Grogan, has a fine prospect in Cappy Wooten, a lightweight. Scotty Sullivan, local manager and trainer, was forced to find a new location for his gym . . . . Frankie Larson, a clever lightweight boxer of by-gone years, is now manager of the Briar Cliff golf course . . . . Pinkie George, popular Waterloo, Ia., promoter, will run shows at the Electric Park there . . . . Dave Fidler of Des Moines, Ia., is making plans to stage outdoor shows there . . . . Babe Barnes is making plans for a come-back, and is also promoting shows . . . . "Shorty" Miller of Manhattan, Kansas, manager of Bus Breeze, has over fifteen fighters in his stable . . . . Lloyd Hagan, sports editor of the Sioux City *Tribune*, is one of Iowa's leading referees. Promoters can reach Hagan c/o *Tribune* . . . . Morton Smith, popular Sioux City boxing fan, made a trip to New York . . . . Mort is a big seller of THE RING here . . . . The writer saw Max Baer in two shows, Omaha, Nebr., and Des Moines, Ia. . . . . and he showed plenty of stuff . . . . Readers please try and mail your notes in by the sixteenth of each month, and mail same to 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa . . . . Harold Rogers, local bantam, is making plans for a return to the ring . . . . Rogers has been out of action over a year, owing to a bad arm.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

TOPEKA, KANS.—Bus Breese, lightweight champion of Kansas, continues piling up a string of K.O. victories, stopping Spud Logan in the second of a scheduled eight-round main event. Steve Ketchell beat Mickey Nolan in eight. Galloping Galzy beat Cecil McClain in six. Johnny Owens knocked out Cliff McCabe in two rounds.

Arkansas City, Kans.—Chilocco Indian Amateur team defeated the Shreveport Louisiana team 5 to 1. Gibson Starr beat Harry Williams. Wilbur Hadley beat Arthur Marlowe. Frank Johnson beat Lefty Thomas. Junior Munsell knocked out Popeye Willett in one. Ernest Tahquette beat Raymond Blandino. Jonas Perry lost to Jack Brown. Added events: Truman Kennedy beat Marvin Lidell. George Hand knocked out Lefty Hahn in one. Kenneth King beat Ray Lee. Lloyd Dilbeck beat Elder Lindley.

Bus Breese knocked out Mickey Dodge in the fourth round of a scheduled 10-round main event at Sioux City.

Independence, Kans.—Ira Krueger, promoter of Neodesha, and Orvil Cox, Fredonia promoter, will stage a gigantic three-day Amateur Boxing Tournament in this city in June. Boxers from Oklahoma, Missouri, and Kansas will participate. The V. F. Wars are sponsoring the show.

Pittsburgh, Kans.—The V. F. Wars will stage the Tri-State Amateur boxing tournament the latter part of this month. Boxers from Missouri, Kansas, and Oklahoma are entered. Emil Nanny is the director in charge for the organization.

Manhattan, Kans.—Billy Hemphill, one of the best amateur middleweight boxers in the state, will return to Chanute, Kans., soon and will box with the Chanute amateur team during the summer months. Johnny Hemphill, his fighting welterweight brother, will remain at Manhattan.

Kansas City, Mo.—Six thousand fans witnessed Max Baer in his exhibition with Harold Murphy, Buddy Baer and Babe Hunt. Bus Breese knocked out Jackie Fell, featherweight champion of Kansas, in three. Joey Alcanter beat Tommy Corbett in eight. Paul Estrada knocked out Reddy Daniels in four. Steve Ketchell knocked out Buddy Whitlock in three. Cap Harding beat Roy Donohue in four rounds.

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St. Louis, Mo.—Natie Brown beat Al Stillman in ten-round main event. Joe Red knocked out Farrar Moore in six. Babe Davis knocked out Don Friend in three. Joey Parks beat Hugh Gray in six rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Kansas City Amateur boxers beat Tulsa team 5 to 3 bouts. Joe Kempenger knocked out Jim Maxwell in one. Spud Malone knocked out Sam Burney in two. Joe Amayo beat Amos Tiger. Petey Alcanter beat Charley Rigley. Royal Coffman beat Clyde Greerson. Johnny Uzeal lost to Gordon Smythe. Herbie Knecht lost to Tommy Rollins. Jack Leslie lost to Maurice Cox.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Clyde Chastain defeated Maxie Rosenbloom in a ten-round non-title bout. Chastain weighed in at 176 and Rosenbloom at 178 pounds.

Tulsa, Okla.—Abie Cohen is training and managing the amateur team in this city and has some promising talent and is building a rugged team that will be capable of defeating the best in the Southwest.

The outstanding amateur boxing team of the Southwest today is the Chilocco Indians of the Government Agricultural School at Chilocco, Okla., this team wins practically every team meet, and they have plenty of fighting material at the school. Coach Ohmecke says every boy in the school is a fighter, hence he never lacks for substitutes on the regular team.

Frank Gilleece reports that wrestling in this state still leads in gate receipts.

Loose and Drifting—Promoters in Kansas and northern Oklahoma and western Missouri—shoot your fight notes so as to reach me prior to the fifteenth of each month if you want them in the RING. Where is Billy Newton, former Joplin boxing promoter?

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IT is not the essential purpose of this course to develop you into a professional boxer. However, it is my mission to teach you the rudiments of self-defense, minus all the hooey and trimmings which have complicated so many other similar attempts in correspondence courses.

The best way to learn boxing is to practice with another fellow. Work with him, study with him and you'll soon master the sport. **Therefore, I am making this extra offer. Your pal also will receive Free, a pair of Satin Trunks and a Gymnasium Shirt.**

You split the fee in paying for the course, and you and your pal get the trunks and gym shirts without any cost to either of you. And—for only $1.00 extra, your pal can also get the full boxing course for himself, the same as you are to receive.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT, CAN YOU?

You might ask, why so generous? The answer is simple. I want to see more of the youth of the land proficient in the art of self-defense. And I want to put an end to many of the BUNCOMBE boxing courses that are now flooding the market and that are gypping the boys of their good money without giving a fair return.

You all know what I have done for boxing and wrestling in the past, and still am doing. For years I've devoted my entire time to the sport and am regarded, if I may be excused for boasting, as somewhat of an authority. My books have been adopted by the leading institutions and by boxing instructors throughout the world, hence you may rest assured that what I'm now offering in my new venture is good from the first word to the last.

In this new course, I had the collaboration of

JACK DEMPSEY

The greatest fighter of modern times. He knows what the boys require and he helped me to give them the points that he considered of most importance.

I also had the help of such a great little fighter as

TONY CANZONERI

Holder of three championships

Also the **Marvel of Modern Scientific Boxing,**

TOMMY LOUGHRAN.

Now you know why this course is, in my opinion, the

Greatest Ever Offered By Mail at Any Time and Anywhere.

You cannot go wrong. Your $5.00 will yield you a handsome return.

Also an enrollment blank, asking for your measurements and your employment, which will be returned to you with data showing what your measurements should be so that you'll be able to aim for that physical development during your training.

And after each lesson, keep in touch with me, consult me. I'll not only answer all your questions personally, but when you have completed the course, I'll continue to help you all I can.

Take advantage of this BIG OPPORTUNITY NOW.

Get some pal to go into this with you and share the expense—split it two ways. That means that the course costs each of you only $2.50, and only $1.00 extra if your pal wants to get the lessons the same as you are to get. **Study Together and Train TOGETHER.**

Boxing skill can best be developed by working out the lessons in actual exercises with a friend.

Remember—Jack Dempsey, Tommy Loughran and Tony Canzoneri—**Three of the Greatest Ring Champions of Modern Times** have collaborated with the Author, Nat Fleischer, to give **you the benefits of Their Experience, Their Knowledge and Their Science and Skill,** in

THE BEST BOXING COURSE YET DEVISED

At the Lowest Price Ever Asked for a Legitimate, Bona-Fide, Honest-to-Goodness Course That IS A COURSE. No Hokum—No Bunk—No Unfulfilled Promises.

Fill out and mail with a Money Order ($5.00 or $6.00) to
Nat Fleischer's Universal Boxing Course
Madison Square Garden, New York City, New York.

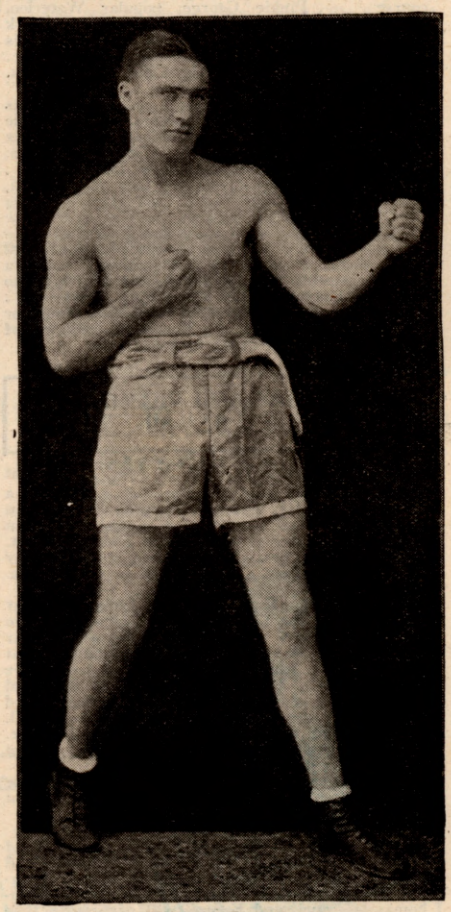
Name..... (Print)

Street.....

City.....State.....

Size of Trunks.....(Free) Pal's Size of Trunks.....(Free)

Size of Shirt.....(Free) Pal's Size of Shirt.....(Free)



Tommy Loughran

MAIL ORDER course, unsurpassed. Something you've always wanted but, until I decided to furnish it to you, you could not obtain anywhere.

The rudiments of self-defense and the outstanding rules of training and laws of health CAN BE TAUGHT BY MAIL and WILL BE TAUGHT BY MAIL TO YOU and I'LL PROVE IT.

You who take my course will be surprised at what you will learn in nine lessons, covering a period of eighteen weeks. I'll prepare you, in these lessons, to start your amateur career within three months after you get started and it won't be long after that when you'll be ready for a professional career, should you so desire.

Nine Lessons — *that's all!!!*

Two Weeks for Each Lesson —

You get one book every two weeks or can get all books at one time. Tell me which you prefer.

You who have used my books, "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box," know that Nat Fleischer is not among those who promise one thing and give you a substitute. He's on the level with you.

There is nothing "phony" about any of my offers. You get 100 per cent value for every dollar you spend with me.

Nat Fleischer knows his subject and he knows how to teach it to you.

Those who have studied his books KNOW THAT HE KNOWS HIS WORK.

Now Here's My Offer:

You get the entire nine lessons, fully illustrated, printed on fine paper, each in booklet form, so that you can keep all intact. **But that is not all.**

Nine lessons by mail, for only $5.00

Here's ANOTHER Feature —

I know that times are not what they were. Money is scarce and it is difficult for you to get any outfits. So I'm making this offer:

Free — No Red Tape — No Bunk Promises

With every enrollment you receive satin training trunks and a gymnasium shirt—both fit to your measurements—absolutely free. This is my gift to you.

But that is not all —

Here's Another Point Worth Considering

Because of the depression, I know it is difficult for you to spend $5.00, hence why not divide this sum with a pal?